Saturday Evening Post · July 17, 1965 · 25c

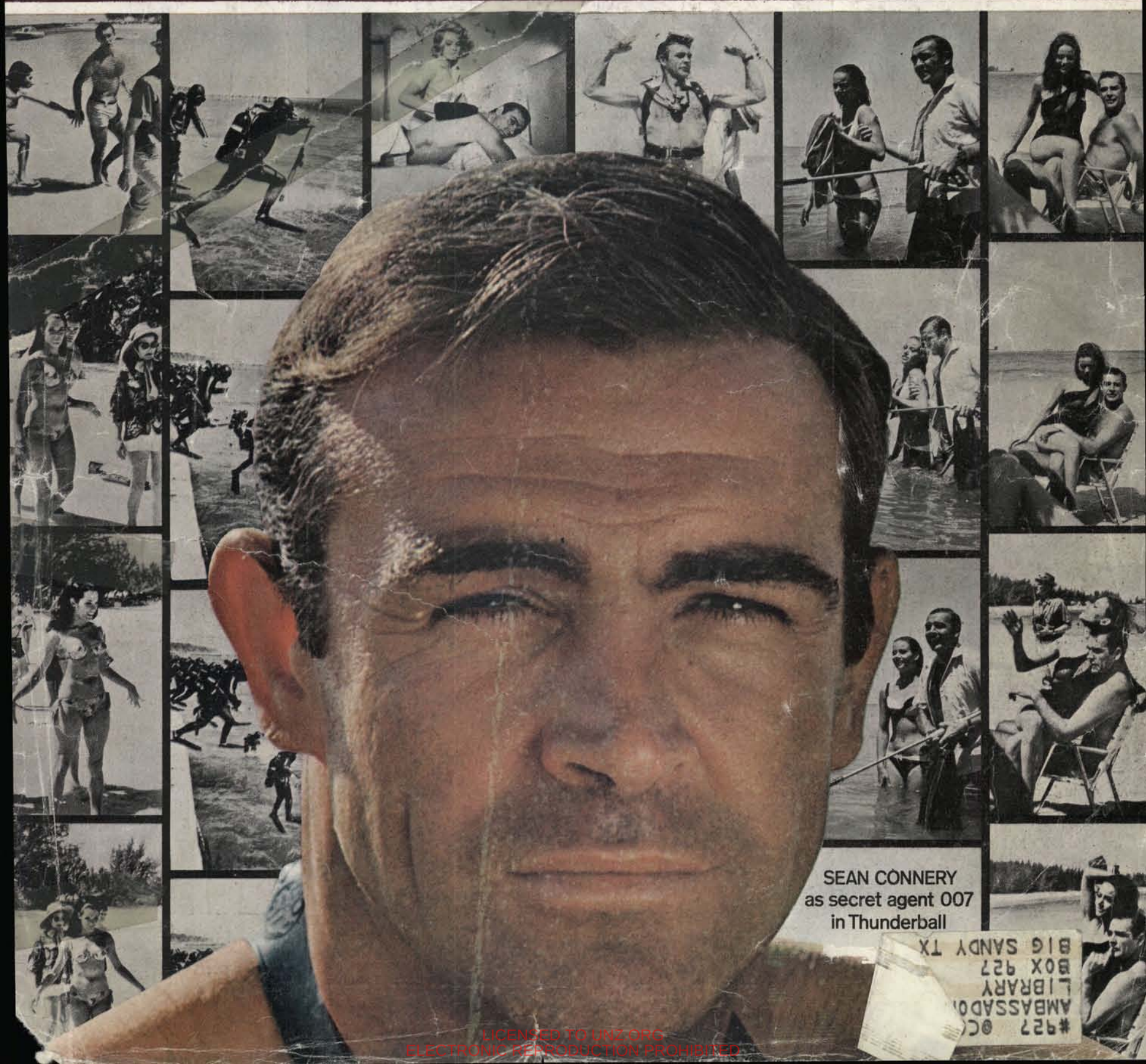
POST

MULTI-MILLIONAIRES
HOW AMERICA'S NEW RICH MADE THEIR VAST FORTUNES

MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY THAT HELPS PREVENT MISCARRIAGES

NEVADA DIVORCE RANCH

THE JAMES BOND CULT
Girls, guns and gadgets



SEAN CONNERY
as secret agent 007
in Thunderball

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Now P-7®...the oven that cleans itself electrically, available in every type of General Electric range

Did you ever dream it was possible? P-7, exclusive with General Electric, eliminates the meanest chore in the kitchen, cleaning the oven by hand. No more scraping or scrubbing. No more liquids, pastes, fumes or mess. P-7 does the job *electrically*. Just set two dials and latch the door. The same electric elements that cook your food *also* clean the oven completely in 2 to 3 hours. Even the parts you could never clean properly before. Throughout, your P-7 range stays as cool as most ranges do while baking. Operating cost? Only 7¢ per cleaning. *Based on Florida Power & Light Co. residential rate—average 2¢ per K.W.H. for cooking.*

Don't touch this dirty oven. Just set the dials, latch the door... it cleans itself electrically.

The distinctive Americana® is a complete cooking center. Only 30″ wide, it has a unique built-in look. The Americana combines G.E.'s exclusive P-7 feature with virtually all the other conveniences you can put in one range. Oven rotisserie and meat thermometer in self-cleaning oven... a second full oven at eye level... precise push-button controls for exact heat every time... exclusive Sensi-Temp® which tailors the heating area of the surface unit to fit the utensil being used. It holds a constant temperature, guards against sticking, scorching, boiling over.

It has a unique 2-level exhaust system... oven clock and timer for both ovens. Remember, because it's electric, it's flameless cooking.

There are 7 different P-7 models, 4 different types. There's certain to be one exactly right for you. Only General Electric has P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically. See it at your General Electric dealer's.

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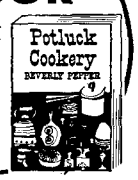
"Potluck Cookery." Delightful meals from leftovers or whatever you have on hand. For householders with unexpected guests. Fine for family snacks, too. 320 recipes. 189 pages, paperback.



NOTE: *The Book Club editions shown here are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full length — not a word is cut!*

HERE is an exciting offer from Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club. Never has there been a better time to become a member.

- Select any 5 books on this page for only 99 cents. Choose from best-selling novels, big illustrated books, reference volumes, even two-volume sets — all hard-cover, full-length books! This is your introductory package when you join the Club.
- Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered each month a variety of book bargains from which to choose. Selections are exciting new adult novels, costing $3.95 to $5.95 each in publishers' editions, yet they come to members for as little as $1. Big hits by Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby, and other top authors have come to members for $1—a saving of up to 75%. Some extra-value books are offered to members at prices higher than $1.
- Alternate selections include books of every kind — cook books, travel books, mysteries, classics, home-making books — at special prices to members only. An attractive bonus plan offers other big savings too. All books are new, full-length, hard-bound editions.

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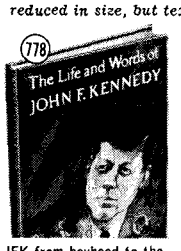
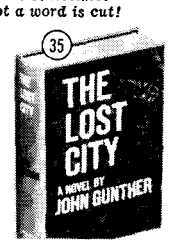
Circle code numbers of the 5 introductory books of your choice. You will receive these 5 books at once, and you will be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping. Mail the coupon now. Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York.

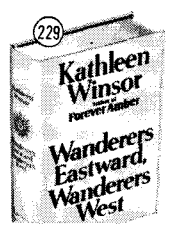


JFK from boyhood to the Presidency. Many photos.

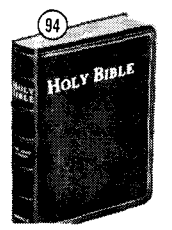
Jack Paar's exciting and amusing travel adventures.



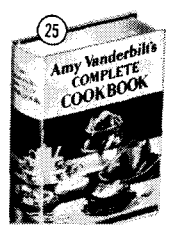
Famous correspondent's novel of pre-War Vienna.



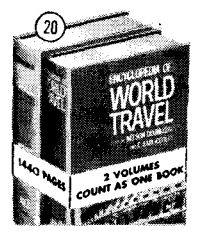
Big new novel by author of "Forever Amber."



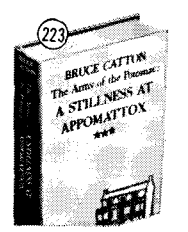
King James version, in a fine flexible binding.



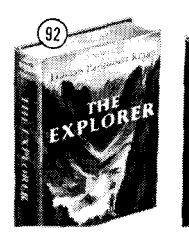
Menus for glamour meals from buffets to banquets.



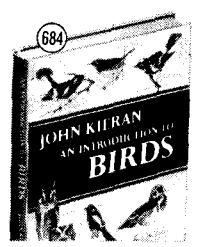
Complete travel guide covers the entire globe.



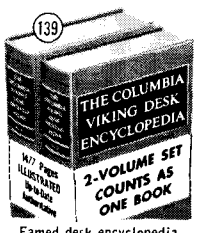
Acclaimed history of the Civil War's final year.



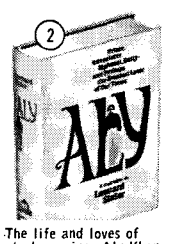
Frances Parkinson Keyes' newest romantic novel.



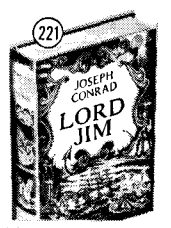
Lavish guide to birds. 100 paintings in color.



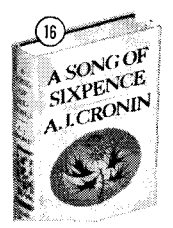
Famed desk encyclopedia. 31,500 entries, 1,477 pgs.



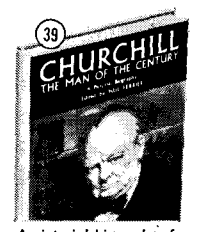
The life and loves of playboy prince Aly Khan.



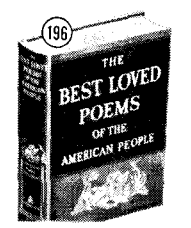
Adventure tale at sea, on which movie was based.



Moving tale of boyhood in the Scottish highlands.

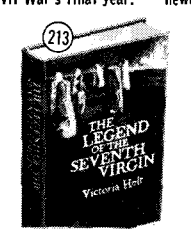


A pictorial biography of the great man of our time.

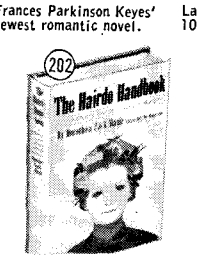


Hundreds of favorites for everybody. 650 pgs.

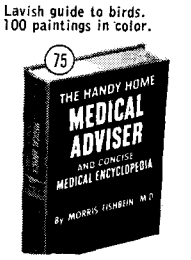
Easy solutions to 1001 household problems.



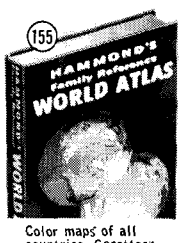
Manor and mistress—a legend haunted both!



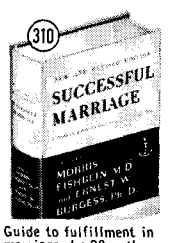
All about hair care, color, styling, etc.



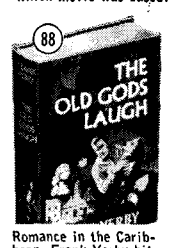
Authoritative health guide for family use.



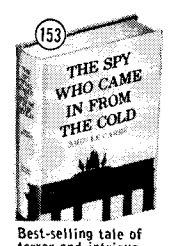
Color maps of all countries. Gazetteer.



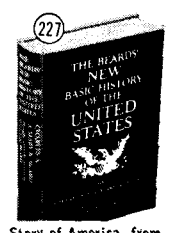
Guide to fulfillment in marriage, by 38 authors.



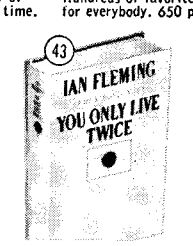
Romance in the Caribbean. Frank Yerby hit.



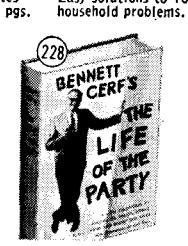
Best-selling tale of terror and intrigue.



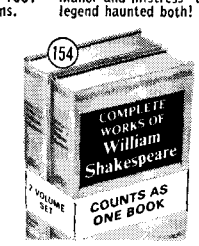
Story of America, from colonial times to today.



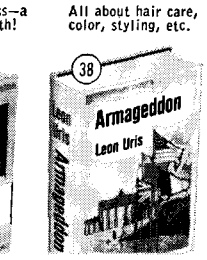
Agent James Bond—in a Japanese murder garden!



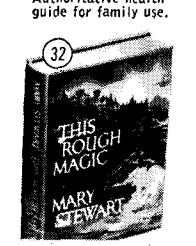
Cerf's best collection of funny stories.



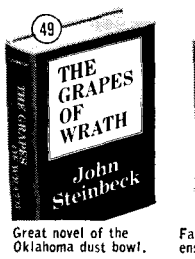
Every play and poem complete. 1,134 pages.



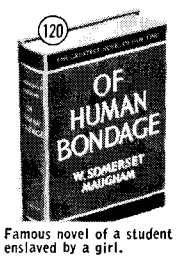
Tale of East-West showdown—the Berlin airlift.



Best-selling new mystery by a top British author.

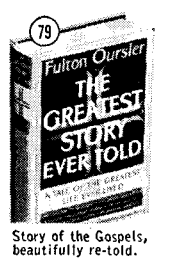


Great novel of the Oklahoma dust bowl.

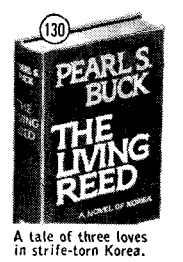


Famous novel of a student enslaved by a girl.

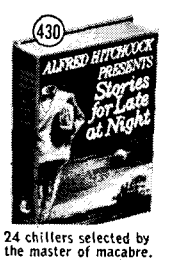
Secrets of success in all phases of gardening.



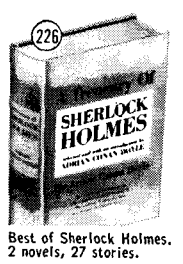
Story of the Gospels, beautifully re-told.



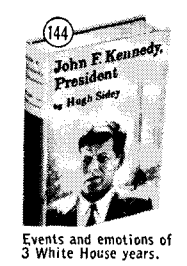
A tale of three loves in strife-torn Korea.



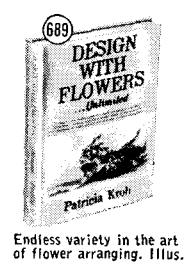
24 chillers selected by the master of macabre.



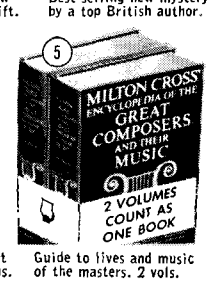
Best of Sherlock Holmes. 2 novels, 27 stories.



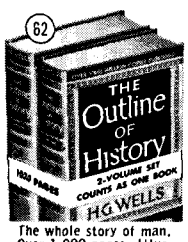
Events and emotions of 3 White House years.



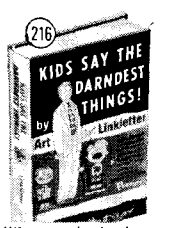
Endless variety in the art of flower arranging. Illus.



Guide to lives and music of the masters. 2 vols.



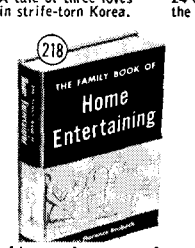
The whole story of man. Over 1,000 pages. Illus.



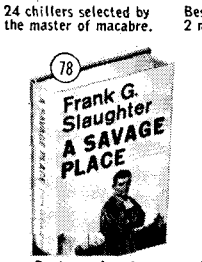
Wise remarks, howlers of Linkletter's TV kids.

Clear instructions for beginner or expert. Illus.

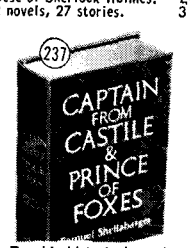
Children's tales from near and far. Illus.



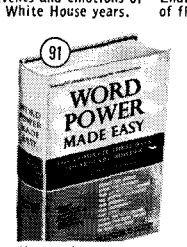
Ideas, recipes, menus for parties of all kinds.



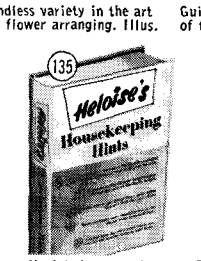
Doctor and patient—rivals for a woman!



Two big historical novels in one exciting volume.

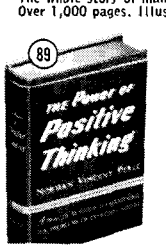


How to improve your writing and speaking.



Useful shortcuts for every household chore.

Beloved tale of Dorothy in the land of Oz. Illus.



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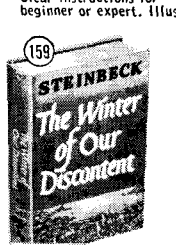

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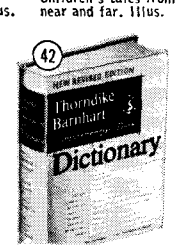

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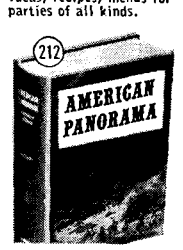

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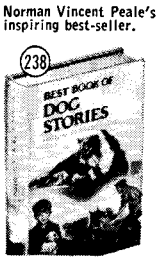

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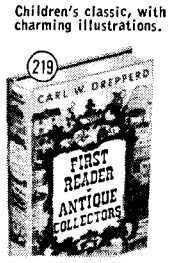

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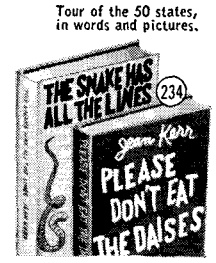

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154	155	159	186	194
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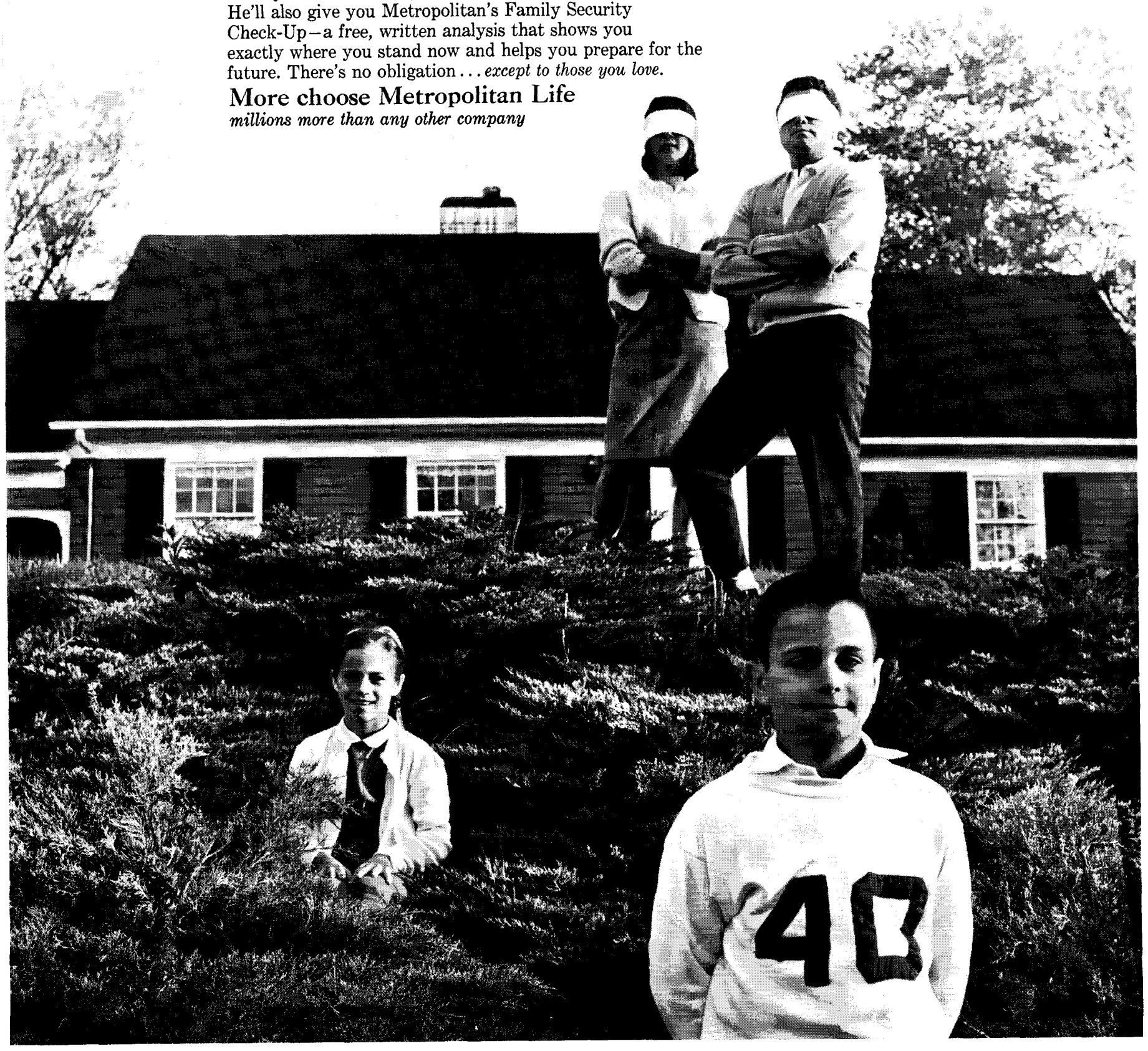

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POST

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About this issue

Stewart Alsop

When STEWART ALSOP began his five months of research on AMERICA'S NEW BIG RICH, his attitude toward his subjects was much like that of his great-uncle Theodore Roosevelt, who once wrote, "There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune to the basest uses." Alsop's attitude has changed. He still maintains there is nothing inherently admirable about a man who has made a great deal of money, but he admits he found the new big rich "about as odd and interesting a collection of human beings as I've come across." . . . Bee hunter BIL GILBERT, who lists one of his former occupations as "mouse collector," has written a book, *How Animals Communicate,* which will be published next fall. . . . Former minor-league ballplayer ELIOT ASINOF is now working on a novel about his years on Adak./Cover photograph of Sean Connery by PIERLUIGI, from Rapho-Guillumette Pictures; black-and-white cover photographs by LOOMIS DEAN.

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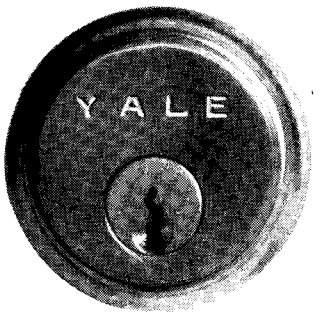

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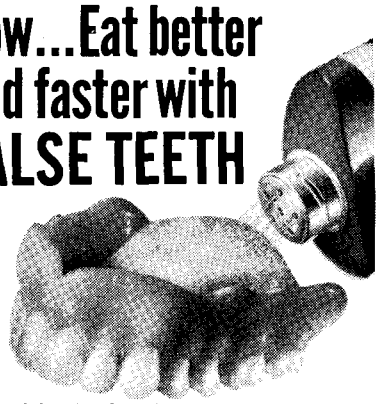

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Letters

Down on the farm

Of course farmers are no better than city people [ARE FARMERS BETTER THAN CITY PEOPLE?, editorial, June 19]. Nor are city people any better than farmers. Nor are the people of larger cities any better than those of smaller cities. Nor are people dependent for a livelihood on manufacturing industries any better than people dependent on resource industries. The proper object in any apportionment plan is to achieve a balance that will protect the interests of majorities and minorities alike.

The constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Dirksen would build upon recent Supreme Court decisions outlawing outmoded legislative-apportionment plans in some states, which have never been subjected to popular review, by granting the right of the people in any state to choose on a "one-man, one-vote" basis to apportion one house of a bicameral legislature on a basis other than population.

JAMES MUSSATTI, *Chairman*
Citizens Committee for Balanced Legislative Representation
San Francisco, Calif.

● Up to a few years ago I was a registered voter in a small rural county. My change of address to Macon had no effect whatever on the intrinsic worth of my vote. All votes should have equal value at the polls. Georgia is just now throwing off the shackles forged by the now-deceased county-unit system. A better caliber of politician and of legislation is already emerging.

JAMES E. HILLEY
Macon, Ga.

● Here in Michigan, under the system you advocate, every industry and interest in the entire state would be regulated by three counties whose one industry is automotive and one interest is urban. In all fairness, do you think that representatives from these counties would understand the needs of all other segments? Michigan is first in sour-cherry and dry-bean production. Must these and all other agricultural products be represented only by city-oriented men?

MRS. MYRON M. EGGLESTON
Beulah, Mich.

● Whoa there! Let's not confuse the issue. The real issue is whether the Supreme Court is better than all the people.

RICHARD KRUMME
Columbia, Mo.

● "The health of the entire nation depends upon the health of its cities"—when I see wheat growing in Central Park and cows grazing on the White House lawn, I'll believe you.

RICHARD E. IVES
Candor, N.Y.

● The American farmer does not think that he is any better than his city cousin, though he may have a little more time to browse through his son's American history book and read of the great compromise which took place at the Constitutional Convention. A farmer is a rather simple person. He finds the new twist to the old goose-and-gander saying, "What's good for the Federal Government is bad for the State Government," rather hard to understand.

DAVID R. HARRIS
Rogers, Tex.

Russian women

The pride and independence of THE RUSSIAN WOMAN [by Olga Carlisle, June 19] speaks in the strong and beautiful face of the Intourist guide pictured on your cover. Much as I abhor Communism, I am forced to concede that it has brought out the best in Russian women. I know that many an American woman, reading this truly outstanding article, must envy her Russian counterpart.

MRS. BETTE L. STERN
Los Angeles, Calif.

● I don't understand why the American woman should be envied for her access to the myriad magazine articles offering important information about how to have highly waxed floors and how to be transformed into a raving beauty in six easy steps. I am impressed by the Russian woman's life of value and purpose. Life is more than decorating, dressing and chasing after eternal youth.

MILDRED NETTLE
Detroit, Mich.

Down with sin!

This could bring on a whole new era [DOWN WITH SIN!, by Tom Wolfe, June 19]: Sit-ins in Greenwich Village, along Wabash Avenue in Chicago and the "strip" here in Indianapolis—all against SIN! Hooray for Motherhood! I already have short hair, practically none at all, so when does the march begin? Gloryosky, it's exciting!

JOSEPH G. WOOD JR.
Indianapolis, Ind.

● Hurrah, let's all speak out and end this terrible cliché—let's be proud to be faithful wives and solid citizens!

MRS. RAYMOND H. BACHTELLE
Santa Ana, Calif.

● Tom Wolfe gave the Conforming Nonconformists a good shot of conscience in their sheepy heads.

STANLEY C. SPORNY
Hatboro, Pa.

● Congratulations, Mr. Wolfe. Where one man leads, others will follow—even in the right direction!

CECELIA IRENE HOWE
Morrisdale, Pa.

● At last there's someone who isn't afraid of being called a square. Really, as a teenager I'm ashamed of my generation with its crazy clothes and funny language. I'm all for overthrowing that sin-loving society.

HERMINIO RODRIGUEZ
Santurce, P.R.

Cornpun

Although my punny bone took a severe pun-ishing when I read John Skow's CONFESSIONS OF A PUN ADDICT [June 19], I must admit I would gladly read it again. Upun my word, it was fourmendous, (much better than tremendous).

SPENCER STOPA
Chicago, Ill.

● John Skow is very funny, but John Greenleaf was Whittier.

EDGAR L. DIMMICK, M.D.
Dunmore, Pa.

● Mr. Skow would appreciate the story about two brothers who bought a cattle ranch and called it FOCUS, because that's where the sons raise meat.

REGINALD T. HARLING
Dayton, Ohio

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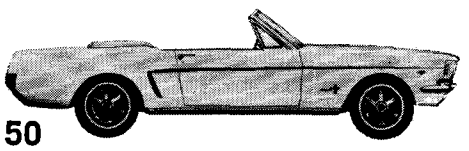

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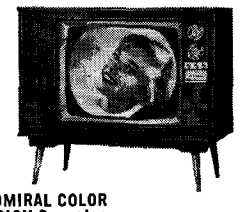

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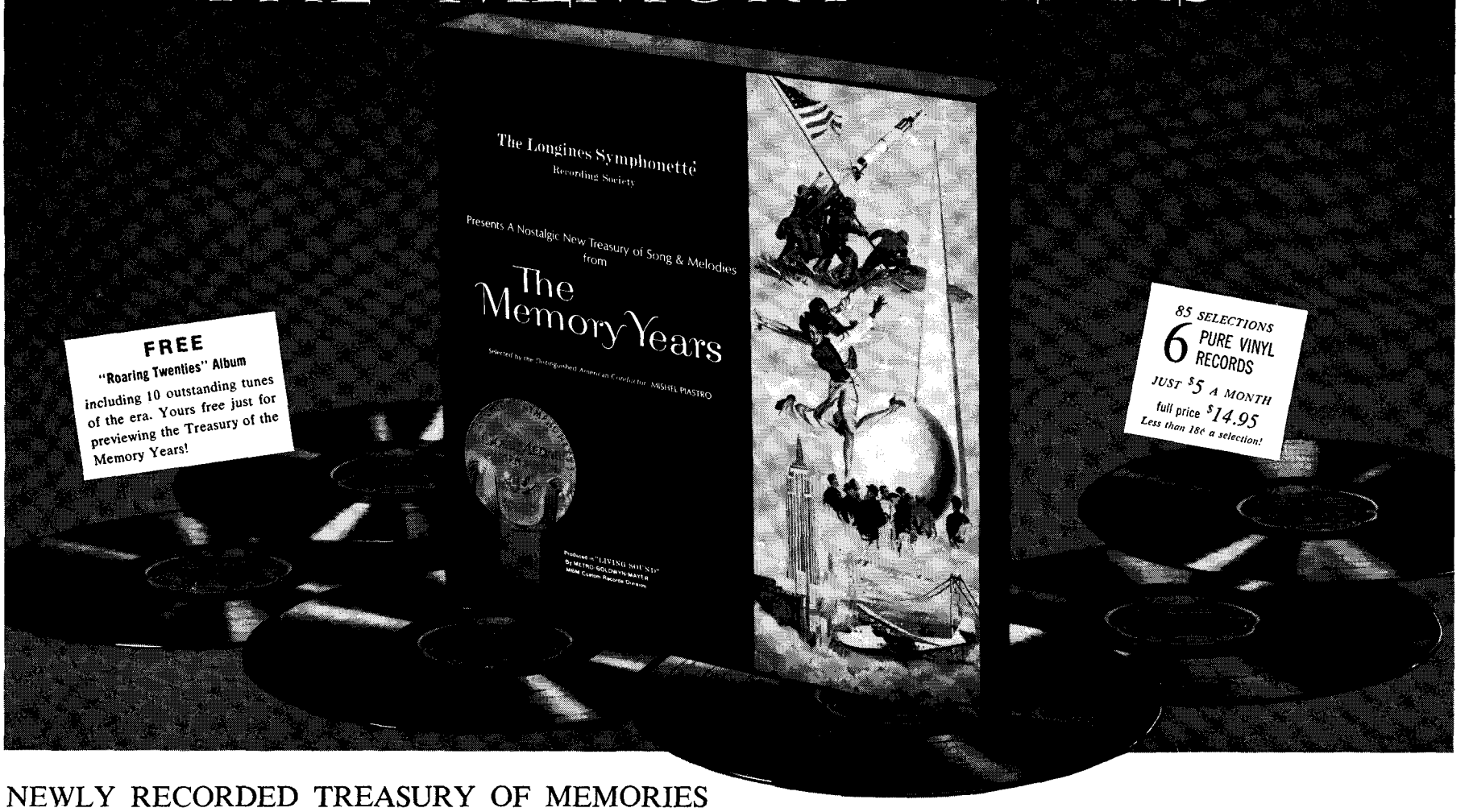
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Letters

Questions of justice

ORDEAL OF A HOFFA VICTIM by Bill Davidson and MURDER: THE KLAN ON TRIAL by William Bradford Huie [June 19] were in the finest tradition of crusading journalism—something we have long since learned to expect from *The Post*.

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Winter Park, Fla.

• When a man like Sam Baron puts his very life in jeopardy by standing up to Jimmy Hoffa and is called a fink for his courage, it's no wonder that the ordinary citizen stands by while others are attacked and threatened. And we wonder what is becoming of law, order and morality in the United States.

MRS. JACK KOELSCH
Smithtown, N.Y.

• Having firsthand knowledge of this courageous man's life, I salute Bill Davidson for accomplishing two things—exposing the danger of a Jimmy Hoffa and airing the shameful back-turning that "honest" labor officials inflicted on a man who blazed the very paths they are now traveling.

AL BARON
Patchogue, N.Y.

• Thank you once again for bringing to light what is happening in the South [MURDER: THE KLAN ON TRIAL]. The pattern never changes; an innocent and dignified Negro man shot to death on a public highway.

RONALD SCHMAL
Ithaca, N.Y.

• Thanks for giving the facts in the Lemuel Penn case. The Klan and their ilk are a disgrace to our country. One must be born in the South to know the potential for evil in people of this kind. Through law they must learn that they cannot murder a man solely because of the color of his skin and go unpunished.

When I learned of the acquittal, I wept for shame at being a Georgian.

MRS. SARA L. MUSCHEL
St. Simons Island, Ga.

Profanity

With regard to your editorial on Gen. Harold Johnson's attitude toward the language used by drill sergeants [GEE WHIZ, GENERAL, June 19], perhaps you will be interested in the following, quoted from George Washington: "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American Army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms if we insult God by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it." [General Order to the Continental Army, July, 1766.]

WILLIAM P. MCINERNEY
Paramus, N.J.

Miniature horses

Anyone who has seen a Falabella Miniature Horse from Argentina will wonder at Mrs. Trudy Assael's judgment and knowledge of horses, as reported in your pages by Daniel P. Mannix [HORSES IN THE LIVING ROOM, June 5]. The German-bred small horse pictured in the article can't stand comparison to the Falabellas, the only miniatures in the world bred successfully for beauty and perfect conformation, as well as for diminutive size. (All credit due Sr. Julio Falabella and his forebears who developed this breed and now have a herd of 400 prize palominos, pintos, Appaloosas, bays, browns, blacks and grays—standing 26 to 32 inches.)

RICHARD I. ROBINSON, *President*
Falabella Miniature Horse Farms, Inc.
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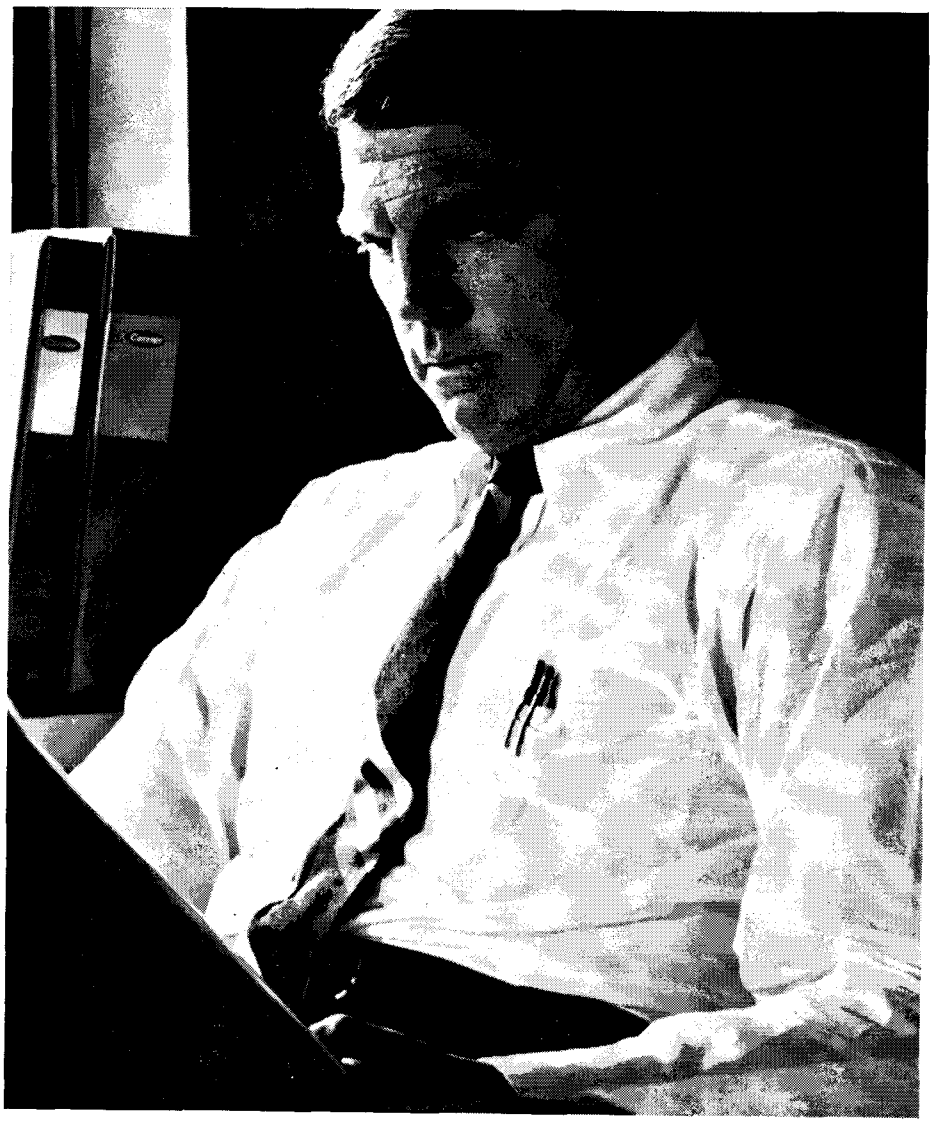

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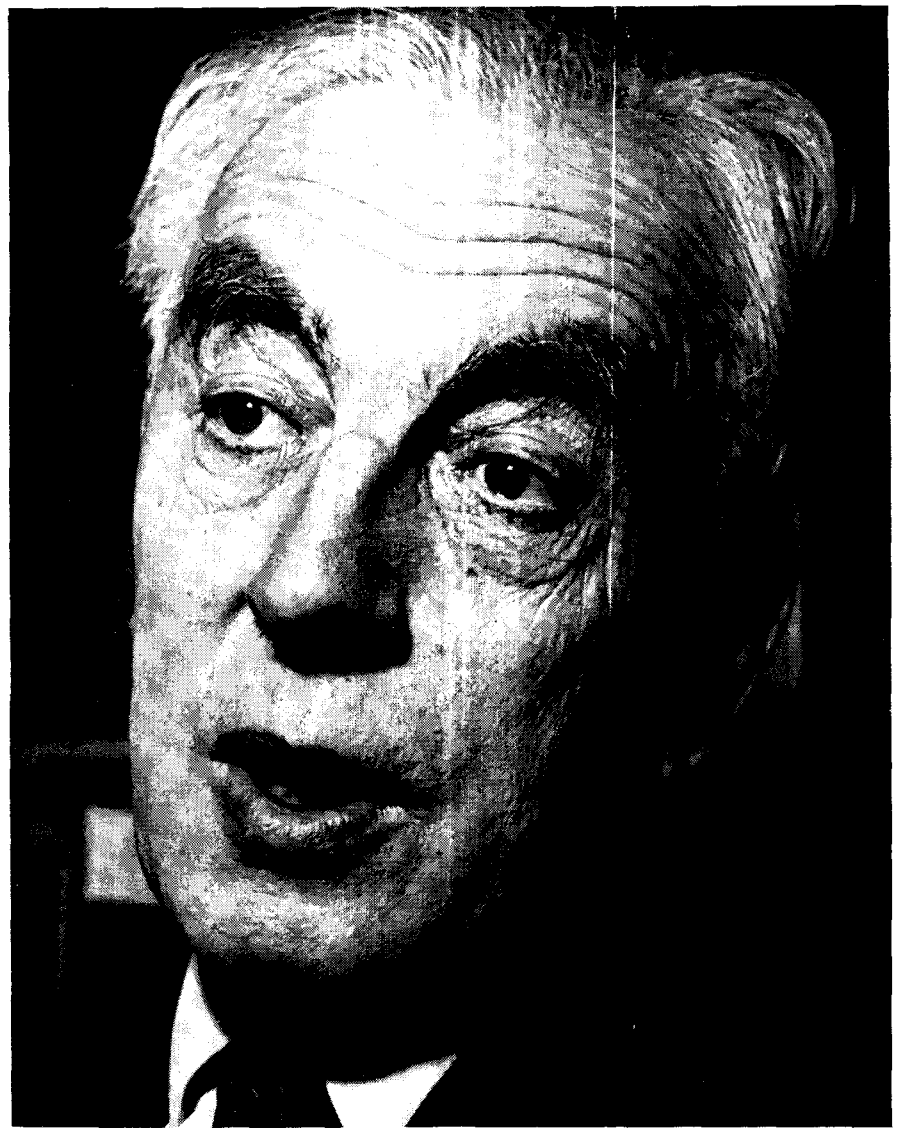
Speaking Out

WE MUST WOO RED CHINA



One of the world's most eminent historians, Doctor Toynbee is now Professor Emeritus at the University of London. Among his many published works is the 12-volume A STUDY OF HISTORY.

by Arnold J. Toynbee

Our image of Communist China haunts us and provokes fear and hostility. What we see is the figure of an angry giant rearing up and glaring down at us with threatening gestures. This is how China looks even to Americans who would like to believe that Communist China is nonexistent, or that, if you shut your eyes to her existence long enough, she will softly vanish. China looks the same to the Russians, though the Russians hate to admit this because it is an admission that the monolithic solidarity of world Communism is an exploded myth. China is determined to make the world see this ferocious image. She flaunts this image because she glories in it. Whenever America makes one of her unfriendly gestures toward China, China is quick to claim the aggressor's role. "You Americans pretend that you are excluding us from the United Nations," the Chinese trumpet. "That is a lie. It is we, we Chinese, who are throwing back in your face your imperialistic sham United Nations. If we find we want a United Nations, we and Indonesia will set up one of our own; and Asia, Africa, and Latin America will rally to it."

Why are the Chinese projecting this truculent image of themselves? This question forces itself on us because the traditional image of China has been exactly the opposite, and this image has been a fairly faithful reflection of China's traditional behavior. Moderation and deftness are the hallmarks of the Chinese style. This is symbolized in Chinese boxing: no crude knockout blow, but an effortless poke of the finger at the vital spot, and the loser finds himself sprawling. Again, the Chinese style dictates no military conquests—just peaceful penetration. The Manchus might conquer China, but the Chinese would retort by quietly turning Manchuria into a Chinese province.

This has been the Chinese style since the third century B.C. Before then, the Chinese had been living, as we in the West have always lived, in a welter of warring states. But 22 centuries ago the Chinese became sick of brute force, and for the next 2,200 years they made their way in the world mainly by tactfulness. This served them well. China enjoyed peace and unity more often than not, and she kept on expanding. But now China has gone back to brute force. Why? Her experience between 1840 and 1945 gives us the answer and also a lesson for Americans and particularly for their foreign-policy makers.

In 1840 China was attacked by Britain—a small country, on the opposite side of the globe, and a barbarous country in terms of traditional Chinese values. The Opium War, as the conflict was called, was barbarous in terms of Christian ethics, too. Britain's war aim was to force the Chinese Government to sanction the importation of Indian-grown opium into China. To the amazement and consternation of the Chinese, they found themselves at the Western barbarians' mercy. No other great civilized people has ever suffered such a shock. The deft-fingered giant was laid flat. It has taken him more than a century to get on his feet again. Now the giant is on the warpath. So would we be if we had had the same experiences.

The years 1840–1945 were China's century of humiliation. Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Japan all took bites of Chinese territory (Russia's bite was the biggest). The foreigners not only forced themselves on China; they imposed treaties that exempted foreign residents from Chinese jurisdiction. In the International Settlement at Shanghai, the gates of a public park carried the notice: "Chinese and dogs not admitted." British Navy gunboats cruised up and down the Yangtze bearing such ingratiating names as Bee, Gadfly, Hornet, Wasp, and as many other species of stinging insect as there were gunboats to be christened.

The Chinese went on clinging to their traditional way of life and style of behavior long after these had proved to be ineffective for coping with the West and with the Japanese, who aped the Western way of life. The Chinese were loath to jettison an ancient civilization that seemed to them superior to Western barbarism. But in the end they ruefully came to the conclusion that they could never hold their own if they did not adopt the West's weapons. The Chinese people now acquired one imperative aim: to recover their normal historic position in the world. This was, and still is, the aim of all Chinese, whatever ideology they may subscribe to. The reason why the Communists succeeded in wresting the control of continental China out of Chiang Kai-shek's hands in 1949 is that this common Chinese aim was being pursued by the Communists with greater single-mindedness—and with greater effectiveness.

What the Chinese object to is being treated as natives. A native is a human being whom one can ignore. He is part of the local fauna. The point may be put in the form of a riddle. "When is a native not a native?" Answer: "When he is a Communist." Another answer to the same question is: "When he has the bomb." The Chinese have gone Communist *and* they have acquired the bomb; and, sure enough, they have become important—and also, of course, become wicked. Who minds being a bugbear, so long as this wins attention for him? Why, every child knows that the one sure way to win attention is to make oneself a nuisance.

In our present-day world, to go Communist and to acquire the bomb pay handsome dividends. But whose doing is that? The ex-native could not have made these maneuvers profitable if the Westerners had not put so high a premium on them. The premium is an

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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immensely gratifying change in the Westerner's attitude. In putting a premium on going Communist, the Westerner is producing exactly the opposite of the result that he desires. Marx himself could not have done better for the promotion of Communism, if Marx had hired Madison Avenue to do the job.

What has led the West into defeating its own purpose in this fantastic way? We have been led into this, I believe, by a false value that is common to the Communist and the bourgeois Western attitude to life. Both these ideologies assume that force is the one thing that ultimately counts in human affairs, and both disagree in the same way with the traditional Chinese attitude. When we Westerners first came across the traditional China, we despised her for being defenseless, and we took advantage of this in order to bully her. Well, now we are reaping the whirlwind.

China's present militancy is the West's fault. To acknowledge one's faults is the first step toward correcting them; and if one wants to bring about a change in one's adversary's attitude, it is best to begin by changing one's own attitude toward him, for this, at least, is within one's power, and a change on one's own part may perhaps produce a change on his. China's behavior is truculent, but the cause is reasonable. China is therefore likely to go on behaving truculently until the cause is removed. Fortunately, it is within our power to remove it; for the cause is the West's attitude toward China.

Surely the key to improving our relations with China is to recognize that the Chinese are our equals. This means that the Chinese have as much right to go Communist as we have to stay bourgeois. It also means that they have as much right as we have to possess the bomb. On the same principle, a Monroe Doctrine will be legitimate for China in Eastern Asia if it is held to be legitimate for the United States in the Americas.

The United States' relations with China have been truly extraordinary. During the century of China's humiliation, the only powerful foreign country that refrained from taking advantage of China's weakness was the United States. The Americans who went to China during those crucial years were not soldiers or traders; they were missionaries and doctors and educators. Formerly, it was the European Westerners and the Japanese who treated the Chinese as natives who do not count, but since 1949, America has taken their place and gone one step further. Instead of being just natives who do not count, the Communist Chinese, for America, are natives who must stand in the corner, like naughty children in disgrace. For the Chinese, this is the most infuriating treatment that any foreign people has yet given to them. "Insect-class" British gunboats were less irritating. It is a paradox and a tragedy that today America should be China's No. 1 enemy.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest. . . ." You can read the rest of this text in your Bible. You may find in it a platform for a new American policy toward China. Here are some possible plans that Americans might consider.

At present, America is keeping China out of the United Nations and also trying to destroy China's foreign trade. Why not put this American policy back into its traditional benevolent gear? Sponsor the admission of China to the U.N. Help China to build up her foreign trade. And do not be put off by rebuffs from China. You will not be able, in a day, to conjure away the Chinese hostility that you have been building up against yourselves over the years. Be patient and persevere; and then grasp the nettle. Try to open frank and constructive talks with China about the present territorial arguments.

To visualize how America's presence in Taiwan, South Vietnam and South Korea looks, from the Chinese point of view, an American should imagine China of the year A.D. 2,000 occupying Alaska, British Columbia and southern Mexico and accusing the United States of aggression for trying to push the Chinese away from these positions by supporting local resistance movements.

So long as continental China retains her unity and independence, she will never reconcile herself to American presence in South Vietnam, South Korea and Taiwan. To subjugate continental China is evidently beyond even the United States' power. Therefore you must come to terms with continental China. In both Vietnam and Korea, the main interest of each of the two great powers is to exclude the other from being present there. A reunited and neutral Vietnam and Korea might be the solution. But a reunited Vietnam or Korea would almost certainly be a Communist one, you may object. Well, even if it were Communist, it would be Nationalist-Communist; and it seems a fairly safe guess that the paramount aim of both Korean and Vietnam Nationalism would then be to keep China out. This was the paramount aim of Vietnam and Korean foreign policy for 2,000 years, before Western and Japanese imperialism intervened. Under a Tito type of regime, both countries could become effective neutral buffers.

As for Taiwan, the days of the refugee Kuomintang government and army of this island are numbered. These men are now in their 70's. Ten years from now, Taiwan will be in the hands of its native inhabitants, the eight million Taiwanese Chinese. Why should not America try to agree with continental China that the Taiwanese Chinese shall be allowed genuinely to determine their own destiny?

Try out these planks for the platform of a new American policy toward China. And do not be offended or discouraged if, at the first offer, continental China tosses them aside contemptuously. America cannot afford to be impatient; she is going to have to coexist with continental China to the end of her and China's days. Moreover, this Sino-Western world is a rapidly shrinking world. We have been busy annihilating distance; so, whether our relation remains one of mutual hostility, or whether it again becomes one of goodwill, we shall be loving or hating each other at closer and closer quarters. And when two parties come within point-blank range, and when both have their pockets full of bombs, mutual hostility becomes suicidal.

Arnold Toynbee

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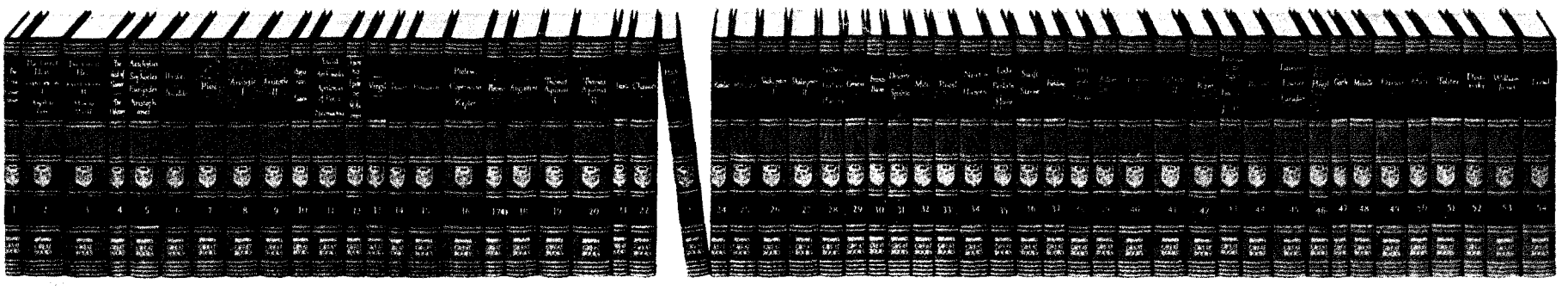
Keystone Press Agency photograph of the burning of the books, Berlin, May 10, 1933.

These are the books that Hitler burned



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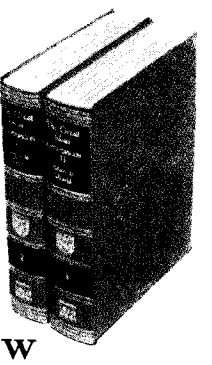

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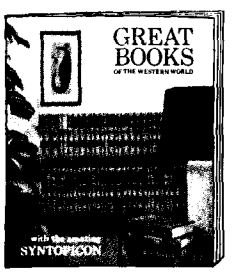

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A TIME OF TROUBLE

WASHINGTON:

The mood of this city has changed sharply in the last six months.

Last January, in the wake of Lyndon Johnson's massive triumph at the polls, there was a confident feeling that, with this remarkable man running things, nothing could go really wrong. Now the confidence has been replaced by an uneasy, foreboding sense that the President and the rest of us may be in for a time of great trouble.

On the domestic front, the uneasiness is like "a cloud no larger than a man's hand." Its chief source is a single speech, delivered in early June by William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Martin listed a series of 12 "menacing likenesses" between the present economic situation and the situation in 1929, before the great depression.

Martin was careful to point out differences too, but the "menacing likenesses" were much more striking. The President's economic seers, like Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler and Economic Adviser Gardner Ackley, remain guardedly confident. But the Martin speech was followed by a sharp, nervous drop in stock prices. And the uneasy feeling persists that the present boom, the longest since the 1920's, cannot last forever, and that some sort of economic trouble surely lies ahead.

On the foreign front, the clouds are visible—they seem to get bigger and blacker and uglier every day. The Dominican affair has raised the old specter of *yanqui* imperialism in Latin America, and elsewhere in the world America-hating is becoming an international pastime. Charles de Gaulle's France, which used to be known as "America's oldest ally," is acting more and more like a hostile power. NATO seems to be coming apart. But the real source of the dark sense of foreboding that has been eroding Washington's self-confidence is Vietnam.

There is a tendency nowadays, especially abroad, to suppose that President Johnson is an impulsive fellow. In fact, he made his decision last February to bomb North Vietnam only after long delay and much agonizing. All his advisers told him the same thing—that otherwise the Vietnam war would be lost. Thus the President had no real choice.

All his advisers hoped, and some certainly believed, that American air power alone would be enough to bring the Communists to the conference table in a mood to negotiate. As noted in this space about a year ago, it is a favorite American illusion "to suppose that air power is an adequate substitute for what the British call the P.B.I., or Poor Bloody Infantry." It is clear by now that, as in Korea and again and again in the Second World War, the job the Air Force started will have to be finished, if it can be finished, by the P.B.I.

What has happened is what a minority of the President's advisers feared might happen. When we resorted to our most available instrument of military pressure—air power—the North Vietnamese Communists resorted to theirs: human bodies. But they have done so in a clever way. An overt, full-scale, conventional invasion of South Vietnam, like North Korea's invasion of South Korea, would have had a shock effect, which might have produced a really massive reaction.

Instead, the invasion of South Vietnam has been by slow stages, and thus largely invisible. The North Vietnamese have simply increased, very steadily, their commitment of organized units to the Viet Cong. The process has now reached a point where it is "academic," as a U.S. military spokesman in Saigon has said, to distinguish between indigenous Viet Cong guerrilla forces and organized units from the north, because there are so many of the latter. But this invasion has produced no shocked reaction, here or abroad.

This covert invasion has in turn forced the President to commit American ground troops to combat. The process is sure to go further. Behind closed doors, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has talked of the possible necessity of committing to South Vietnam as many as 300,000 U.S. troops. He has said flatly that a war on the scale of the Korean War "may have to be accepted."

Consider the differences between the Korean War and what "may have to be accepted" in Vietnam. The Korean War was a response to overt aggression, a war officially sanctioned by the United Nations, supported by this country's allies and fought when this country had a virtual atomic monopoly. A Korean-scale war in Vietnam, if that is in store, will be a very lonely war. We will have no United Nations sanction, no support worth mentioning from any ally, and the passionate opposition of France and the entire uncommitted world. But that is not all.

Certain Republicans disgracefully exploited "Truman's War" for political gain. But all responsible opinion recognized that President Truman had no real choice but to oppose the overt aggression in Korea. President Johnson has no real choice but to oppose the covert aggression in Vietnam. But partly because the aggression is covert the Vietnamese war is widely unpopular and very little understood

According to a recent Gallup Poll, 54 percent of the voters want to "stop military action," or "withdraw completely," or "stop fighting, start negotiations." If Korean-scale casualties now ensue—33,000 American dead, as against a few hundred so far in the Vietnamese war—the war could become the most divisive in a hundred years.

Partly this is because a lot of people—not only the intellectuals—feel an obscure sense of guilt about the Vietnamese war. Senator John Sherman Cooper recently cited one reason why: "What do the South Vietnamese people want to do? Stay independent? Join the North? Keep the Americans there? Unless we ask the South Vietnamese what they want to do, our presence there looks like an occupation."

The Communists are highly unlikely to accept a cease fire or the other obvious preconditions necessary to "ask the South Vietnamese people what they want to do." But the gesture of offering to ask them ought to be made, if only to erase that sense of guilt.

Above all, the present policy on informing the American people about the Vietnamese war ought to be radically changed. Under that policy, a State Department public-relations underling lets slip the fact that American ground troops are to start fighting in Asia, as though that were a matter of no importance. If a Korean-scale war is really in prospect, then a time of very great trouble surely lies ahead, and a combination of obsessive secrecy and rosy press-agentry is no way to prepare the country for that time.

Stewart Alsop

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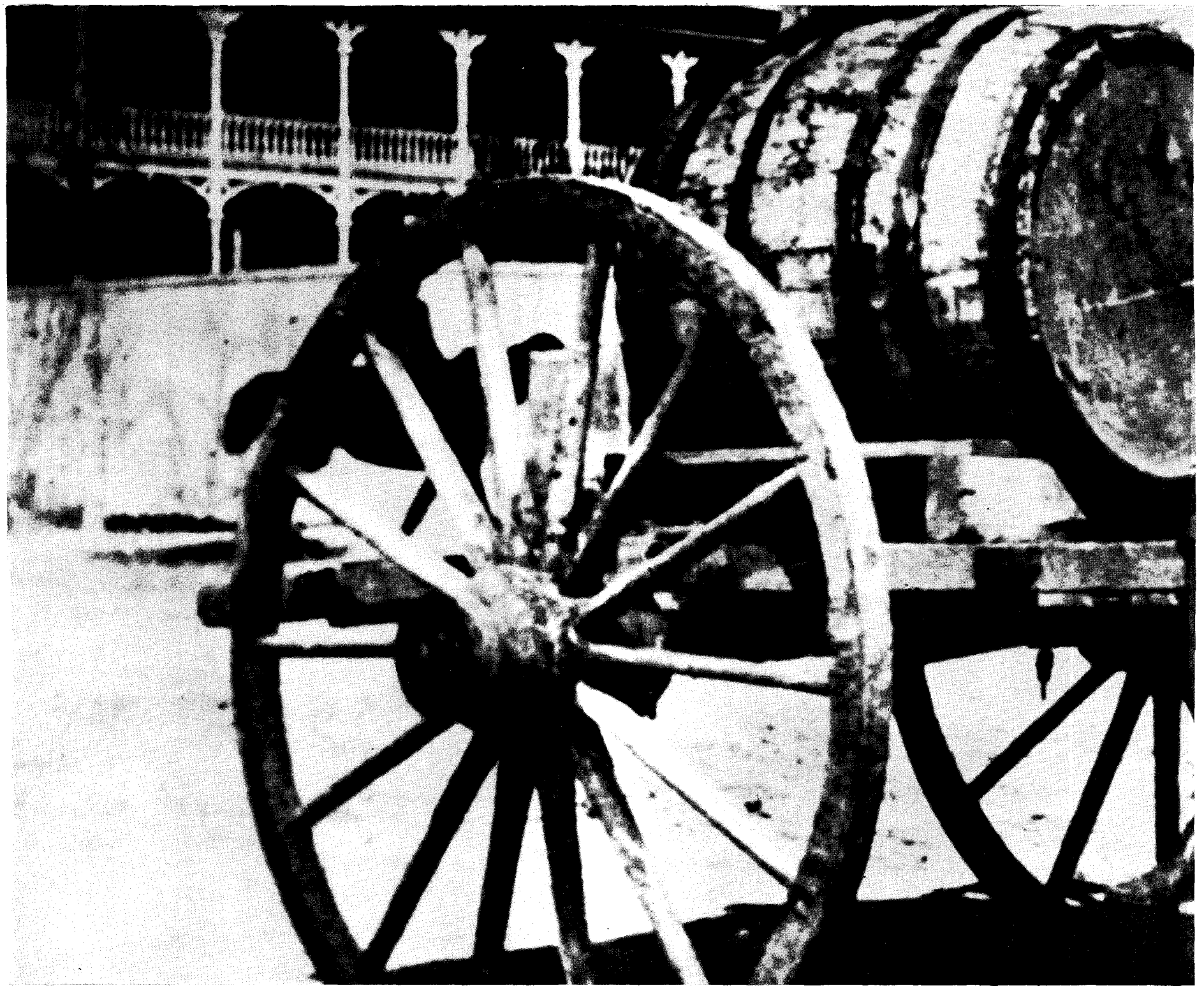

Corpus Christi began fighting its water shortage 100 years ago

A century ago, barreleros like this made a lively living peddling water in drought-prone Corpus Christi. The horse-drawn water cart soon gave way to more modern solutions, but the town outgrew them all. Not until civic leaders met the water problem head on was the situation remedied... and in just a few short years.

One of the first people to do anything about Corpus Christi's lack of water was a general named Zachary Taylor! In 1846 he ordered a well drilled to supply his troops with fresh water.

Gradually, this dusty trading post grew into a thriving town, but the water problem lingered on. And although many solutions were tried, none worked very long.

Cisterns went dry at the least hint of a drought.

An artesian well, drilled to supply the town with water, produced fumes so sulphurous that surrounding houses turned black.

A pumping station, built to carry water from the nearby Nueces River, worked fine—except when the river ran dry. And that happened often.

The first dam built on the Nueces River failed 10 months after it was completed. Although this dam was quickly rebuilt, there *still* never seemed to be enough water.

Nobody was planning for the future

And the future held great promise for Corpus Christi. Its ideal climate and Gulf Coast location made the city a natural tourist resort. But not if there was just enough water for its residents.

Industry was attracted by the city's deep channel and excellent port facilities. But lack of adequate water scared them away. One multimillion-dollar plant retreated just 60 miles up the coast.

No wonder. By the late '40s it was determined that the dependable yield of the dam was only *75% of the demand.*

It was time for action

In 1949 the president of the Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce got together with the town's leading citizens to form the Area Development Committee. One of this committee's first projects: a comprehensive study of the area's future water needs.

Simultaneously, the Lower Nueces River Water Supply District was formed to officially head the drive for more water.

After months of careful study and planning, a proposed dam site was put before the people in the form of a referendum. They learned that the structure would be paid for through a bond issue... that there would be no skyrocketing of water rates.

The referendum passed by a 14-to-1 margin. In 1958 the dam became a reality.

And not a moment too soon

The next three years were bountiful with rain, filling the new dam to capacity. Thousands of acre-

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feet of water would have been wasted if the town had hesitated.

Then came three years of drought, with annual rainfall dropping to almost half the usual average. Without the water stored behind the new dam, Corpus Christi—today—would be in the middle of a serious water crisis.

Instead, this town of 200,000 has enough water to sustain constant growth until at least 1980. Supply is presently 2½ times present peak use, and the dam may be added to whenever the need arises.

Industry is aware of Corpus Christi's new water wealth, and is acting accordingly. The two largest companies in the area are embarking on multimillion-dollar expansion projects — projects not possible without a guarantee of enough water.

Lake frontage has increased considerably, leading to a frenzy of new-home building, the opening of a new dude ranch and the expansion of the state park threefold.

Corpus Christi did without enough water for 100 years. Cooperation solved the problem in less *than* 10!

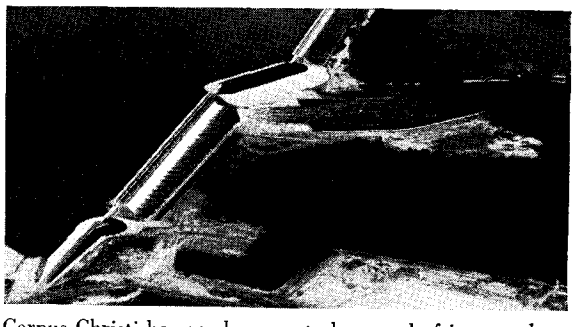
Look around your area...

Is lack of water threatening your city or already withering it away? Or is your area's problem too *much* water?

Whatever the problem, it *can* be solved by officials and citizens cooperating as they did in cities such as Corpus Christi, Texas; Indianapolis, Indiana; Savannah, Georgia, and Duncan, Oklahoma—to name just a few examples.

But the time to act is now! By 1980 our country will need more than twice the water we use today. Isn't there something *you* could do to get your community moving?

For a better understanding of the problem and how to solve it, send for the booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A." Write Dept. P-35, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



Corpus Christi has good reason to be proud of its new dam. The people built it with their own money—no Federal funds were needed.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA... **CATERPILLAR**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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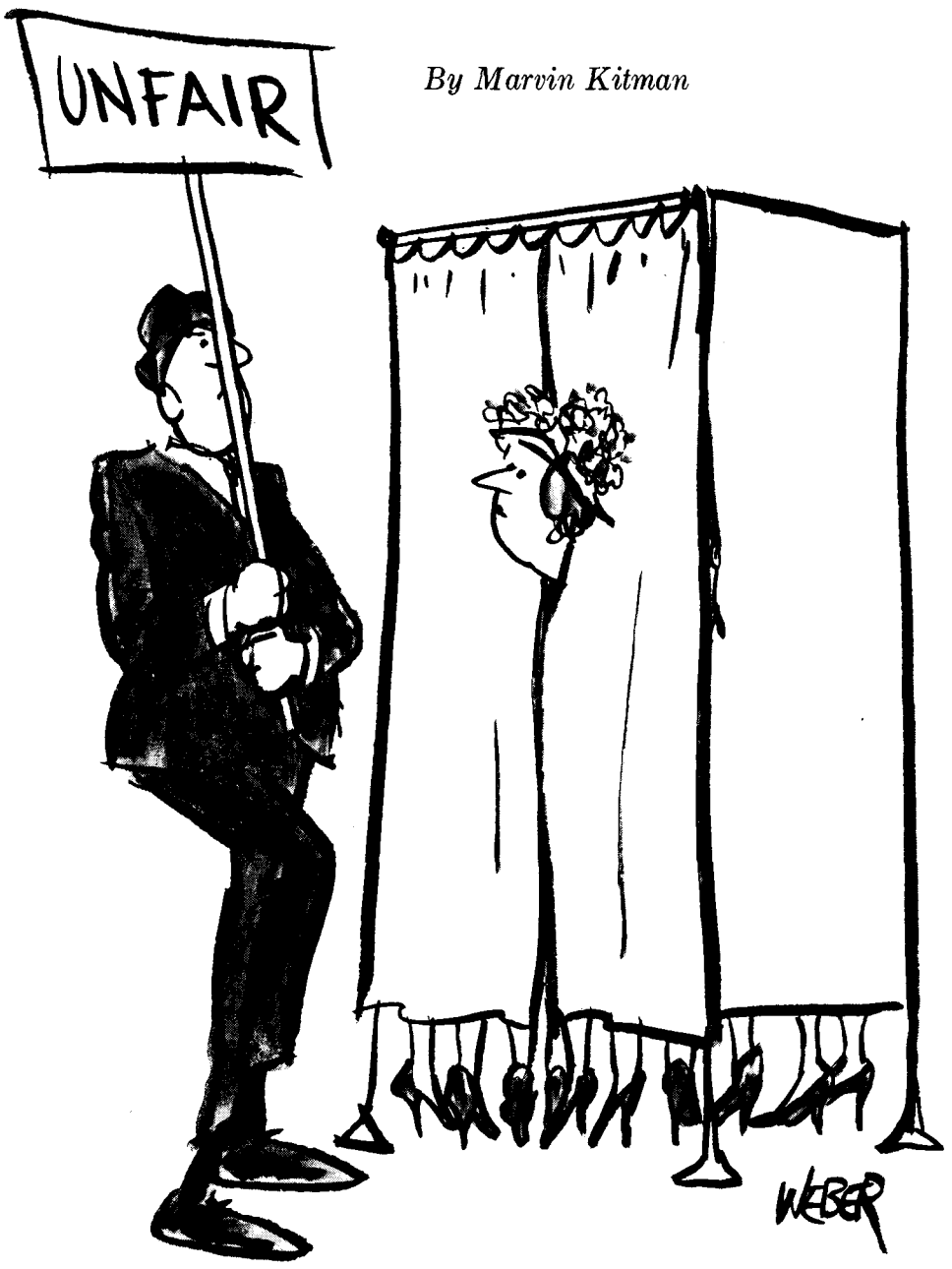
The Human Comedy

SHOULD WOMEN GIVE MEN THE VOTE?

By Marvin Kitman



As a moderate I'm always looking for good causes I can devote my whole life to in my spare time. I saw an opportunity to make such a commitment recently when an invitation to join a political-action study group arrived in the mail. My wife was already active in more than her share of worthwhile organizations. But as a public-spirited citizen I couldn't say no to the League of Women Voters, one of the few nonpartisan groups without political axioms to grind.

"I want to join your fine organization," I told the receptionist at the New York City chapter headquarters. "I want to pay dues, attend meetings, stuff envelopes, drink coffee with the other members, anything to make democracy more effective."

"Who *are* you?" she asked. She looked strangely uneasy.

"I'm just an organization man," I explained. She edged away from her desk, then ran into a back office. A plump woman in her 50's led the receptionist back by the hand, looked at me sternly and told me that I was excluded because of my sex.

I couldn't believe my ears. Was she trying to tell me an enlightened voter-education organization like the League was still clinging to the past? "We already have intermarriage between the sexes in America," I explained. "Can there be any constitutional basis for segregated political organizations?"

"You wouldn't fit in," she said. "You'd be uncomfortable."

"Some of my best friends are women," I said, using the last of my legal arguments.

By now every doorway to the room was crowded with women voters looking at me as if they had never seen a member of my minority group. "I've never struck a woman," I added desperately.

The techniques of persuasion and nonviolence seemed to be getting me nowhere. As I was about to call for a federal marshal, a slim woman strode out of a back office and rescued me from the mob. "Back to work, girls," she said, taking me by the arm. "Of course you can join." She steered me into a smoke-filled back room.

"Read these," she said, handing me six pamphlets. I leafed through the most interesting, a study called *Know Your River Basin*. "They're only six for a dollar," she said.

I gave her a dollar. "When I spend money in an organization," I explained, "I expect to get something out of it. Someday I hope to be elected president of our League of Women Voters."

"That's impossible," she said.

"Not if a man has the talent and drive," I reminded her. "Every American boy dreams of being President someday."

She explained the League never had had a president who wasn't a woman; it was against the bylaws. I leaned forward and outlined my strategy. I would vote first to amend the bylaws. Then I would offer the vice presidency to a woman to balance the ticket. It was then she revealed that I wouldn't be allowed to vote.

I must have looked as sad as the man who won a lunch-counter protest only to find he didn't like anything on the menu. "You have all the other rights," she said. "Is voting that important?"

"I'm going to sit in here," I announced, "until you sexually integrate this female citizen's council." However, my resolve faded when I realized that I had neglected to bring a toothbrush. I went home and wrote to the League's national headquarters in Washington to file a formal complaint. They hinted the solution might lie in the separate-but-equal-facilities concept, and suggested that men form a League of Voters of their own. "We'll be happy to lend you a copy of the bylaws and our Local Leaders Handbook," wrote a Mrs. Alexander P. Guyol for the League's president. But I wasn't going to fall into the trap of organizing a men's group, only to have women someday demanding equal voting rights.

I finally decided that the only way to accomplish anything was to take my case to the streets. As a moderate I naturally abhorred this tactic, but I finally resolved the moral issue by hiring college students to do the job for me.

There are many students in the New York area during the long, hot summer vacation eager to get involved in a good civil-rights battle in a limited way, particularly when they are offered 50 cents an hour for their help. Two of them volunteered to organize a Student Non-Coordinating Committee, whose purpose was to stage a mass demonstration in front of League headquarters on East 23rd Street. Picket signs were hand-lettered, pledges from parents for bail money were secured, folk songs were written. Finally the Student Non-Coordinating Committee went into action.

It was a stirring sight to see my pickets marching together without consciousness of their sex in front of League headquarters. As a folk singer sang *Stout-Hearted Men*, a delegation went upstairs to present an ultimatum to the president. Just as I had coached her, a student leader asked: "Is the president here?" Pushing her way to the front of the agitated crowd of League workers, a woman said: "I am the president." She refused to say anything further on my case. But we had been recognized.

So heartening was the progress made that first day in the streets, I was ready now to lie low for a while. "We can't legislate the hearts of women," I said in a speech thanking the volunteers. "All that is needed now is time. These are just ordinary housewives and mothers we are dealing with. You can't expect them to change their minds overnight. I'm sure that within 100 years I will get the vote."

A Student Non-Coordinating Committee leader said the group wanted to turn more militant. He spoke of a mass sit-in at the League, followed by a march on its Washington headquarters.

"Nothing more can be gained at this time," I counseled. "Men and women must first learn to live together. Go back to your books and studies." For some reason those nice kids started calling me the most notorious liar in the country.

Whatever they say, as a moderate I'm proud of my actions. I saw my duty, and I did it. The League has taken me off its mailing list, and I wish the Student Committee would do the same. I don't like getting letters addressed to "Uncle Marve." □

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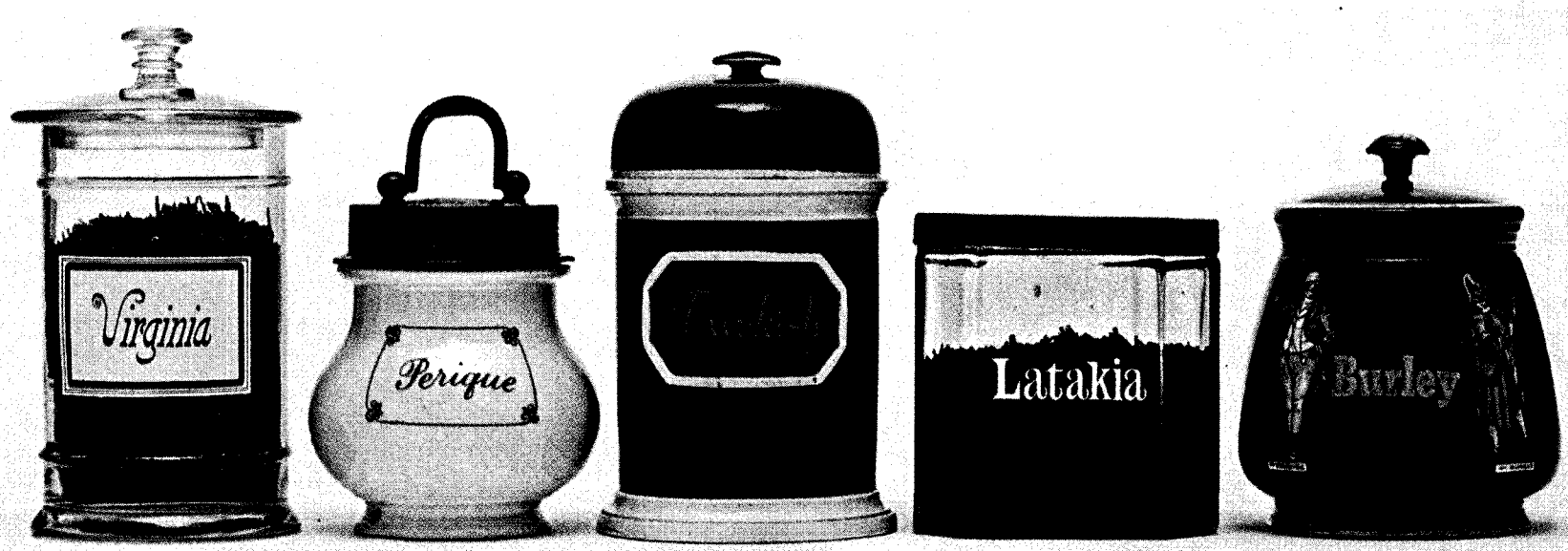
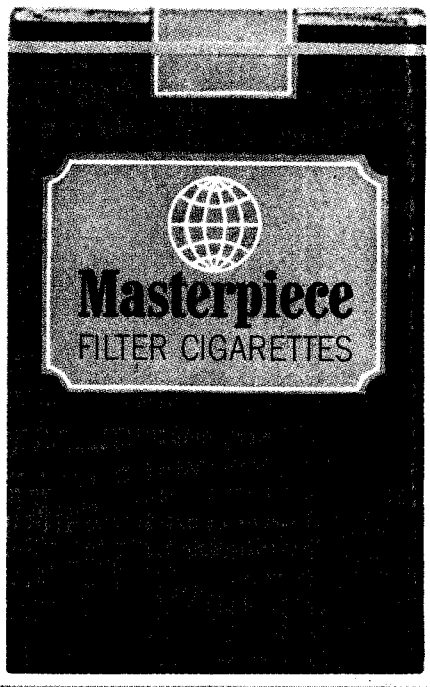


Until now, these distinguished tobaccos were never offered to cigarette smokers.

Today, a master blend of the world's five great pipe tobaccos is available in a filter cigarette.

Masterpiece cigarettes have briar tips. They come in unique briar-grain packages.

And their distinctive flavor explains why they cost a bit more.



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BODY BY FISHER

Basic black: the secret of Fisher's silent ride

As a basic part of Sound Barrier Silencing, each Fisher Body wears such "glamorous" materials as—asphalt, felt, vinyls, black rubber. The effect: like riding a carpet of black velvet. Just one of the joys of today's most solidly built, carefully crafted, longest-lasting auto body. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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July 17, 1965

POST

Despite high taxes, a small number of little-known men have made huge postwar fortunes. Here is the first intimate portrait of

AMERICA'S NEW BIG RICH

John D. MacArthur is a shrewd and witty fellow of 68 who has piled up a fortune of around $300 million in the last 20 years. Despite his vast wealth, he and his wife live in a kind of outsize bungalow on the outskirts of West Palm Beach, Fla., a bedroom town for the butlers and other dependents of the rich residents of Palm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur have no live-in servants, and no painting or other object in their house is worth a second glance. When I expressed surprise that a man with so much money should live so unluxuriously, MacArthur snorted disdainfully. "What would *you* do if you had a lot of money?" he asked. I had pondered this question more than once, and I instantly embarked on a dream of glory worthy of Walter Mitty. I mentioned, among other things, a quail-shooting estate in South Carolina; the restoration of a dilapidated, imitation Scottish castle which once belonged to my family; and the accumulation of the world's greatest collection of Aubusson rugs (I don't know why, but I love Aubusson rugs). "Yes," said MacArthur, eying me owlishly, "I guess that's what you *would* do, and you'd be a goddam jackass." Except for the plainest necessities, John D. MacArthur spends money only to make money. In this respect, and in several others, he is typical of the new big rich—the men who have made enormous fortunes since the end of World War II, while hardly anybody noticed. The new big rich are a different breed from the old big rich—Astors,

BY STEWART ALSOP

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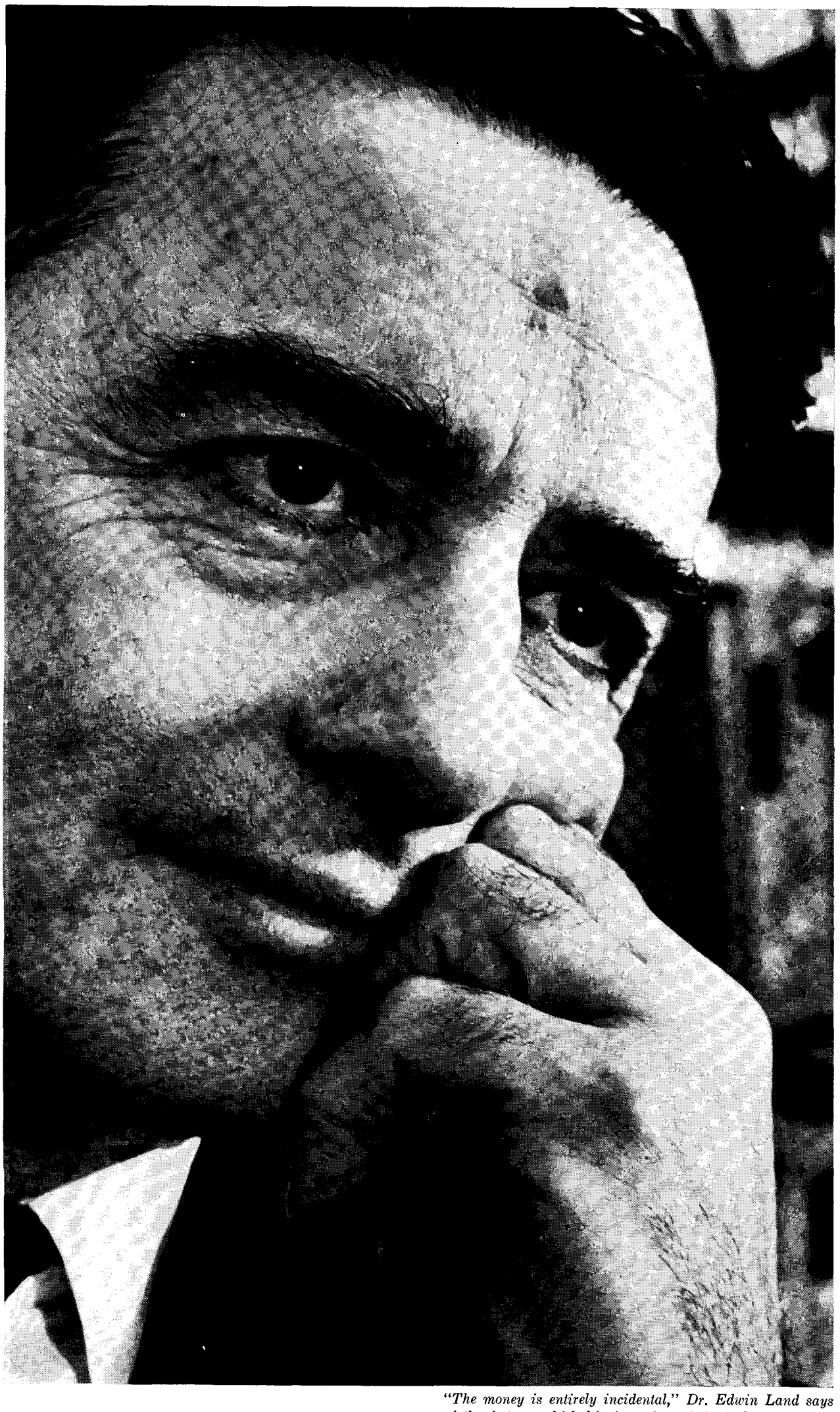

"The money is entirely incidental," Dr. Edwin Land says of the fortune which his invention of the Polaroid camera has brought him. He is an exception to the Big Rich rule.

Vanderbilts, Morgans, Rockefellers, Mellons, Harrimans, du Ponts, Carnegies, and the like. The old big rich were (and in most cases still are) famous people. They were famous, if for nothing else, for being rich. They liked being famous, and they liked being rich, and to make certain that everybody knew how rich they were, they built vast fake French châteaux on Fifth Avenue or in Newport, or they bought Old Masters by the yard, or they crossed the Atlantic in their own miniature ocean liners. As Thorstein Veblen pointed out, their consumption was very conspicuous indeed.

The new big rich are not famous people at all, and their consumption is not at all conspicuous. To borrow a favorite MacArthur phrase, they like to "hide under a log." Consider the following list:

John D. MacArthur, Edwin Land, John Mecom, Henry Crown, Howard Ahmanson, W. Clement Stone, Daniel K. Ludwig, Leo Corrigan, William Keck, R. E. Smith, Charles Allen Jr., James Abercrombie, John Erik Jonsson.

Only a very knowledgeable reader will recognize more than one or two of these names. Yet it is a reasonable and probably conservative guess that the amount of "keeping money" made by these men, *since the last war ended*, would average out to more than $200 million. The money they have made—even allowing for the inflation of the dollar—is entirely comparable to the world-famous fortunes of the robber barons of the past.

The anonymity of the new big rich derives in part from the fact that they have a marked aversion to seeing their names in print, as I quickly discovered when I embarked on this report. The richest of the baker's dozen of multimillionaires listed above—Daniel K. Ludwig, a shipping magnate who is said to have made around a billion dollars since the war—ducked all attempts to interview him. He told a senator who is a mutual friend, and who tried to persuade him to see me, that he had given one interview in his life, and had been "burned to a crisp."

Others of the new big rich had to be wooed and pursued in a way quite unfamiliar to a political reporter (politicians, like actors, love to see their names in print). John Mecom, an immensely rich Texas oilman, spoke for the rest of his fellow multimillionaires when he remarked in relief, after a long day's interview: "I thought you'd have horns out to here." He made a gesture appropriate to a Texas longhorn.

There are various reasons for this allergy of the new big rich to the press. Some of these men are naturally secretive—they have a human inclination to "hide under a log." Some are abnormally sensitive. A very rich man becomes accustomed to a certain deference, and the press is not naturally deferential—the interview which supposedly burned Ludwig to a crisp, for example, was the basis for a *Fortune* article which by any reasonable standards was favorable to Ludwig. Others fear kidnapers. Others understandably fear floods of begging letters. A few no doubt feel that too much talk about their money might attract the unwelcome attentions of what John MacArthur calls "the Infernal Internal Revenue Service." Success in fending off the IIRS is an essential talent of the new big rich.

This skittishness of the new big rich has helped to obscure the fact that a new class of immensely wealthy men—as rich as the old rich and in some cases richer—has emerged in this country in the past two decades. What is more, these rich men have all made the bulk of their fortunes at a time when income taxes have ranged in the ostensibly confiscatory level—up to 91 percent in the top bracket. The art of making "keeping money"—the kind of money the grasping hands of the In-

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fernal Internal Revenue Service cannot reach—is an interesting art, and one which tells a lot about the kind of society in which we live.

Moreover, the men who have mastered that art turn out to be, on the whole, remarkably interesting human beings. All of them are unusual men. They are egregious, in the true meaning of that word—originals, even downright eccentrics. They would all certainly fail the elaborate psychological tests which big corporations use to weed out the oddballs and select trustworthy corporation-man material. Perhaps a compulsion to make, and go on making, more money than any man could ever need or use is in itself evidence of neurotic tendencies. And all the new big rich share what is widely regarded as a neurotic tendency in our organization-man society: They have a passion for personal independence, a hatred of having to wear another man's collar. Since boyhood not one of them has worked for any significant length of time for anyone else.

They share other peculiarities too, some of which seem hard to explain. Golf is the great business game, but none of the six main subjects of this report plays golf, and several have an odd antipathy to the game, considering it a pastime for ninnies and shirkers. A fact more difficult to explain is that five of the six are school or college dropouts. Even the great scientist-inventor, Edwin Land, left Harvard without a degree.

Another common trait is a certain twitchiness. These people are always moving about. They get up, and sit down again, or scratch themselves, or twiddle with small objects, or drum on tabletops, or light one cigarette after another—John MacArthur and Howard Ahmanson are almost literally never without a cigarette during their waking hours. Perhaps this twitchiness is of glandular origin—a couple of them seem to have the slightly bulging eyes of the hyperthyroid. In any case, they all have an excess of energy which has to be worked off somehow.

In other ways the new big rich are about as unlike one another as men can be. It is difficult, for example, to imagine two men more dissimilar in most ways than Howard Ahmanson, a California capitalist who says frankly that he loves being rich, and Edwin Land, a distinguished scientist who is deeply embarrassed by all the money he has made; or than W. Clement Stone, whose ideas on the need for a "Positive Mental Attitude" might have struck George Babbitt as a bit preachy, and "Big John" Mecom, the tough, battle-scarred Texas oil operator.

Despite such differences in personality, these men share certain characteristics which have made them rich. These money-getting characteristics are so marked that they can be reduced to a formula of sorts. The following six men are probably as representative of the new big rich as individuals can be of a class.

JOHN D. MACARTHUR (Insurance, $300 million)

Coming upon John D. MacArthur lounging against a pillar on the balcony of The Colonnades, a luxury hotel he owns in Palm Beach Shores, I thought at first glance that he might be the hotel janitor. The mistake was a natural one, for the hotel is expensive, and most of the guests have a rich look. MacArthur was wearing a baggy old brown sweater, an open-necked white shirt that couldn't have cost more than three dollars, and nondescript slacks. But a second glance suggested that if this man was a janitor, he was no ordinary janitor.

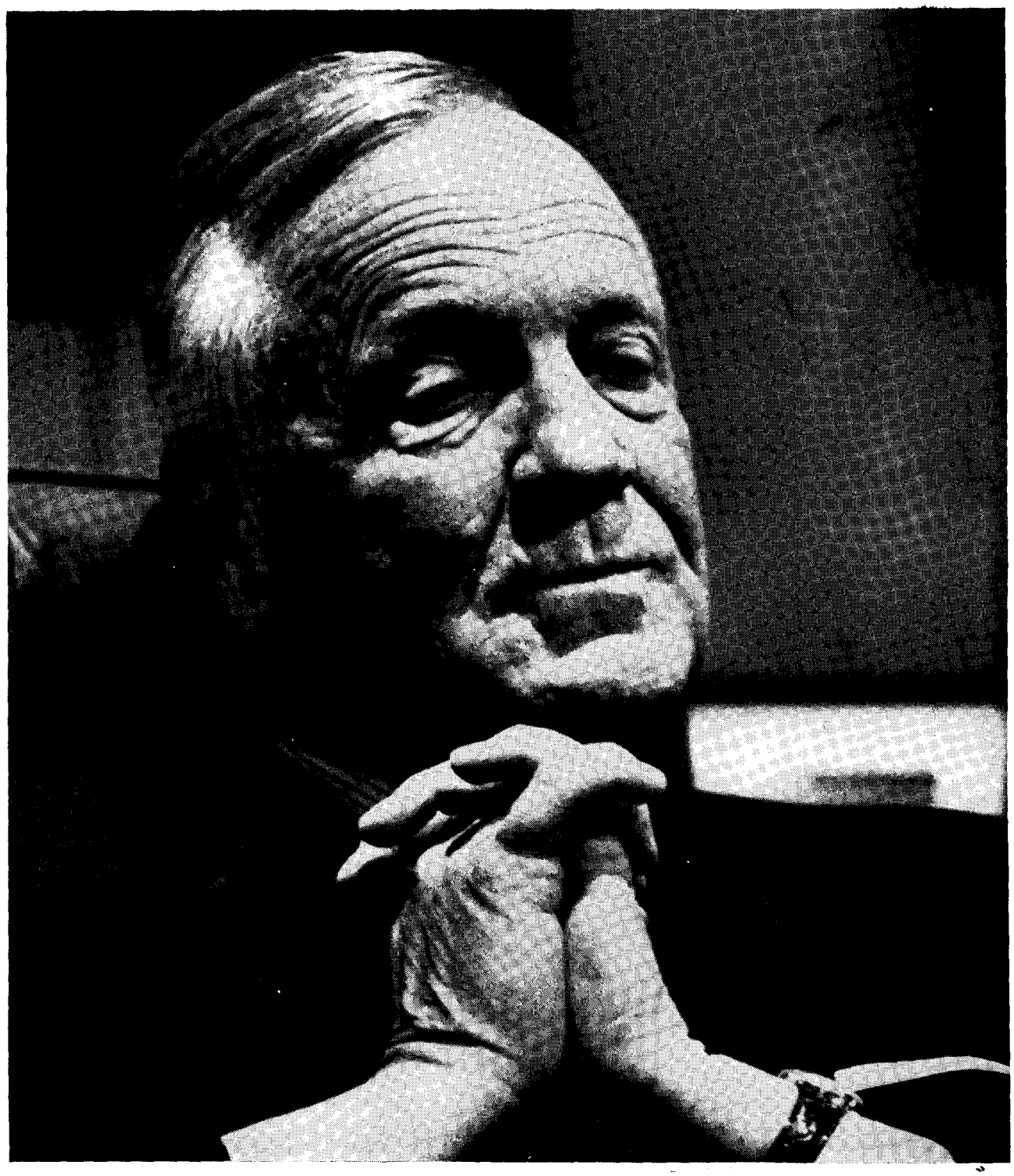
At 68, John MacArthur has a strong, lined, life-beaten face, thinning light-brown hair, and very alive and striking eyes—shrewd, humorous, guarded, never still. In a long day of talk MacArthur turned out to be a born nose-thumber, an engaging man with a remarkable turn of phrase and a likable lack of pomposity.

He is not—as MacArthur would be the first to point out—universally liked. "I have more enemies per square foot than any man around," he said. Among his competitors he has a reputation for cutting corners. His enemies would dearly love to trip him up, but they have never succeeded in doing so. MacArthur loves a fight, perhaps because he always seems to win. A very incomplete list of persons or institutions that MacArthur has fought successfully, in the courts or elsewhere, would include:

The United States Post Office; the Federal Trade Commission; the insurance commissions of

Most of them would fail the tests that companies use to weed out oddballs.

Howard Ahmanson has made enemies on his way to wealth but, he says, "I'm so happy to be rich, I'm willing to take all the consequences."



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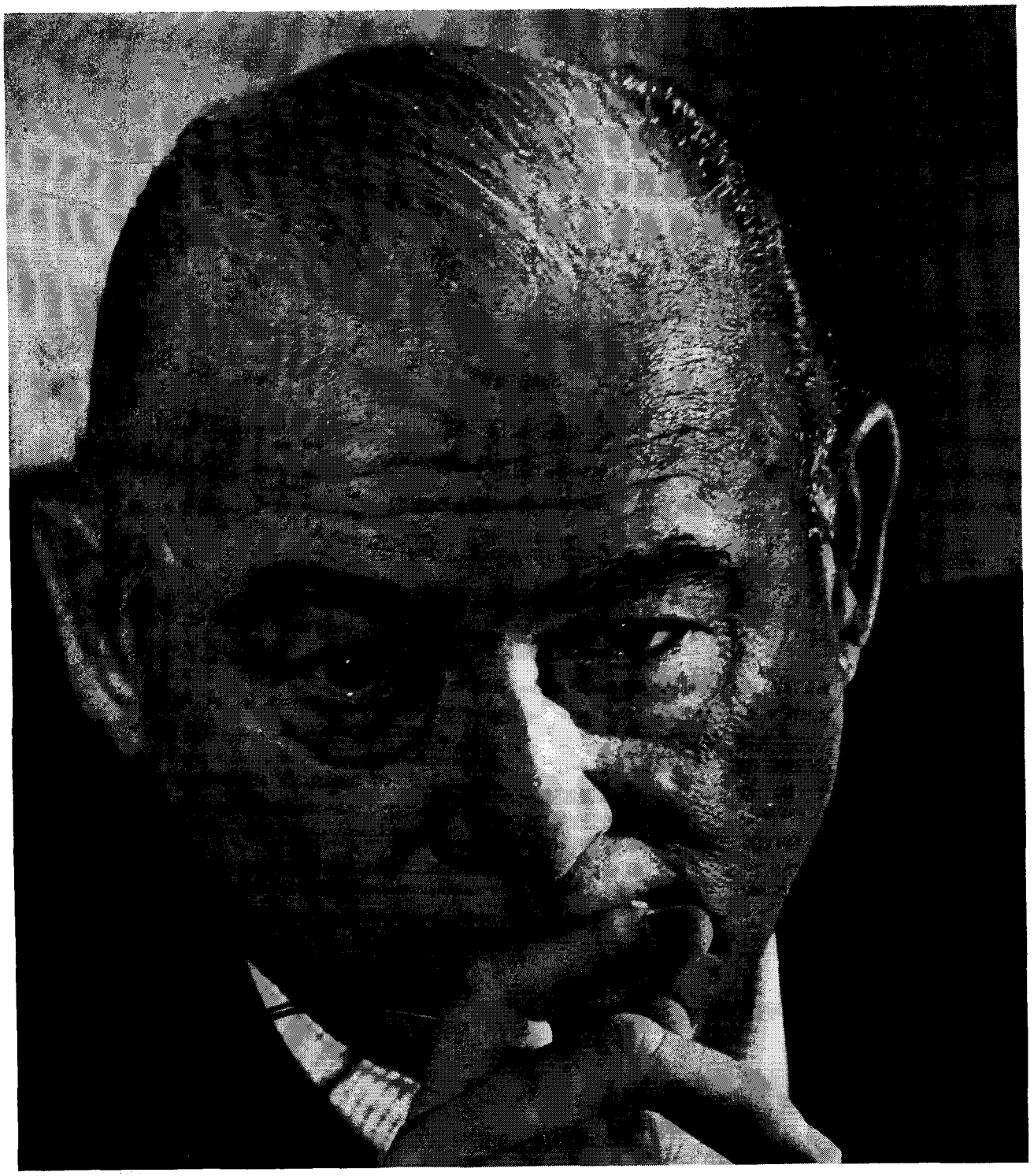
'I don't want a lot of stockholders breathing down my neck.'

"There's no thrill like hunting oil," says "Big John" Mecom of Houston, Tex. "Every time you hit, it's like making a touchdown."



several states; the Infernal Internal Revenue Service (on numerous occasions); the United States Navy (MacArthur won that fight when he got a medical discharge in World War I as "unsuited to naval discipline"); the American Hospital Association; the Professional Golfers' Association; his older brother Alfred (also an insurance man and also very rich); the Chicago underworld; the state of Georgia; and his wife (whom he once sued for divorce—they are now reconciled).

For one not engaged in dubious battle with MacArthur, there is a certain agreeable gutsiness about him. He is hardly ever without a cigarette and a cup of coffee, and after working hours he likes stronger stimulants, at reasonably regular intervals. A carrousel he had built in the cocktail lounge of his hotel, for example, whirls customers away from the bar and back again every 15 minutes, which struck MacArthur as about the right timing for both pleasure and profit. Unfortunately MacArthur also has a bad set of ulcers.

"The doctors told me to stop smoking and drink nothing but milk," he says. "So I told them, 'Hell, I'll take the ulcers.'"

MacArthur's style of living would have struck the old big rich as appropriate to, say, an undergardener or second chauffeur. His $18,000 one-story house, in Florida-basic style, is located in one of his own real-estate developments. He leads visitors into the house through a rear entrance, past empty beer bottles and an extra refrigerator. Except for a huge birdcage (odd, one thinks, that this tough old man should be a bird lover), there is nothing in the house that might not have been bought from a mail-order catalogue by any retired couple in modestly comfortable circumstances.

"I used to have a big house outside Chicago," MacArthur said. "Four servants and a man to come in and take care of the grounds. Every time I was away, the yard man wouldn't show up, or the servants would drink up my whiskey. It was more goddam trouble running that house than it was running my business."

MacArthur gets up at five every morning ("I always have. I get restless lying in bed") and cooks his own breakfast. Mrs. MacArthur, a pleasant, quietly humorous woman who was once his secretary, sometimes cooks a meal for him. More often he will eat at his hotel, or at the huge clubhouse he built for the Professional Golfers' Association and which, after a successful battle with the golfers, he now owns.

MacArthur's office is even less impressive than his house. He occupies a cubbyhole in a sleazy old building which is a relic of the Florida land boom of the '20's. ("If I want to impress someone, I'll paste the annual statement on the wall.") The cubbyhole is decorated with an arrangement of ribbons won by his prize Weimaraner. Again it comes as a surprise to find that MacArthur is a dog lover as well as a bird lover. But then it turns out that the dog was an unsolicited gift from William Zeckendorf, the real-estate speculator, who was trying to persuade MacArthur to join him in a deal.

MacArthur's first impulse was to ship the dog right back to Zeckendorf, but first he took him to a dog trainer, who assured MacArthur that the dog was definitely championship class, and very valuable. MacArthur named the dog Zeckendorf Two. ("What else could I call him?" he asked Zeckendorf One. "He's got a great big nose, and he looks just like you.") Zeckendorf Two has won a lot of prizes, and MacArthur is delighted by the profitable by-products of owning a prize-winning dog. "What the hell," he says, "you got a championship dog, you're in business. You can get a hundred bucks for him twice a week."

One suspects that MacArthur harbors a secret, sentimental affection for his dog, a feeling many men have had since the first wolf was domesticated. But MacArthur is one of those men who have a fear—almost a terror—of sentimentality. In his Bankers Life & Casualty Company, the fountainhead of his huge fortune (he owns, he says vaguely, "eleven or twelve" insurance companies), MacArthur employs hundreds of handicapped persons. But he insists that this is just good business: "If they didn't do their jobs, they'd be fired."

MacArthur has a passion for moving huge trees about (the first John D. Rockefeller had the same odd passion—he used to uproot and replant entire forests). As in the case of Zeckendorf Two and the handicapped employees, MacArthur emphasizes the practical aspects of his tree-replanting ven-

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tures. He gets his trees free from highway builders or developers. The cost is tax-deductible, and the trees increase the value of his property. But it also obviously gives him a certain unremunerative pleasure to see a huge old banyan tree, which would otherwise have been bulldozed to death, still alive and flourishing.

MacArthur could, of course, do nothing at all, and in luxury, for the rest of his life. But he has no intention of retiring. "You see these old people whittling on a stick, whittling all day and waiting to die. Anyway, I couldn't retire if I wanted to—I got thousands of people dependent on me. A man gets weaseled into a crack."

"Weaseled into a crack"—an odd phrase, but a vivid one, like many of MacArthur's phrases. MacArthur never bothered to graduate from high school, but no doubt he got a literary education of sorts from his older brother, Charles MacArthur, the playwright, coauthor of *The Front Page* and husband of Helen Hayes. For a time, in the '20's, John and Charles shared an apartment in Chicago. (Their father, a Presbyterian minister, hoped that John might have a sobering effect on Charlie, who liked to raise hell, but John raised more hell than Charlie.) John had a deep affection for Charles (who died some years ago), and one suspects that some of Charles's wit and turn of phrase rubbed off on him.

Charles MacArthur's most lasting creation is the character of Hildy Johnson in *The Front Page*—the tough, wisecracking, hard-drinking, aggressive and secretly sentimental reporter, immortalized by Lee Tracy. There are times when John MacArthur seems a sort of Hildy Johnson—much older, much craftier, much more acquisitive, but also, secretly, a little sentimental.

DR. EDWIN LAND (Polaroid, $185 million)

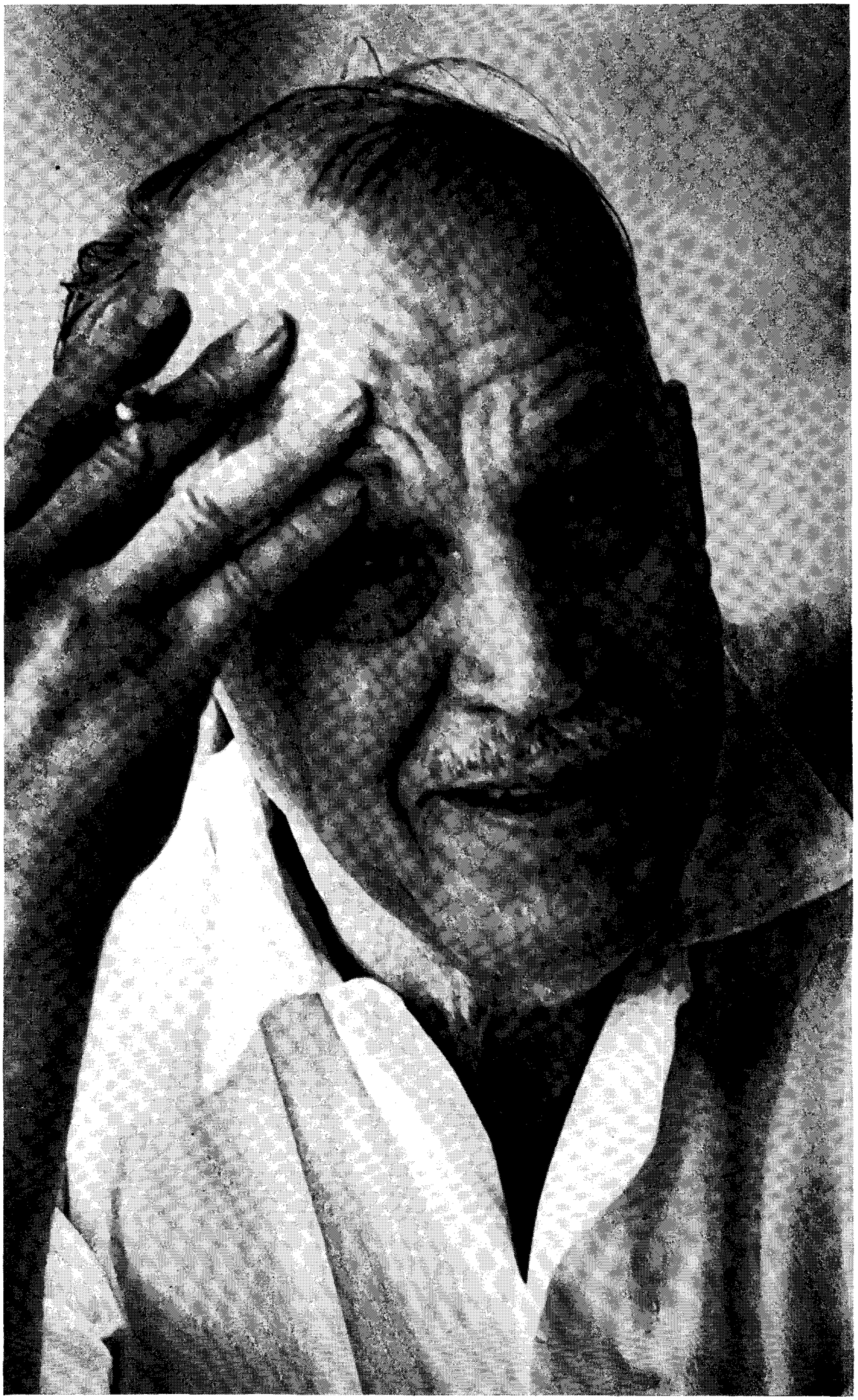
By and large the new big rich are intelligent men. You do not make a huge fortune despite high taxes by being stupid. Doctor Land is more than intelligent. He is an authentic intellectual. He is almost certainly an authentic genius. With well over 100 patents in his name, Land is certainly one of the half dozen greatest modern inventors.

The invention which made him his vast fortune is the famous Land-Polaroid Camera. Edwin Land gives his daughter credit for giving him the basic idea of the camera. About 20 years ago he was taking photographs of her, and she wanted to see the pictures right away. He explained that photographs had to be developed by a special time-consuming process. Then he had the idea: Why not build the process into the camera?

The self-contained camera is by no means the only new idea Land has had. As a Harvard freshman of 17 he took a three-year leave of absence and returned to Harvard with a patent pending on his first invention in the field of polarized light. He went on to become the greatest American expert in that particular branch of optics. By the late 1930's, before the camera was even a gleam in Land's eye, his Polaroid Corporation was already a thriving little company turning out glare-free reading lamps and sunglasses.

"Din" Land has an interesting, sensitive, dark-complexioned, mobile face, which makes him look younger than his 56 years. He is a shy man, uneasy with strangers, but he has what is known on the stage as "presence." He also has a strong and stubborn will, and he is not at all an easy man to interview, for he simply will not talk about what he does not want to talk about.

One of the things he *(continued on page 36)*



The idea of retiring appalls John MacArthur. "Anyway," he says, "I couldn't retire if I wanted to. I got thousands of people dependent on me. A man gets weaseled into a crack."

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THE GREAT WILD BEE SAFARI

By Bil Gilbert

We, and I suppose other country families who keep more or less open house in the summer for sweltering city friends, have noticed that in the dog days of August guests from the asphalt jungles seem to lose their zest for orthodox rural recreation. They drag around the obstacle croquet court. They balk at banding salamanders, will not pet the rat snake nor let the fish crow stuff potato salad in their ears. When this lethargy sets in, it is time to break out the watercolors, the baking-soda poultices and the bee box, and to organize a wild-bee hunt.

The classical home of the wild bee is a hollow tree. Bee trees are, of course, one of the standard symbols of our folklore. When such people as Dan'l Boone and Davy Crockett were not killing b'ars, they usually were robbing bee trees—making the game as American as killing Indians or throwing beer cans on the road.

Although bees continue to hive in hollow trees, they will also take up residence in caves, drainpipes, birdhouses and all sorts of highly improbable places. At the moment, the biggest colony of bees in my neighborhood is working out of an abandoned school bus. I have been told that a spectacular hive was once located in Washington, D.C., in the statue of a Civil War general. The opening for this hive was—well, it was near the tail of the general's horse.

Bee-tree hunting is essentially an inductive pastime. The hunter must work backward, so to speak, from the specific of one bee to the generality of 50,000 bees. The main piece of equipment is a bee box. Something about the size of a cigar or candy box makes a good frame. The lid must be cut in half, and both halves are then hinged independently to the side of the box. A small hole is cut in each of the two lid sections. This window is covered with wire screening, and the screen in turn curtained with a flap of opaque cloth or paper, permitting light to enter or be shut out. A sliding partition is fitted at the point where the lids meet so that, when closed, the box is divided into two compartments. A bee, being what it is, will dependably move from a lighted area toward a dark one. Therefore by properly using the little windows and the movable partition, a bee can be shepherded back and forth between the compartments, more or less at the will of the handler.

However, it is obvious that before one can commence to manipulate a bee, he must have a bee in his bee box. The way to do this is to catch a bee in your hand and drop him into the box. Barehanded bee snatching is the maneuver at which neophytes are most likely to balk. A lot of people just don't believe a bee can or should be picked up in the hand. I have a friend named Ivor, who is a marine biologist. Like many naturalists, he is quick of eye, strong of nerve and stomach; in his chosen element, sitting on a coral reef and happily cracking open sea urchins, Ivor is something to see. But there is at least one natural phenomenon which he abhors, and it is bees.

When it was explained that the time had come to hand-catch a few bees, Ivor's reaction was restrained. Patiently a few demonstration bees were caught. The action is similar to sweeping a fly off a sugar bowl. The cupped hand is brought as close as possible to a bee which is stuffing itself on a flower. Then you trap it inside your closed fist. The trick is to leave the bee plenty of buzzing room, for if rudely or unduly restrained it will retaliate instantly. This was the technique which Ivor failed to master. He grabbed his first bee as if to Indian-wrestle with it. Thus squashed, the indignant insect sank its stinger hilt-high into the meaty part of his hand. Later Ivor, who is nothing if not game, returned to the hunt with a baby-food jar with which he would scoop up bees and then cover the bottle with his hand. This worked because his hand was by then large enough to cap a coffeepot.

Catching half a dozen bees and getting them into one of the darkened compartments of the box is the blood-and-guts part of hive hunting. After this is done, the game goes intellectual. In the empty compartment, where the bees are not, is placed a bottle top filled with sweet, thick sugar syrup—honey, say. (There is something wonderfully modern about buying bottled honey to bait a box in order to find wild honey.) The flap over the window of the bait compartment is raised, the partition cracked a fraction of an inch, and one bee is allowed to enter. It will begin gorging itself on the sweet liquid in the bottle cap. When the bee has its fill, the lid of the box is raised, and the bee is allowed to fly away.

If the bee is all bee, it will wing off purposefully toward its hive at the rate of one quarter mile per minute. The bee will spend a minute or two in the hive and then return at the same rate to the baited bee box. Thus if a bee returns to the box in 10 minutes, the hive is approximately one mile away—allowing two minutes in the hive and four minutes each way in flight.

A bee hunter making such time-and-motion studies has to be able to recognize the pilot, or Judas, bees on their return to the box. The standard way to band a bee is to daub it on the abdomen with watercolors. This can be tricky, but bee hunts are not for the fainthearted.

Theoretically one pilot bee should be enough for timing purposes, but some bees loiter, or never return because of sloth, or are unfortunate enough to be snatched out of the air by a kingbird. Therefore it is a good tactic to start out with a number of bees in the darkened bee waiting room. These are fed, painted and released one by one. The moment of truth, so to speak, in beehive hunting comes with the return of the first colored bees. It may not seem like much, but even the most blasé beginner, once he has got well into the game—been stung, smeared with syrup and watercolors—will strain his eyeballs trying to pick out a blue bee homing in on the box.

In half an hour, half a dozen marked bees will give a very accurate idea of how far away the hive is. However, because they are so small and quick, it is hard to establish the line of flight if only a few bees are making the run. Another aspect of bee character tends to offset this difficulty. The instinctive desire of the communal bee is to cut other workers in on the deal. As soon as she reaches the hive, the lucky bee will begin an elaborate, stylized dance. The movement is correlated to the position of the sun and tells the bee's hive mates precisely what it has found and where the find is. Try sometime to describe the position of a cigar box two miles away accurately enough so that someone who has never seen a cigar box can go directly to it. This is what a dancing bee can do.

If everything goes well there will be, in an hour or so, a noticeable line of bees coming into and leaving the box. This aerial freight route not only indicates the direction of the hive but also supplies fuel for a lot of ain't-nature-grand conversation. Also, the bees' behavior will more than likely start some arguments as to the virtues and vices of socialism.

At this point in the game, old-style bee hunts took to the woods. Knowing the direction of the hive and approximately how far away it was, the hunters simply hacked off through the brush to what they judged was the general location of the hive. But, as with many other areas, science has invaded the sport of bee-tree hunting. More than likely it was an M.I.T. man or a network election analyst who decided that what bee hunting needed was a shot of higher math. Using a magnetic compass and a protractor, the bee hunter traces the line flown by the bees on a topographic map and marks the distance from bee box to beehive along this line. Then the lid of the box is clamped shut, and the bees are shunted off into the darkened compartment. When a few have been captured, they and the box are moved a measured distance, say 100 yards, in a direction perpendicular to the line of flight. Then the whole operation of releasing and timing the bees to establish a line of flight is repeated from this second position, thus giving the calculating bee hunter two known angles and three sides of a triangle. When this figure is superimposed to scale on the map, the apex should fall precisely at the location of the hive.

This type of bee hunting appeals strongly to people like Jonas, who does something secret but presumably moral to computers for the Navy Department. Once, in an instructive mood, Jonas told his wife that after the problem of irrationality was licked, a computer could be constructed that could do anything she could do. He is still trying to program her reaction, rationally, on his 1401.

While Jonas would not make a domestic-relations counselor, he is an

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Bored with badminton? Sick of croquet? Rouse those drowsy guests and drive them out on the trail of the wild honeybee.

Drawing by Des Asmussen

ideal bee hunter. Preoccupied with base lines and angles, he pushes through the fields as single-mindedly as a working bee, swerving aside for nothing. On his first bee hunt, after he had done his figuring, Jonas snapped the slide rule shut and pointed to a spot on the topographic sheet. "There it is," he announced with all the finality of a computer naming the next President of the United States. Unfortunately, the spot he indicated was in the middle of an abandoned, water-filled stone quarry. Nevertheless, because we are conditioned blindly to obey assumptions, formulas and gadgets we do not understand, we all went with Jonas to the quarry, confident that mathematical principles would lead us to a miraculous swarm of aquatic bees. All we found, of course, was algae-green water lapping gently over junked automobile tires.

"Obviously human error," snorted Jonas, like an insurance broker speaking of an act of God. Bees, of course, rise straight in the air and fly more or less on the level. Jonas had plotted the triangle on ground-level contours. After converting bee miles into map miles, Jonas relocated the hive on the other side of a ridge.

After scrambling down the ridge and through an apple orchard, we found ourselves in front of half a dozen neatly painted boxes standing against a barn. Beehives. The bees and the barn were guarded by a large, black, chained German shepherd, whose dental and vocal development were both extraordinary. His bloodthirsty challenges immediately produced his owner, who asked what the hell we thought we were doing.

"We're hunting bees."

"Them is bee hives," the man said, putting his hand on the catch of the animal's collar. The dog looked at us as the Sioux may have looked at General Custer.

"We are field-testing the validity of a series of assumptions," Jonas said.

"Well, that's different," the beekeeper said, slightly relaxing his grip on the dog. "I thought you was trying to steal a hive of bees."

"And they *are* valid," Jonas cried triumphantly. Though standing at a respectful distance from the dog, we were close enough to see one of "our" bees, a brilliant aquamarine-colored job, land on the sill of the hive.

Since there wasn't much else to say, we didn't say it. We backed off and, to mix a few biological figures, made a sheepish beeline back to our source of gin, tonic and other nectars. There are days that may inspire the thought that store-bought honey at 85 cents a quart is not a bad buy.

None of this is intended to downgrade bee-tree hunting as a sport. After all, one does not climb mountains for the view or kill elephants to make elephantburgers. Furthermore, a brisk bee hunt will kill most of a hot summer's day and put the whole party in a good mood for a little late-evening frog gigging. □

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Left: Having testified her guest spent six weeks in Nevada, Joan Drackert (dark coat) escorts divorcée from courthouse.

Right: A guest rides toward the end of a broken marriage. Nelson Rockefeller's wife Mary stayed at the ranch in 1962.

LAST OF THE DIVORCE RANCHES

At Donner Trail Ranch the poor little rich girls still curse their husbands and flirt with cowboys while waiting out Reno divorces.

By ROBERT WERNICK

Photographs by John Bryson

Ten miles west of Reno, just outside of the village of Verdi (pronounced "Verd-eye"), on a meadow by the gurgling Truckee River, lies Donner Trail Ranch. It looks just like a dozen other ranches in this corner of Nevada—the usual sprawling frame building and red-roofed barn, the usual horses at pasture, sagebrush hills leading up to pine-covered mountains, empty blue sky. There is, however, a difference. Most big ranches in this rich and booming region belong nowadays to people from out of state, business executives and movie stars and such. But Donner Trail is indigenous and unspoiled. It carries on what was once a vigorous American tradition. It is the last of the divorce ranches.

Every few days an incoming guest at the ranch—generally a young lady, but often a middle-aged or even an old lady, and sometimes a man—gets off the plane at Reno airport, first way station on that popular contemporary pilgrimage, the Nevada divorce. She has come because states like New York and Massachusetts are notorious for the difficulty and messiness attending divorce trials, while Nevada—ever since Mary Pickford went there to establish her brief residence in 1920—has been famous for the speed and painlessness of its proceedings and for the extremely broad interpretation her judges will give to a phrase like "mental cruelty." The prospective divorcée has to perjure herself by swearing that she is moving to Nevada with the intention of residing there permanently, but the state needs tourist money too badly to think of making any difficulties about that. The only thing Nevada insists on is that the new resident be physically present in the state on each and every day of the six weeks that qualify her for a divorce. After all, there is no point in letting any of her good money dribble off into California.

She is coached in all these details at her first stop in town, in the office of the lawyer chosen for her by her hometown attorney. And where, the lawyer asks her, is she going to stay for six weeks? If she is poor or thrifty, she will have to settle for a room in some grubby boardinghouse or motel, and she may have to work as a night waitress or a shill to pay for it. But if her daddy is a vice president or an account executive, or if her alimony settlement is on the handsome side, she will want something better, something out in the country on a working ranch, where she can meet both congenial people and flesh-and-blood cowboys. If she can afford rates of $100 a week or so, the Donner Trail is the place for her.

The ride out to the ranch, that first taste of the open Nevada air, is always a little disconcerting. The divorce may have been brewing for months and years, but now it has begun; now she is on her own. And that is always unsettling, for even in these days when almost everyone is doing it, divorce is never a matter of course. It is a break in the routine of emotion, a wrench into new patterns. So every Sally and Betsy and Deborah—bouncing through the gaudy streets of Reno, under the archway proclaiming THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD and out past the motels with their signs reading TRUCKERS AND DIVORCEES WELCOME, on out into the desert—is chased by private furies: What went wrong? Was I inadequate? Could we have done better if we had tried? Is he really as awful as I told the lawyer he is? Did I do right to leave the kids with Mamma?

The landscape offers little encouragement. "Everything is so damn different," one girl screamed on her arrival. And so it is. The somber

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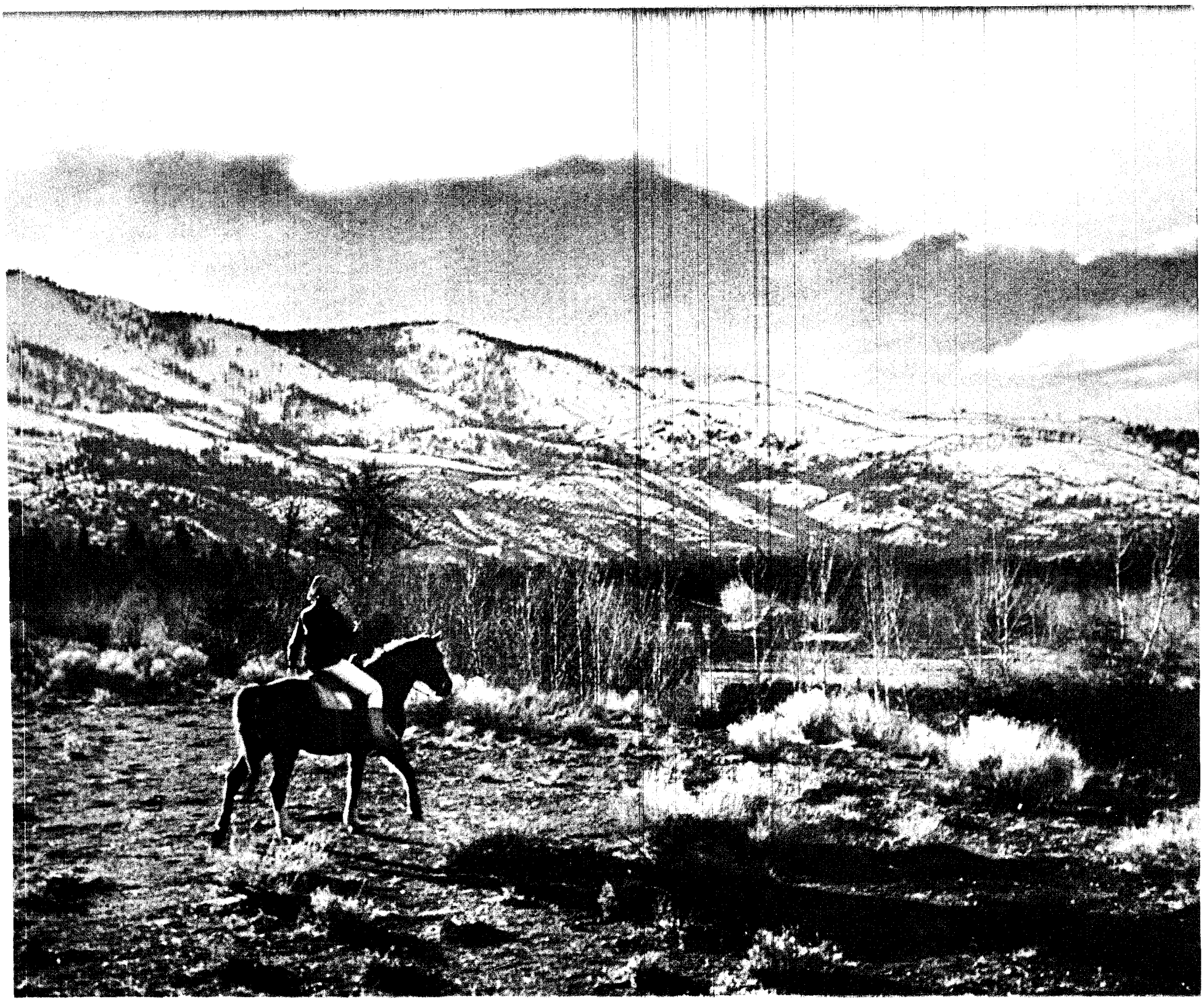

Sierra pines, the muted, silvery grays and greens of the sagebrush—it all looks drab and stark and hostile to someone raised in the East. Even the animals are different: A magpie eviscerating a run-over jackrabbit flies off with a harsh screak as the car passes.

Out at the ranch finally, our Betsy or Sally meets the manager, Joan Drackert, a slim blonde with a low voice and keen eyes, and then she is shown to her quarters. The rooms are furnished in rather a Spartan style but have a splendid view of mountain, orchard (perhaps some deer have come down to eat the apples), thudding horses. A bed, a table, a cupboard, a chest of drawers—this is her home for six weeks—or nine weeks if her husband hasn't signed an agreement and she has to get a default decree. What is she going to do to fill up the time?

For a start, she comes back to the main building. Spacious and old-fashioned, it was built at the end of the Civil War as an overnight stop for stage-coach riders. A fire is roaring in the great fireplace, and there are Indian rugs on the floor and Indian arrowheads on the walls. Some of the inmates who have been around a few weeks are drifting in; they look tanned and relaxed, and they are wearing expensive variations on ranchhand attire. But a closer look shows them to be people from Boston or Southampton or Shaker Heights, like anyone else. "Mrs. Willingdone, this is our new guest, Mrs. Hardicanute."

"Not Hardicanute Hair Balm? Then you must know my sister Lucy. Her first husband was that Italian who used to be married to your Aunt Jane—or was she your cousin?"

"Oh, that creep! He used to make passes at me when I was sixteen. You mean you're Lucy Locket's *sister?*"

"Did I hear you say Hardicanute Hair Balm?" cried another lady, drifting over. "I'm Slushby Shampoo." And so on.

As more and more of the guests troop in, the cast of characters grows. It is a cast that will change continually throughout the six weeks as "graduation days" come and go. But though different groups will give different overall impressions—some will be more sedate, or more *sportif*, or more gossipy, or more alcoholic than others—there are certain types that will keep reappearing.

There is the poor, shell-shocked girl, silent in her corner, ready to jump if she thinks someone is going to touch her, still quivering from the nameless enormities of her two-week marriage.

There is, on the other hand, the boastful gold digger. "Wasn't it sweet of Stanley?" she says, stretching out her dazzling arms. "He brought me these two bracelets to choose from, and I said they were both so gorgeous I couldn't make up my mind, and he said to keep them both." Stanley is her husband, who flew out to Reno last week trying to persuade her to come back. Tomorrow her boyfriend is arriving, with gifts of his own.

There is the bouncing, simpering little thing whose mother has come along to keep an eye on her. "Oh Mummy, you know what? I'd like to be a blackjack dealer, it's just fascinating."

"Nonsense, my dear," rumbles Mummy, "you know you always get into trouble when you aren't at home." And a stage whisper to the rest of the room: "It took her father and I six months to get her away from that dreadful man she married. We're not going to let it happen again."

There is the secret drinker who lurches into the dining-room table as she is seated and knocks over a tureen of soup. There is the all-too-public

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Prospective divorcées saddle up. Ranch hands josh the women, keep them from brooding about their troubles.

drinker who will at unpredictable moments during the evening be amorous, or combative, or loquacious, or sodden.

And there is the girl with hard eyes who specializes in instant analysis of her fellow-guests: "It's your inner lack of security that makes you give all that candy to your kids. You're just trying to buy their affection, that's all. It's a psychomotor reaction."

A couple of sad-faced children may wander in, fellow-travelers on their mother's pilgrimage. But Chris, who is one of the wranglers, has a way with children, and soon he is playing some complicated card game with them or squeezing a sentimental air out of his accordion. Chris is lean and rangy, and he drawls and lopes around. "That big black horse glares at me," an English guest tells him. "I think he hates me." "Oh, no, he don't," says Chris. "I had a long visit with him last night and he told me, 'I go for that Limey. I go for her in a big way.'"

The head wrangler, Hugh Marchbanks, will come in, too, for an evening snort and a bit of banter. Hugh is a little long in the teeth now, but he is still spry and graceful, and his pale-blue eyes are candid and mischievous. The wrinkles around the eyes come from all the staring into the sun after wild horses or spooked steers, but the creases in his neck come from turning to stare at pretty women for 40 years. "Hello, beautiful," he greets the new arrival. "I'm a dancer, a prancer and a gay romancer. I'm fifty-four now, but I can do anything I ever did, only not quite so often. Yes, I'm wild, my whole family was wild. Why, they had to hobble my mother before she'd let me nurse." They know it's a line, but they love it.

For years Hugh was a mustanger, a chaser of wild horses. If this reminds you of a character in *The Misfits*, the Arthur Miller-John Huston movie, why, Hugh was mustanging around Pyramid Lake when Miller was there for his cure. He used to drop by Quail Canyon when they were making the movie to watch himself being played by Clark Gable, and there was always a bottle of whiskey out on the table waiting for him. He didn't think much of the picture (like Papa Dionne watching the birth of the quintuplets in the movies, his first comment was, "It wasn't like that at all."), but he had a great time jawing with Marilyn and Arthur and Clark and John.

It's time for dinner now, and everyone files into the dining room to sit at the long table where the meals are served, family style. Joan Drackert's husband Harry, seated at the head of the table, neatly carves a brace of ducks he has shot and passes out small talk and good advice with the gravy. At 60, Harry looks rather fatherly in a dapper way, and his manner is that of a kindly but authoritarian housemaster.

The whole place has something of a dormitory air when after dinner the little groups form, split up, play cards, gossip. Everyone is on a first-name basis. Some of the girls are heading for a night on the town. Others will settle for bridge or Scrabble or in a fit of loneliness will line up and practice the Frug. Mostly they will talk—perhaps cattily about the overage girl in the undercut gown who makes violent plays for every man who crosses the threshold, perhaps concernedly about the poor girl who is being driven crazy by midnight long-distance calls from her husband. But especially they will talk about themselves, because whatever their differences in age and background, they do have one thing in common—they are all at the bad, broken end of a marriage.

It doesn't take long to pick up the common language, the patois of the divorce trade—cures and graduations, default decrees and visitation rights, *nunc pro tunc* and mental cruelty—and all the flitting problems of the American home: husbands who don't come home for dinner, conniving friends, meddlesome mothers, truant children.

"The trouble is," says one, "I'm still crazy about my husband. I don't know how I'm going to face the judge. If he asks me what my husband was like, I'll have to tell him, 'He's wonderful.'"

"That's one thing I don't have to worry about," says another. "When I get through with that judge, he can turn off his TV set—he won't have to look at any soap operas anymore. Why, when that man would come home at three A.M. stinking of gin and perfume. . . ."

"Let me tell you about mine," cries a third. "Do you know what that s.o.b. is doing? He is trying to hold up Daddy for $200,000 because he claims it hurt his business reputation when I moved out of his house on our wedding night."

"I hate to hurt people," says a fourth. "You know, Jim will be coming out for *his* divorce any day now. He would have liked to come out with me; he thought it would be sort of romantic to get our divorces on the same day. But he hasn't broken the news to Nora yet, poor dear; we're so afraid she's going to take it hard." Thus the evening slips away.

Through the days that follow, an easy routine will form. There will be horseback rides in the morning up the precipitous walls of Dog Canyon. There will be fishing trips or skiing at Squaw Valley. There will be tours of desert and mountain and trips into Reno to shop or see the shows or to gamble. Perhaps the most interesting introduction to Reno is simply going around with Harry Drackert on one of his perpetual deals as he hunts up a saddle-maker or some cheap horseflesh.

Harry and Joan, who have operated Donner Trail for the last five years, between them have a lifetime of experience in handling the special problems of the population they have to deal with. Joan came out to Reno for a divorce about 20 years ago with $300 in her pocket. She paid her lawyer $100 and had to get a job, which turned out to be working on a divorce ranch. The first night, the owner was called away, and she was left alone. All the calamities of the business came down on her—a maid who was stealing jewelry, a husband who turned up threatening to commit suicide on the steps, unpaid bills and uncontrolled tantrums. She has never been really surprised by anything since.

Harry's experience with divorcées goes back to the early 1930's when, as one of the top rodeo riders in the country, he was a dashing figure in Reno. A generation ago Reno was genuine Wild West, crawling with bootleggers, mine-salters, bunko artists, con men, sporting ladies and sporting gentlemen of all types. And the divorcées who came out brandishing their bottles of hooch were as wild as any of the natives. There are not many survivors of those heroic days around now, but Harry came through unscathed, with nothing to regret but a couple of brief marriages and a .22 slug in his liver acquired in the course of an unfortunate altercation on South Virginia Street.

The Drackerts have been married for 16 years and have had their ups and downs in the business. It is currently a highly profitable business—especially since 1962, when Mary Rockefeller stayed at Donner Trail while divorcing her husband Nelson, giving it national publicity. At first it seems strange that the Drackerts don't have more competition.

There used to be plenty. In the old days there were up to half-a-dozen high-class, well-equipped dude ranches in the Reno area. But today the divorce business in Reno is only half what it once was. Unfair competition from Alabama (where for a while they were giving divorces overnight), Mexico (where they give divorces by mail) and Las Vegas have lured the customers away, and the glamour has gone. Divorce among the mighty, unless they are presidential candidates or Elizabeth Taylor, is taken as a matter of course these days. No longer does the world wait hungrily for the flash from Reno that a Vanderbilt or an Auchincloss or a Roosevelt has arrived there.

But even if the Reno divorce business were booming, it is doubtful if there would be many

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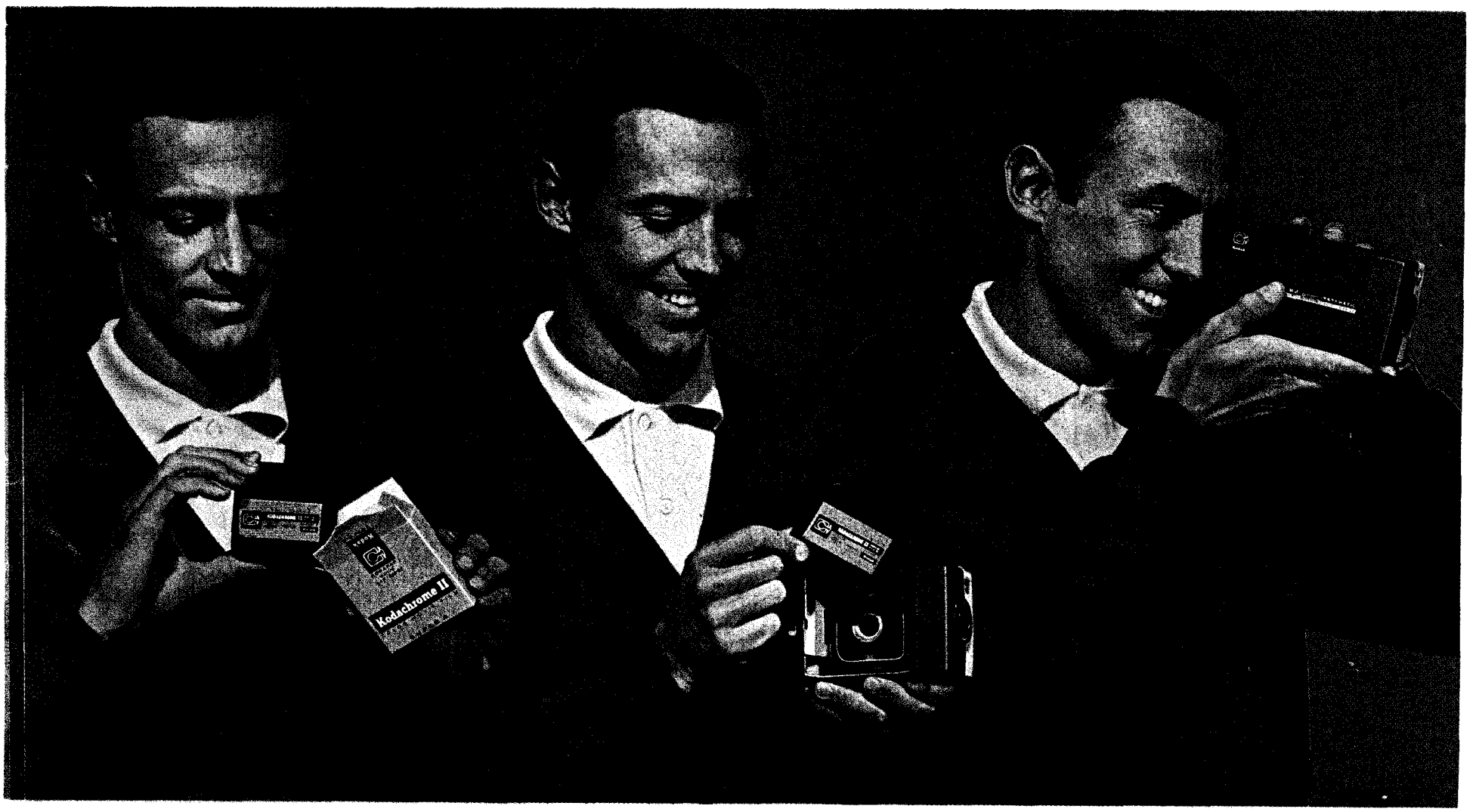

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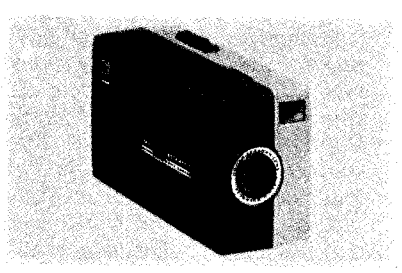

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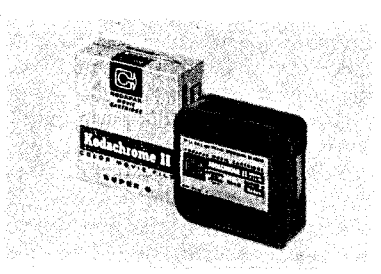

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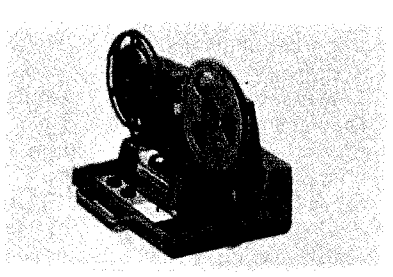

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From the ends of the table, Harry and Joan Drackert preside over dinner. The talk runs from husbands to money.

more establishments of the Donner Trail type. The fact is that it is a terribly trying and difficult job to ride herd on a couple of dozen high-strung ladies at a time. It takes both toughness and pliancy, an ability to listen to much crying and complaining, a willingness to be firm on occasion. There are pitfalls on every side. There is, for example, the constant danger that the girls will go wild. Most people who go out here for a divorce are quiet, ordinary people who want to get it over with with a minimum of fuss. The trouble is that Nevada has a peculiar effect on ordinary people. There is the loose and lively Western atmosphere, the bars and casinos open 24 hours a day, the casual clothes and casual friendships. And it is 3,000 miles from home, no neighbors to snoop, no public opinion to fear.

Nevada is a most tolerant state, but there is such a thing as going too far. When a girl sets fire to her bed and burns up while a boyfriend is leaping out of her window, or when a girl is discovered hanging in a closet (two of the juicier scandals of recent years), lawyers stop sending people to the ranch where that girl was staying, and that is the end of the ranch.

So, the Drackerts won't tolerate any nonsense among their guests. On the other hand, their girls are adults and free citizens, and if they choose to strike up casual friendships with the local boys, that is their own lookout. For almost half a century now, the divorcées and cowboys have been intermingling. You never know, meeting a leathery old codger in a Reno bar, whether he will tell you a tale of a blizzard he was caught in once that near froze his legs off, or rather a tale about this girl, a real cute one, and they were saying good-bye at the station and a-kissin' and a-sobbin', and the train pulled out, and by gosh he was still holding her mink coat, and he didn't know if she had left it to him as a souvenir or if she'd send the cops after him if he kept it. What would you do, pardner?

To women just breaking loose from the sad and sissified husbands so prevalent today in the East, meeting lanky, Gary Cooperish men engaged in the Neolithic occupation of herding animals may be overwhelming. It is easy to flirt with them, flirtations often lead to love affairs, and on occasion a love affair leads to a marriage. Here, however, the cultural gap is apt to prove too wide for bridging. You cannot transplant a cowboy to Park Avenue; he will trip over the furniture, he will sulk and shrivel in the confining city.

The number of such marriages that succeed can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There was one that made page one of the tabloids a dozen years or so ago, and to the amazement of all seemed to thrive year after year. Between the wife's money and the husband's unfailing good humor they lived happily. But last year the wife found a new outlet for her feelings in the campaign of Barry Goldwater, the cowboy developed ulcers, and soon he was back in Reno, chaffing the young female blackjack dealers with the old blarneying cowboy charm: "I traded in my forty-year-old wife for two twenty-year-old girls. But then I found out I wasn't wired for 220."

The average divorcée will settle by choice or necessity for something other than primitive love in the wilderness. She will see the six weeks go by fast enough, punctuated by reproachful letters from home and by moments of self-doubt and panic. The panic grows especially on graduation day. Waiting in the cold halls of the Washoe County courthouse, all the doubts and anxieties come to a head. There is a feeling of "I can't go on, I can't go through with it, I won't be able to answer when he asks me what my name is." At such moments girls who have maintained a stoic silence all through their cures will blurt out all their miseries to Joan Drackert, all the embarrassing, intimate details.

In the courtroom, though, things work out. The state of Nevada does its best to make the proceedings private and painless. Joan gives her testimony that she has seen the plaintiff every day for six weeks and then slips out. Alone with the judge and her lawyer, the plaintiff has nothing to do but answer a few kindly questions, and then she is free.

By now the Donner Trail has become home. By now the East, with all its responsibilities of family, new husband, new job, new relationships, is the thing that is alien and vaguely threatening. Wouldn't it be nice to ride, forever ride, up Dog Canyon and back to a good fire and a good drink and giddy conversation, and hand out cheerful advice to the latest pale tenderfoot come blinking onto the desert? It is only an idle dream. But it is quite possible that when our Sally or Betsy stands up and swears to the judge that she intends to be a permanent resident of Nevada—even with that return ticket to New York nesting in her pocketbook—she means every word of it. □

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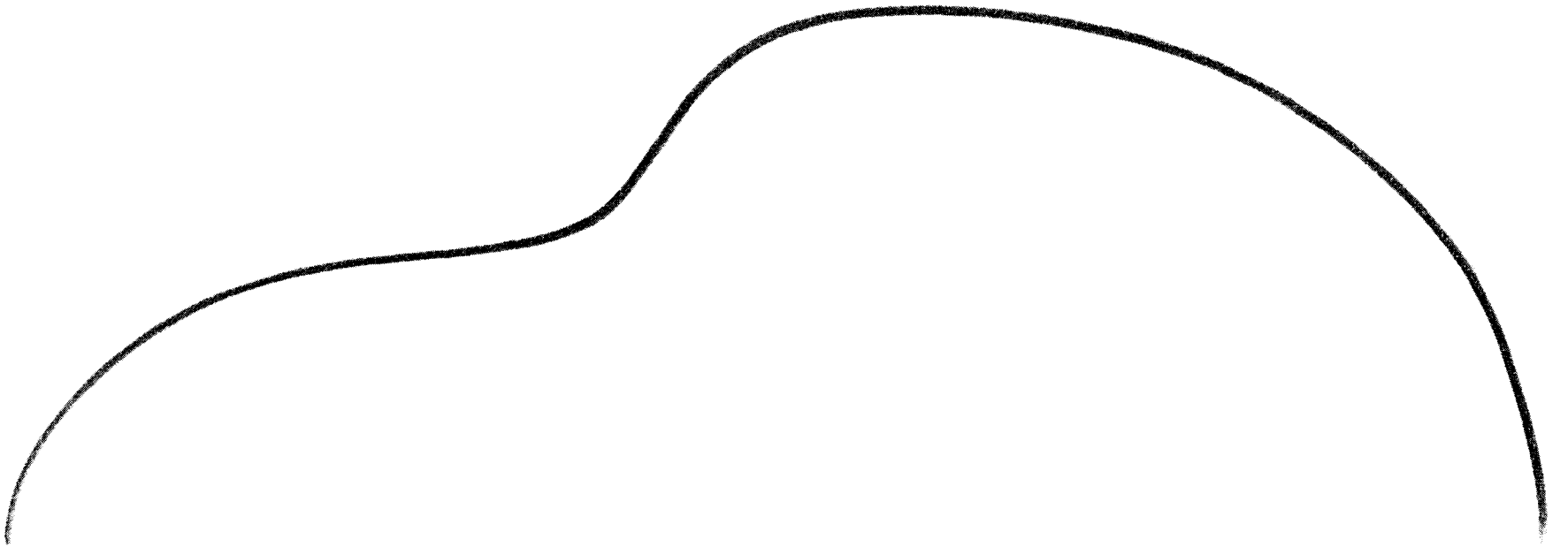

How much longer can we hand you this line?

Forever, we hope.

Because we don't ever intend to change the Volkswagen's shape.

We play by our own set of rules.

The only reason we change the VW is to make it work even better.

The money we don't spend on outside changes we do spend inside the car.

This system gives us an immense advantage: Time.

We have time to improve parts and still keep most of them interchangeable.

(Which is why it's so easy to get VW parts, and why VW mechanics don't wake up screaming.)

We have time to put an immense amount of hand work into each VW, and to finish each one like a $6,000 machine.

And this system has also kept the price almost the same over the years.

Some cars keep changing and stay the same.

Volkswagens stay the same and keep changing.

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"The last chapter is the important one," says W. Clement Stone. "There are millionaires who end up paupers. Why not go for $600 million?"

The art of making tax-exempt income is one that must be mastered.

does not want to talk about is money. As founder of the Polaroid Corporation and, with his family, the company's chief stockholder, he has a great deal of money. At the market price, the family holdings are worth a colossal $185 million.

All that money deeply embarrasses Edwin Land. He is by no means the only one of the new big rich who hates being written about, but he is the only one who deeply resents being thought of primarily as a very rich man. "The money," he keeps saying, "is entirely incidental." And although Land is rather obviously nobody's fool as a businessman, it seems to be true that the money really is incidental, a useful by-product of his inventive genius.

Land is also a very private man, and he resents having people poke about in his private life. He has two grown-up daughters, and he lives with his wife—comfortably but simply—in an upper-middle sort of house on Brattle Street in Cambridge, Mass., not far from his totally unpretentious office in a former warehouse. He also owns a New Hampshire farm which he rarely gets time to visit. But he does not want to talk about such matters. He wants to talk, instead, about the problems that confront the United States.

Land for years has devoted about a quarter of his time to those problems. Currently, at the request of President Johnson, he is having a new look at the Vietnamese war, with the hope of finding a way out based on some wholly new and wholly untried approach to the problem. Finding such a solution will take some doing, but Land has already solved a number of problems in the national interest.

For example, he played the key role in making it possible for the U-2 espionage plane to take astonishingly detailed photographs from an altitude of more than 70,000 feet. Those photographs, among other things, exploded the myth of the "missile gap," and detected the Soviet Union's attempt to sneak nuclear missiles into Cuba.

Land does not want to talk about his participation in the U-2 project (which is still largely secret) any more than he wants to talk about his money or his private life. What he does want to talk about is a problem which has obsessed him for two decades—the "problem of mass boredom and mental stagnation" in American life, above all among industrial workers.

"It has seemed to me," Land has said, "that the time has come in industry for a planned relationship between machines and people, in which the machines would work for the people instead of having the people work for the machines." To this end, he believes, instead of one great and stultifying planned society, there should be "thousands of small planned societies" in individual businesses like the Polaroid Corporation. The "next and best phase of the industrial revolution" is about to occur, he believes, and in this phase every worker will be "a member of a group small enough so that he feels a full participant—his voice will be heard and his individuality recognized."

All this may sound like moonshine, but Land has acted on his beliefs. In the Polaroid Corporation he has made a consistent practice of giving untrained young workers on the assembly line a chance to try themselves in the research end of the business. Land says that these "fresh minds" have contributed usefully and profitably to new processes and methods.

It may be that Land's theories are impractical for a simple reason—not every worker is a potential Edwin Land, and not every business is a Polaroid Corporation. His vision of the future requires a highly optimistic view of human capabili-

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ties, which is precisely the view Land takes. "We are all on the face of the earth together," he has said. "It looks as if we are very much like each other mentally."

This is certainly a debatable proposition. It might even be dismissed as a preposterous proposition if it came from anyone but Edwin Land, who has a remarkably consistent record of being right.

JOHN MECOM (Oil, $200 million)

John Mecom, of Houston, Tex., is one of the new big rich who lives in the tradition of the "proud possessors." Among his possessions—things he owns personally, as a man might own his hat—are:

- Nine airplanes. (Mecom: "Let's see, three here, two in Colombia, four in the Middle East, and one shot down. That makes nine left, doesn't it?" The "one shot down" was a plane destroyed by Nasser's air force in an incident that made the front pages some months ago).
- Three hotels, including the Warwick in Houston, an old hotel which Mecom bought at auction for $1.4 million, and which he has completely refurbished with such objects as Baccarat chandeliers and paneling from the town house of the Prince de Murat. (Mecom: "How much did I put into the Warwick? About $10.4 million, wasn't it?" An aide: "No, John, I've been trying to tell you—it's over $12 million.")
- Vast holdings abroad, notably in the Middle East and South America. (Was it true that Mecom had invested $12 million in Colombia? Mecom: "It was closer to $19 million, wasn't it?" An aide: "No, John, it was about $14.5 million.")
- Three ranches, a plastics factory, and a large French-style château (built in 1929) in Houston's River Oaks section, which is said to house more dollars per square foot than any other residential section in the world.
- And, of course, oil. Great black viscous lakes of oil, lying hundreds or thousands of feet under the crust of the earth, waiting to be hauled up to the surface to provide, among other things, power for automobiles and something like $16 million of income every year for John Mecom.

Mecom lives far more like the traditional American big rich than MacArthur or Land. He enjoys his possessions—especially the airplanes, in which he loves to go rushing about the world on a moment's notice—but he is not in the least pompous about them.

Like many very big men (he is six feet three and worries, with reason, about his weight), Mecom seems at first a bit awkward, reticent, even shy. But he talks easily about one subject—oil. "I *like* hunting oil," he says. "There's no thrill like it. Every time you hit, it's like making a touchdown."

Like most men who really know their subject, Mecom is interesting when he talks about oil—even to someone who knows nothing about "blowouts" (oil escaping before the well is capped) or "mud" (the earth brought up, sometimes from a depth of 20,000 feet or more, by the screwdriver-like "bit" which grinds implacably into the earth probing for oil).

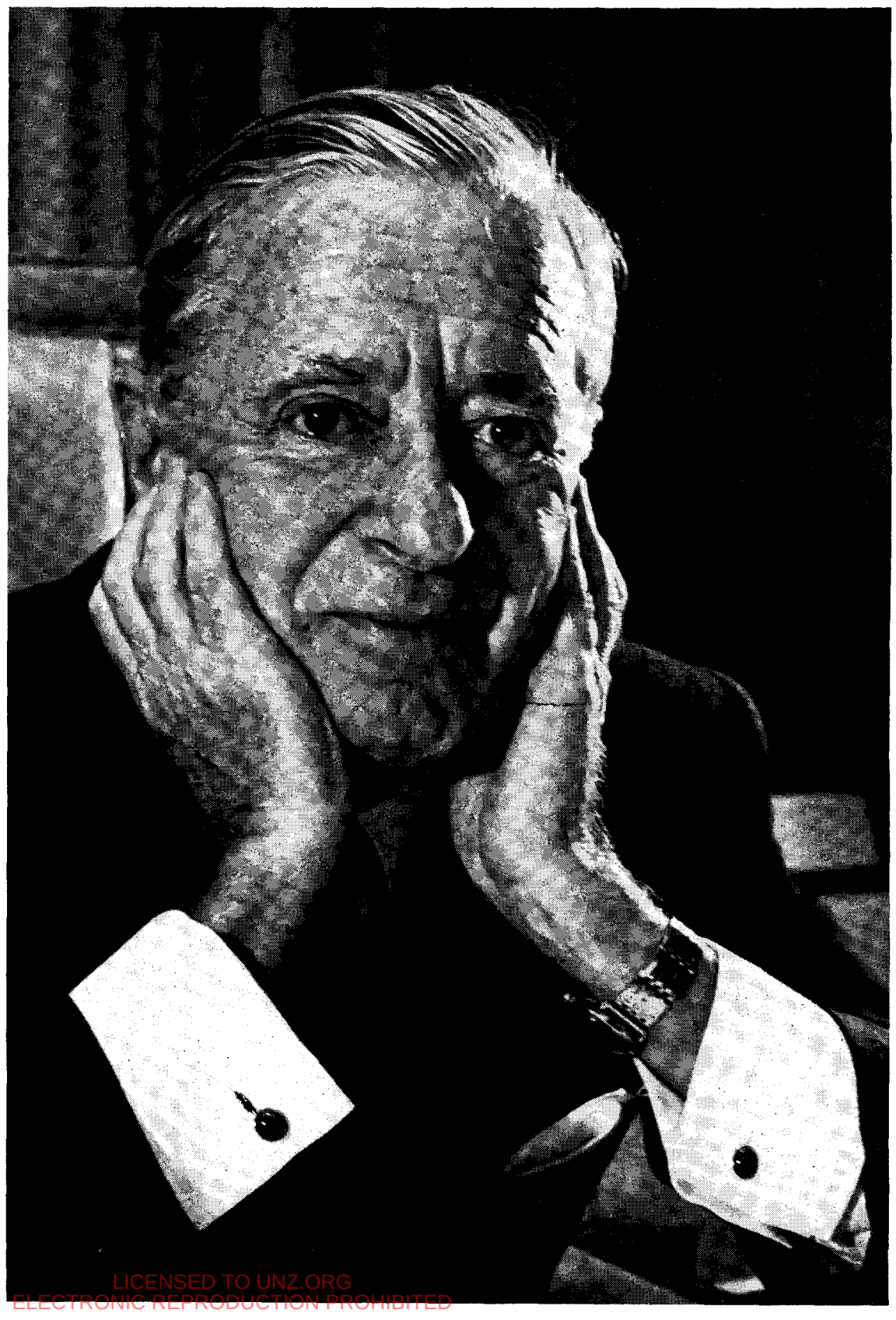
"We study the mud like a doctor studies blood," says Mecom, "to find out what is down there. A blowout is like a hemorrhage, but you never get a blowout from bad luck, just bad handling. And every time you drill, even a dry hole, it means something."

Mecom is widely credited with a sort of magical intuition about what lies below the surface of the earth. He first displayed this profitable faculty in 1936, at the age of 25, after dropping out of two colleges (trouble with math, surprisingly). He borrowed $700 from his mother and a beat-up old oil derrick from his father and, with a couple of partners, went oil hunting. He made his first strike a few miles from home, in South Liberty, Tex. Two years later he sold out his interest in the partnership for $100,000, the initial capital which he has since multiplied about two thousand times over.

Mecom's business is *his* business, and no one else's. His wife, Mary Elizabeth, a tall, intelligent woman, acts as a sort of junior partner and sounding board—most days she is in and out of Mecom's splendidly furnished Houston office. His son, "Little John," a handsome boy in his 20's who goes in for big-game shooting and racing cars, is also in on every deal. But all final decisions—where to lease, where to drill, what to spend—are Mecom's. He owns and runs his vast business in the same way that the corner druggist might own and run his store. Mecom belongs to what some believe to be a vanishing breed—the independent oil operator, with the accent on the "independent."

The reason the independent oil operator may be a vanishing breed is simple. In the days when the prewar generation of independent operators—a Richardson or a Hunt—were laying the foundations of their vast fortunes, it was only necessary to do one thing to get rich on oil—find the oil. Nowadays a high proportion of the oil consumed in the United States is imported from abroad, mostly the Middle East, by the "majors"—the huge oil corporations. Middle Eastern oil is a lot cheaper than U.S. oil. Now it is necessary not only to find the oil but also to find a way of selling it. The "majors" control the markets, and thus the independents are increasingly at the mercy of the majors.

Partly to improve his bargaining position vis-à-vis the majors, John Mecom has invested vast sums and vast energies in searching for his own independent sources of cheaper foreign oil. He has done well in Colombia, but not (yet) in the Middle East. He has high hopes for "making a touchdown" in the Trucial states along the Persian



Of a vice president's new golf bag, Henry Crown said, "Working for me, he'll only be able to use it between one and five a.m."

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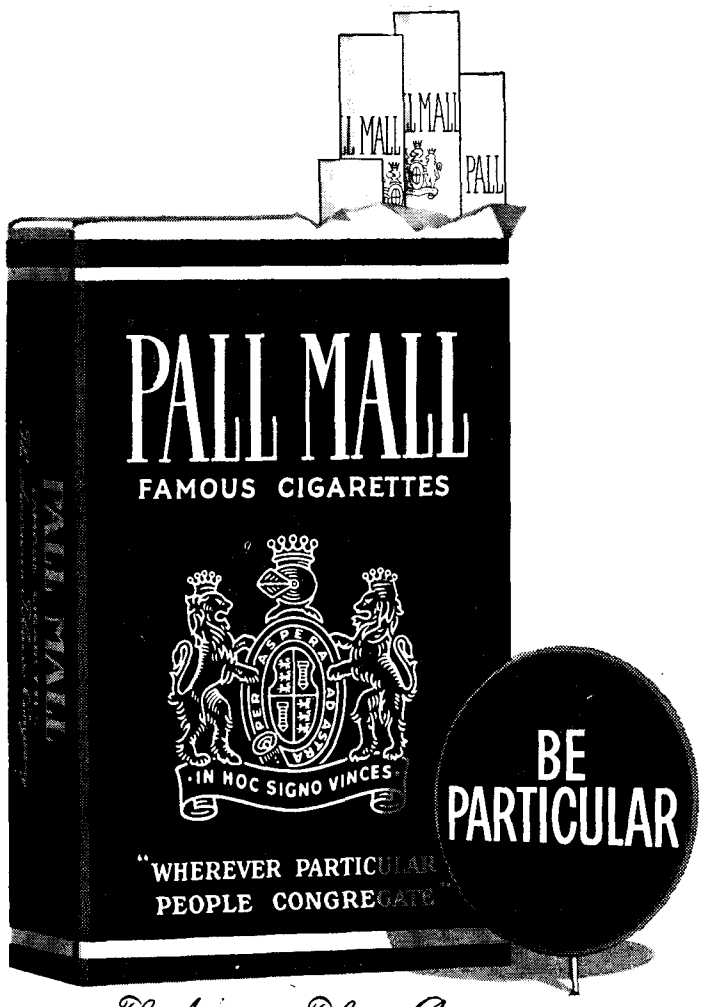

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Gulf, or Yemen, or Jordan, where he has concessions, but so far he has brought in only dry holes or water wells for his friend, Jordan's King Hussein.

John Mecom is very rich, but the rule seems to be that the richer a man is the more he worries about the danger of becoming less rich. John Mecom worries a lot. He worries about whether he ought to "go public"—make his business a public corporation and sell shares in it. This would probably make him a lot richer, but it would cost him the independence which is his passion.

He worries about his weight, and his sensitive skin, which requires frequent treatment with an electric needle ("It *really* hurts"). He worries about how Little John will handle great inherited wealth, which has ruined many a man—"Is Little John *mean* enough?" he wonders out loud. He worries about those dry holes in the Middle East. And he worries about whether there is any future for an independent in the oil business.

Curiously enough, a visitor finds himself worrying right along with Mecom, even feeling a certain compassion for this ultimate capitalist, this last representative of a dying breed, defying the corporate power of the great oil companies. It seems a bit silly to feel compassion for a man with an income of $16 million or so a year, and a man who can very obviously take care of himself. But John Mecom is famous for his ability to cause other people to like him and to interest themselves in his problems. He has that elusive quality, charm. So have most (not all) of the new big rich. Perhaps this should not be surprising. To become very rich, it is necessary to persuade a lot of people to do what you want them to do—lease you the mineral rights on their land; lend you big sums on thin collateral; sell you property for much less than it is potentially worth; invest in your enterprise on faith; and so on. Charm is a useful instrument of persuasion.

HENRY CROWN (Building supplies, real estate, rails, General Dynamics Corp., $250 million)

In 1919, with borrowed capital of $10,000, Henry Crown, the 23-year-old son of Jewish immigrants from Lithuania, started his Material Service Corporation. That year the company sold $218,000 worth of sand and gravel to Chicago's builders and made a profit of $7,000. By 1959, when Crown merged M.S.C. with General Dynamics, the company was doing over $100 million worth of business a year, and Crown received for his interest well over that sum in preferred stock. Meanwhile, Henry Crown had acquired coal mines, railroad holdings and important real-estate interests—including, for a time, sole ownership of the Empire State Building, the largest hunk of steel and concrete ever owned by one man.

When Henry Crown started his Material Service Corporation, the building-supply business was one of the roughest, toughest, most politics-ridden businesses in Chicago, a rough, tough, politics-ridden city. Today Colonel Crown (he was a Corps of Engineers colonel in the Chicago area in the war) is anything but rough and tough. He is the very archetype of the great capitalist and entrepreneur—urbane, articulate, well dressed, and remarkably well preserved at the age of 69; the owner of a name respected in the most exalted financial circles; a great benefactor (unlike most of the new big rich, who are in the main a tight-fisted lot); and the founder of a vast fortune which his sons have been trained to carry on. If the United States were the British Isles, Henry Crown would certainly be Sir Henry, or possibly even Lord Evanston.

With some men it is easy to see through the wrinkles and the years to the boy who was father of the man. With Henry Crown it is very difficult. But once in a while it is possible to catch a small glimpse of the young, penniless, brilliant, obsessively hard-driving immigrants' son who left school in the eighth grade to fight and scheme and talk and work his way to enormous wealth.

There is, for example, Henry Crown's remarkable memory, which approaches total recall. He uses his memory as a defensive weapon. Asked a question he does not want to answer, he will embark on a recital so voluminous, so detailed, so filled with unfamiliar names, dates and figures that his questioner is left utterly bemused. He will repeat verbatim conversations which took place 30 years ago, and he will recall the month, the day and even the hour at which they took place (though he is sometimes vague about the year). When his questioner is visibly goggle-eyed, he will make a small gesture with his right hand, and use a favorite phrase: "To cut through." Then he will change the subject. This extraordinary grasp of facts and figures—and the way he uses it—bespeaks the sharp intelligence which kept Henry Crown, in his salad days in the sand-and-gravel business, always a jump ahead of his competitors.

Or there is an occasional small anecdote which gives a glimpse of the drive behind the relaxed and urbane manner. For example, there is the story about the banquet honoring a man Henry Crown had hired as a vice president. At the banquet the new man was presented with a resplendent golf bag. When Crown was called upon to speak, his comment was brief: "It looks like a nice golf bag. But working for me, I'm afraid he'll only be able to use it between one and five A.M."

Or there is the tone of Crown's voice when he tells how close he came to disaster when he merged his Material Service Corporation into General Dynamics. The vast General Dynamics Corporation thereafter nearly went bankrupt. If that had happened, Crown says, "I would have been associated with the biggest business failure in

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history." The horror and hatred of failure are audible in his voice.

Since those awful days General Dynamics has been snatched back from the edge of the abyss, in part through the efforts of Henry Crown, and the Crown fortune and the Crown reputation are presumably secure. The Crown fortune provides Henry Crown with various gratifications. He is proud, for example, that in making himself rich he has also made other people prosperous. Thanks to a retirement plan he established long ago for his employees, a former sand-and-gravel salesman is now worth half a million dollars, and a former water boy in one of his quarries is worth $362,000.

He enjoys his charities too. He is especially proud of a scheme he has thought up to teach the young and aspiring how to handle capital. He has established a fund of $8,000 at a number of colleges, the money to be invested each year by the members of the senior economics class. If the investments are profitable, the members of the class share the surplus, the $8,000 fund remaining intact for the next class.

He also enjoys some of the visible signs of wealth, notably his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce—his wife bought it for him when he remarked that a Rolls seemed better for his bad back than any other car—and the elaborately decorated swimming pool in the basement of his house. But Henry Crown is by no means a conspicuous consumer. His house is a vaguely Tudor, red-brick pile, built in 1929, in a middle-middle neighborhood in Evanston, a not very distinguished Chicago suburb. Some of the houses in the same block would hardly fetch $25,000, even at today's inflated prices.

There are a couple of nice pieces in the house, but most of the furniture is just good department-store stuff, covered in plastic to protect the material. A balcony overlooking the big living room is set aside to commemorate the Empire State Building period, when he and Mrs. Crown, a nice, plump, rather shy lady, used to welcome such visitors as Queen Elizabeth, Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev to their wholly owned skyscraper. Otherwise, except for the swimming pool and the gold-plated faucets in the downstairs bathroom, the house might be the residence of a successful dentist.

It is obvious to a visitor, in short, that Henry Crown, although he likes to be comfortable, has no obsessive interest in the objects that money will buy. It seems a good guess that his great fortune is far less important to him than the reputation that goes with it—that to this now elderly man, who once was a penniless, embattled, under-educated offspring of immigrants, the real reward of great wealth is the respect, even awe, which the name of Col. Henry Crown now inspires in many prosperous and important persons.

HOWARD AHMANSON (Insurance, savings-and-loans, $300 million)

Like Henry Crown and John MacArthur, Howard Ahmanson can repeat, word-for-word, conversations which took place many years ago. Examples:

SCENE ONE. Time, 1926. Cast of characters: Howard Ahmanson, aged 20, a student at the University of Southern California; and the president of the biggest mortgage company in the Los Angeles area. Ahmanson explains to the president a bright idea he has had for writing a new kind of insurance which will save money for mortgage holders on earthquake insurance, then mandatory in California.

PRESIDENT: "You seem a bright young man. Who are you?"

AHMANSON: "Well, my father was president of National American Insurance of Omaha." (His father had died a couple of years before.)

PRESIDENT: "You're certainly not very old, but you seem very precocious. About this idea of yours. Do you really think you can dig up that kind of insurance?"

AHMANSON: "Of course."

Ahmanson, who had no idea where he could get his new kind of insurance written, finally persuades a London company to write it—the English, of course, are unaware that Ahmanson is scarcely out of knee pants. He makes a deal with the mortgage company to sell his new kind of insurance through the company, and within a year his income from premiums has hit six digits, a fact which comes to the attention of the mortgage-company president. Ahmanson is then summoned to another interview.

SCENE TWO. One year later.

PRESIDENT: "Your family doesn't own an insurance company."

AHMANSON: "I never said it did."

PRESIDENT: "Well, I certainly got that impression. Anyway, you're a very bright young man, very creative, and you've had a good idea. But you've got no capital, and no customers except us. So I'll tell you what we'll do for you. We'll pay you $10,000 a year, which is a lot of money for your age, to come work for us, and we'll take over your business."

AHMANSON: "Go jump in the lake."

The mortgage company immediately canceled all Ahmanson's business. But within a few weeks, with a $15,000 loan from a banker friend to tide him over ("the only money I ever borrowed"), Ahmanson made deals with four other mortgage companies, and was soon making more money than ever.

Ahmanson, a pink-faced, blue-eyed, rather handsome man of 59, talks about money with the same pleasure and expertise that Mecom displays when he talks about oil, and he talks about it in such a way that the making and keeping of it seem deceptively simple. He

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CHEVROLET

workh

Above: Series M80 tandem dump model, followed by Fleetside pickup. Shown in background are Chevy-Van, El Camino pickup, tilt cab diesel, medium-duty stake, and others.

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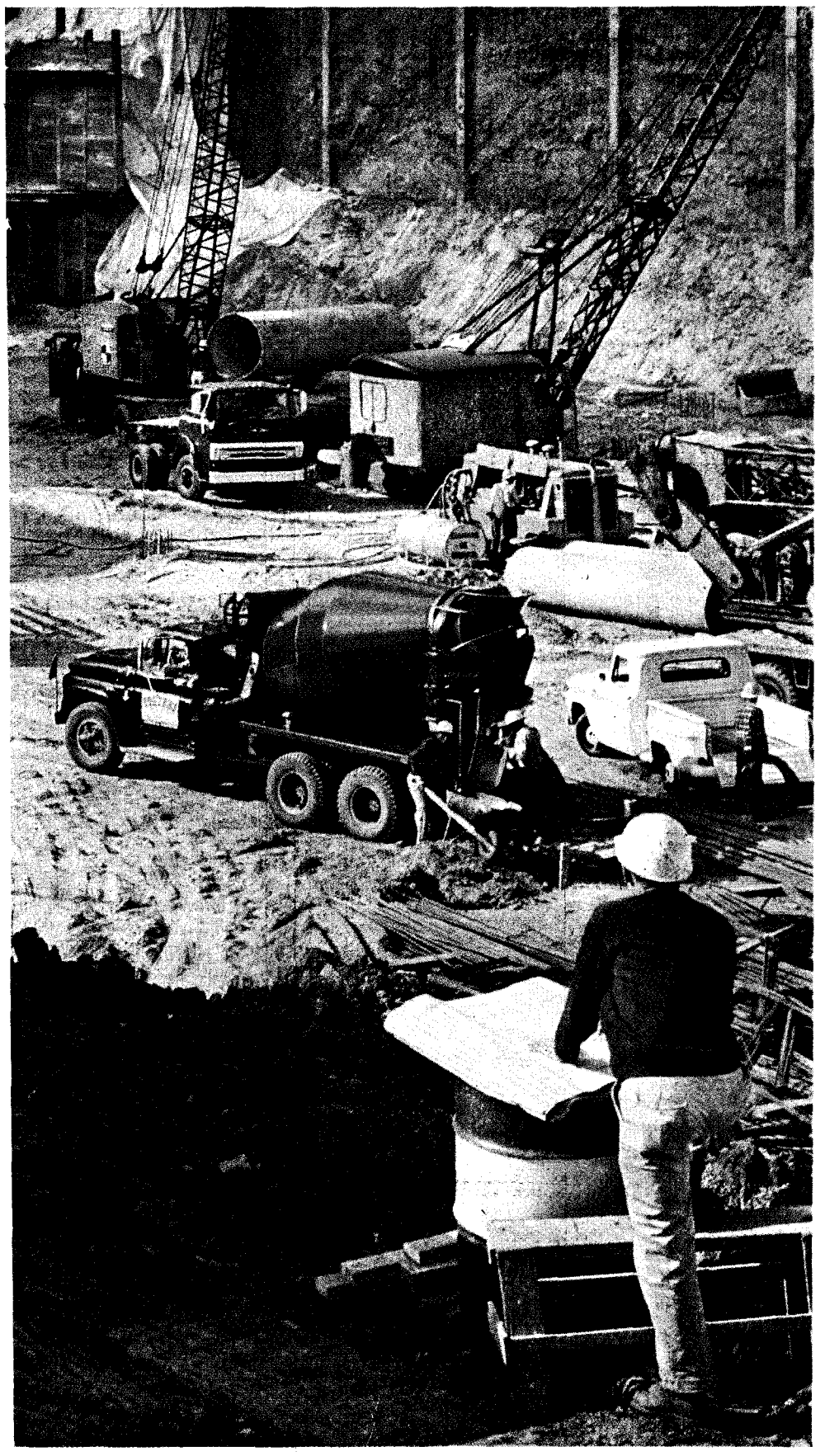
power



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You'll find that you can now choose from 258 medium- and heavy-duty models; select a conventional, low-cab-forward or tilt cab truck; pick from 12 modern big-truck engines—6's, V8's and diesels.

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CHEVROLET

THE LONG STRONG LINE

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recalls, for example, how and why he got out of the stock market in 1929, a few weeks before the crash.

In 1929 Ahmanson was a ripe old 23. He had an office, and a secretary, and a broker and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, most of it on margin. He had empowered his secretary to buy stock for him on his broker's recommendation, and he came back to his office from a trip one day to find that he had bought about $10,000 worth of stock in a new fire-insurance company. The stock, issued at 30, went to 50 in a few days. This easy profit inspired Ahmanson to do some hard thinking.

"Here was a business I knew a lot about," he says. "I knew that fire-insurance companies have a high mortality, even in good times. I knew this company couldn't possibly begin to make a profit in 10 years. Yet here was a stock going from 30 to 50 even before the doors were open for business. If people were acting crazy about a business I knew about, maybe they were acting just as crazy about a business I knew nothing about."

Ahmanson also recalled an essay he had written for an economics class at the University of Southern California a couple of years before. It was ominously titled *The Coming American Debacle*. Ahmanson had diligently interviewed a number of skilled workers about their personal finances. He had concluded that the average skilled worker was overspending his income by 22 percent, which, he argued quite correctly, could only lead to bad economic trouble soon.

So, early in September, he called his broker and told him to sell everything. Ahmanson thus had substantial capital throughout the depression. (It is a trifle disturbing to learn that Ahmanson has been completely out of the current stock market for some time.)

During the depression Ahmanson specialized in insuring foreclosed properties, and partly because there were so many foreclosures, he got steadily richer. "I felt like an undertaker in a plague," he says. In 1943 he entered the Navy as a lieutenant, and the week before he put on his uniform he exorcized a ghost. The ghost, like that which haunted Hamlet, was his father's.

Several of the new big rich—MacArthur and Mecom, for example—seem to have been strongly influenced by their fathers. Ahmanson says frankly, "I am a worshiper of my father."

As president of National American Insurance Company of Omaha, Ahmanson's father had been a leading citizen of Omaha, where Ahmanson was born and raised—the family had lived in Nebraska since before the Civil War.

"My father raised me in an unusual fashion," Ahmanson says. "He talked to me every night. 'The world's your oyster,' he'd tell me—'nothing's impossible to you.' We'd talk about the stock market, and the price of wheat, or land. When I was thirteen he opened a brokerage account for me, and he was always delighted when I did better on the market than he did. Of course, he was my partner in a lot of deals, and that was kinda handy. By the time he died when I was 17, my account was worth about $20,000."

'Oil people are like ants. They follow one another everywhere. One of our theories is to go where the ants ain't.'

When his father died, Ahmanson says, "the creditors moved in." Most of his father's holdings, including his National American stock, went by the board. "Right then," Ahmanson says, "I decided I was going to own National American." It was the one stock he did not sell in 1929, and all through the depression he kept buying shares, until by 1943 he owned 33 percent of the shares outstanding. Then he was called into the Navy, and with a week to go before he put on his uniform, he bought another 18 percent to become the majority stockholder in his father's old company. Buying under pressure, Ahmanson had to pay high for the stock. He now calls this curious gesture of reparation for the father he worshiped "my silliest business venture."

"But you haven't done too badly out of it?"

"No—not badly at all." This with a happy smile. Ahmanson now owns the whole company, and since its stock is not sold, there is no way of estimating its precise worth. But it is certainly worth at least 20 times what Ahmanson paid for it.

When Ahmanson emerged from the Navy, he was a rich man, but not yet *big* rich. The savings-and-loan business, which has made a lot of people rich, made Ahmanson very rich indeed. In 1947 he bought the Home Savings & Loan Company for $162,000. In a single quarter of 1964—three short months—Home Savings & Loan made profits of $5.3 million *after* reserve for taxes.

Aside from Home Savings & Loan and National American, Ahmanson now owns several other savings-and-loan companies, plus a bank and important oil and real-estate holdings. The Ahmanson empire is a maze of trusts, holding companies, and the like, and precise estimates of his fortune are impossible to come by. But he may be worth a lot more than a third of a billion dollars.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I had money, position, power—and then this little old lady with 2 shares gets up at the annual stockholders' meeting...."

Ahmanson, like MacArthur, has made his share of enemies, who accuse him of cutting corners to build his empire. This doesn't bother Howard Ahmanson. "I'm so happy I'm rich," he has said, "I'm willing to take all the consequences."

Why does being rich make Ahmanson so happy?

For one thing, far more than any of the other new rich, Ahmanson enjoys possessions. He has in his house an impressive collection of old masters, including a couple of Rembrandts. He really does enjoy looking at paintings, but he also enjoys the happy thought that his paintings are increasing in value almost hourly.

Typically he has gone about the business of collecting in a businesslike fashion. "I've retained three characters," he says, "an art critic in Germany, a restorer in Italy, and a worker in the Louvre, and they keep an eye out for me." With new museums and galleries being opened up all over the country, each in need of at least one "great" painting, there is only one way, he says, for the value of his old masters to go—up.

Ahmanson's Los Angeles house, built in the sinister year 1929 (like Mecom's and Crown's), is undistinguished from the outside. But it has an agreeable garden, and a house festooned with great paintings could hardly be ugly on the inside. Ahmanson's second wife is also a decorative addition to the house—until recently she ran a charm school, and she is very pretty.

Ahmanson, alone among the new big rich, also boasts one of the traditional appendages of great wealth—a first-class chef. Unfortunately Ahmanson has the gout, and he must exist, within smelling distance of marvelous dishes, on a near-vegetarian diet. Despite the gout, Ahmanson seems to get more pleasure than any of the other big rich out of being rich. Perhaps being rich gives him a sense of fulfillment. For he has magnificently fulfilled the mission for which the father he worshiped trained him—the mission of making money.

One wonders if money will make Ahmanson's adored only son, Howard Fieldstead Ahmanson Jr. (Steady) as happy as it has made Ahmanson. Ahmanson hopes to be to Steady what his father was to him. But he is a trifle puzzled by Steady, who also loves money, but in a different way. When Ahmanson was 14, his father gave him a big car. So when Steady recently turned 14, Howard Ahmanson offered Steady a car.

"You know what? He chose a Volkswagen, to save money on gas. And that boy's still got every penny of his allowances, sealed up in envelopes in his room." Ahmanson shrugged, half in admiration, half in puzzlement.

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W. CLEMENT STONE (Insurance, $160 million)

Of the new big rich, W. Clement Stone is the most surprising.

"Selling is a science," he says, "and I can prove it." And indeed, there is Stone's huge fortune to prove it for him. Stone's fortune is squarely based on his ability to sell insurance, or to teach others how to sell insurance—in his own words, "how to hold the policy, how to use the eyes, how to use humor to relieve tension, how to talk loudly and rapidly, how to keep a smile in the voice, how to use modulation."

Like the deaf Beethoven's musical genius, Stone's sales genius may be a form of overcompensation. For Stone does not look like the kind of man who could persuade a great many people to part with their hard-earned cash for some nebulous future benefit. He has a small, shrewd face and a hairline moustache. He wears a large, floppy hat, a big emerald ring on the little finger of the right hand, and green inlaid cuff links. He is hardly ever without a big Havana cigar. He looks, in short, rather like a very successful gambler—an appearance hardly calculated to melt all sales resistance.

But appearances are deceptive, and none more so than W. Clement Stone's. "I'm not a gambler," he says. "I don't buy unless I control the company, or at least am on the inside." Stone is more an evangelist than a gambler. The creed he preaches is simple in essence: "*Anyone* can acquire wealth."

How to "acquire wealth" is explained at length in the two inspirational volumes he has written, *The Success System That Never Fails* and, in collaboration with Napoleon Hill, *Success Through a Positive Mental Attitude*. To sum up very briefly the Stone formula for success—i.e., getting rich: "Inspirational dissatisfaction" leads to a Positive Mental Attitude, or P.M.A. When a man has P.M.A., he can obtain O.P.M., or Other People's Money, which he then uses to make more money.

Stone not only writes inspirational books—he reads them too. In his teens he read *all* the Horatio Alger stories—he particularly recommends *Robert Cloverdale's Struggle*. Since then he has read all the other "inspirational literature" there is from Ben Franklin to Norman Vincent Peale. Recently Stone bought a majority interest in Hawthorne Books, Inc., which will specialize henceforth in inspirational literature. "My aim," says Stone, "is to help people learn . . . how to acquire wealth with the aid of self-help literature." Stone believes that self-help literature may even be the key to solving the ancient, insoluble problem of poverty. In order to "eliminate poverty," he believes, it is only necessary "to change the mental attitude of those who are impoverished."

There are times when W. Clement Stone sounds more like a character invented by, say, playwright George S. Kaufman, than a real, flesh-and-blood multimillionaire. But Stone is perfectly real, and what is more, he does not mean to rest on his laurels. "Why *not* go for $600 million?" he asks thoughtfully and entirely seriously.

"The last chapter is the important chapter," he says. "There are successful people who become miserable failures, millionaires who end up as paupers." W. Clement Stone is in his 60's. He has three grown children and several grandchildren.

Assuming that Stone does well in "the last chapter," his offspring will inherit enormous fortunes. Is there not a danger that this money will have a corrupting effect?

"All you can do is to try to teach them how to handle it," says Stone. "Anyway, I intend to live to at least eighty-seven, so they'll have a long wait." This last is said in dead earnest, without a ghost of a chuckle.

Like MacArthur, Land, Mecom and Crown (but not Ahmanson), Stone is a dropout. By his own account he must have been a terrible pain in the neck to his high-school teachers. "I was selling insurance already then, and I was making more money than the teachers," he says, "and I used to have big arguments with them." One day the principal called Stone in and gave him a lecture about the money it was costing the city of Detroit to educate him. "I'll save the city the money," said Stone. "I quit."

His mother, a widow, had been a dressmaker, but she became, Stone says, "inspirationally dissatisfied," and she opened an insurance agency. Stone followed his mother into the insurance business, and by 1939 he had a large agency, and he was making a lot of money selling a special health and accident policy on an exclusive basis for a big casualty company. Then, out of the blue, the company terminated his contract with two weeks' notice because of complaints from competing agents ("Using my methods," Stone says, "we'd sell a man in fifteen minutes they'd been trying to sell for fifteen years").

Stone spent 45 minutes in his bedroom working himself into a Positive Mental Attitude. He then decided that he would persuade the casualty company to keep him on (he did); that by 1956 he would own a big health and accident insurance company (he did); and that by 1956 he would also have 10 million dollars of his own (he did).

In pursuit of his objectives, in 1944 he used borrowed money (O.P.M.) to buy a then-unprofitable Pennsylvania casualty company at a bargain price. That was his take-off point. By 1950, after various purchases and mergers, Stone, filled with P.M.A., listed Combined Insurance of America on the over-the-counter market. A $10,000 investment in Combined Insurance in 1950, Stone says, would be worth around three million dollars today. This heady multiplication of values largely accounts for the size of Stone's present fortune, although he has other valuable investments, notably in a cosmetics company called Alberto-Culver.

Stone's pleasant and unpretentious wife, Jessie, goes everywhere with him and acts as a kind of junior partner (as Mrs. MacArthur and Mrs. Mecom do for their husbands). According to Jessie Stone, they live "very middle class." They have various real-estate holdings, plus a duplex apartment in Florida, and a 100-acre farm in Illinois, but home is an unremarkable house in Evanston, on Lake Michigan. Stone likes to swim in the lake and, his wife confides, Clement takes ice-cold baths all winter to get ready for his first spring plunge into the icy lake.

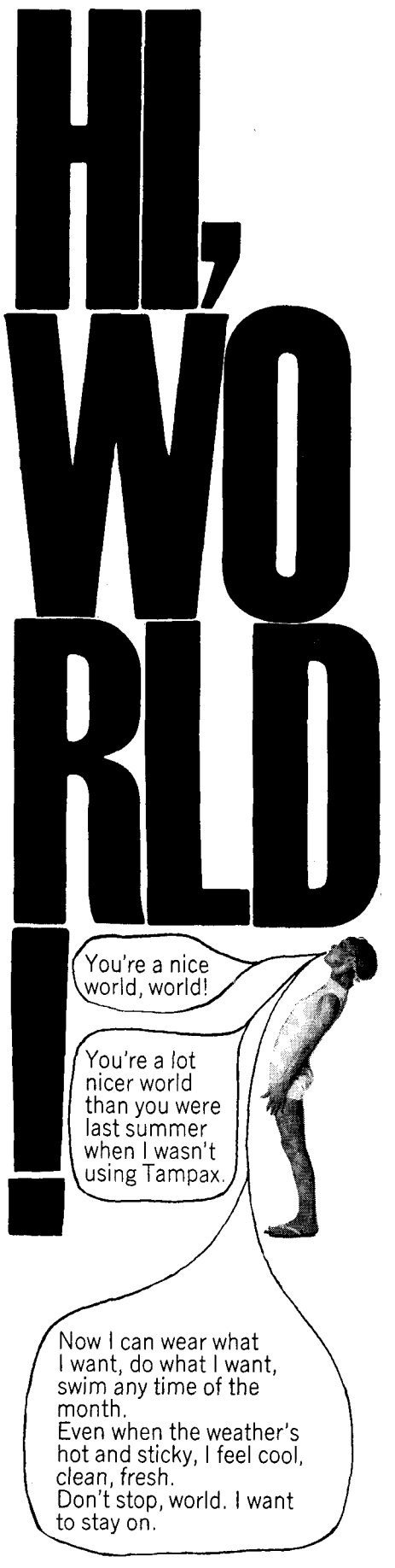
The Stones have a houseman, a gardener, and one live-in servant. Stone's "only luxury," he says, is a good Havana cigar. When Cuba was quarantined, Stone bought an entire warehouse of Cuban cigars to assure himself a continued supply. Otherwise he has no particular interest in the things money will buy. What seems to interest him most is the money itself. For the wealth he has acquired is the symbol and the substance of that "success" which is the purpose of life, and which can be achieved only through O.P.M. and P.M.A.

These six men make up a representative sample of the new breed of immensely rich Americans. How did they get so rich? How can some future Horatio Alger—or W. Clement Stone—join their ranks, in the era of the high income tax? The formula seems to be about as follows:

1. **Use money to make money.**
2. **Work like hell.**
3. **Have a good idea and gamble on it. Hire good brains, but run a one-man show.**
4. **Don't throw your money around, at least until you've got it made.**
5. **Above all, shun taxable income like poison.**

Use money to make money. All the new big rich are, of course, capitalists, which is a sensible thing to be in a capitalist society. But how do you get to be a capitalist in the first place?

The answer, for the most of the new big rich, lies in one word—credit. Daniel Ludwig, the publicity-fearing shipping magnate who may be the richest man in America, is probably America's master borrower. "Everything I own was always hocked," he says in that interview in which he was "burned to a crisp." Ludwig employs a sort of pyramidal system, as do John Mecom, Henry Crown, and other master borrowers. The system works this way: You borrow against an existing asset, use the borrowed money to increase the value of the asset and to acquire other assets, then borrow a lot more money against these larger assets—and so on, and on. It is possible to get into trouble if you use this system imprudently, as William Zeckendorf, John MacArthur's dog-giving


HI, WORLD!
You're a nice world, world!
You're a lot nicer world than you were last summer when I wasn't using Tampax.
Now I can wear what I want, do what I want, swim any time of the month.
Even when the weather's hot and sticky, I feel cool, clean, fresh.
Don't stop, world. I want to stay on.

Tampax® internal menstrual protection is available in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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Most of them hate to spend money. What drives them to keep on fighting, scheming for more?

NEW BIG RICH

friend, has demonstrated. But if you are smart, and if the economy is moderately inflationary, you can go on in this manner just about indefinitely.

To become a master borrower, it is essential to establish and maintain a line of credit. The relationship between the borrower and his source of credit—between Henry Crown and Chicago's First National Bank, for example, or between Ludwig and New York's Chemical and Chase banks—must at all cost be maintained, by the borrower, in a mutually confident and mutually profitable condition.

"Never lie," says Henry Crown. "Never make a representation on which you can't do at least as well as you promised, or preferably a lot better. And always pay interest on time or before time."

Borrowing is not the only way to get your hands on Other People's Money. Edwin Land, for example, did not borrow a cent to start his Polaroid Company. Instead, in 1937, at the age of 28, he persuaded a group of rich men, including W. Averell Harriman, James P. Warburg, and Lewis Strauss, to put up an initial $375,000 in capital. These lucky Midases were so impressed by Land, and the results of his early studies in polarized light, that they let him keep a majority of the voting stock in the new company. This, of course, was years before Land's invention of the famous camera.

After Ahmanson told the mortgage-company president to go jump in the lake, he borrowed $15,000. But he never borrowed another penny, no doubt because he remembered so vividly what creditors had done to his father's estate. Yet in a way Ahmanson may be the biggest user of O.P.M. in the whole lot. The Californians who line up in droves to deposit their savings in his savings-and-loan companies give Ahmanson control over vast amounts of capital. The gross assets of Home Savings & Loan alone are over $1.8 *billion*.

"Money makes money," says W. Clement Stone. That is rule No. 1 for the would-be big rich. You can make the best mousetrap in the world, but you will never get rich earning a taxable income, no matter how big. You must get an equity. You must be a capitalist.

Work like hell. Alas for the sensible fellow who likes a game of golf occasionally, or a rubber of bridge with the neighbors, or who sometimes feels what Hilaire Belloc called "an inability to think, a strong desire to doze and drink." He will never be big rich. Again and again, when you talk with the new big rich, you hear such words as these: "I was working eighteen hours a day at the time." "All that time I used to get up at five and work till about midnight." "I got pretty thin—I never really had time to eat."

The 18-hour day is standard. Edwin Land is capable of concentrated work for two weeks at a time. When he has a problem to solve, or an invention to invent, he goes into seclusion. "You want to be free to think," he says—"not for an hour at a time or three hours at a time, but for two days or two weeks, without interruption. You don't want to drive the family car or go to parties. You wish people would just go away and leave you alone while you get something straight. Then you get it straight . . . and you feel alive and human once again."

This amazing capacity for concentration, which is a mark of all the new big rich, may derive in part from a lucky set of glands. But what W. Clement Stone calls "inspirational dissatisfaction" surely stimulates those glands. All the new big rich seem to have some sort of psychological burr under their saddles.

Sometimes the burr seems to be of family origin—Ahmanson's father is one example, and John MacArthur's rich and domineering older brother Alfred, whom John was determined to outpace, is another. In any case, would-be Horatio Algers should be forewarned. Without that burr—an obsession, magnificent or otherwise—they are not going to make it into the ranks of the new big rich.

Have a good idea and gamble on it. "It was an idea as simple as a safety pin, but no one had ever thought of it before." Howard Ahmanson uses these words often, when he describes one or another of the bright ideas he has had, like his idea of specializing in low-risk insurance on property foreclosed during the depression.

Without exception the new big rich have conceived of a new or better—or at least smarter or cheaper—way of doing something. The basic idea which made Edwin Land so rich—a camera which, in effect, contained its own dark room to turn out finished pictures—was by no means "an idea as simple as a safety pin." It was a remarkable technical achievement, which the Soviets have tried without success to duplicate. But the *basic* idea was simple enough, and it provided something that a lot of people wanted to buy.

John MacArthur's first big idea was selling dollar-a-month life insurance. "I was getting no place at a gallop," MacArthur says. "Then I had the idea of doing business for what a man had in his pocket. Pretty soon I was doing pretty good snatching those dollar bills." By 1935 he had snatched enough dollar bills to buy (partly with O.P.M.) the almost defunct Bankers Life & Casualty Company for $2,500. He put Bankers Life into the dollar-a-month insurance business, and today it is the most valuable single insurance property owned by one man.

As an oil hunter, John Mecom has had a number of new ideas—for example, he has an unconventional penchant for drilling far out on the flanks of the salt domes where oil is usually found. He also likes to drill very deep. "We go a little deeper," he says, "and we try things the majors won't try. . . . Oil people are like ants, they follow each other everywhere. One of our theories is to go where the ants ain't." Going where the ants ain't is another good rule for the would-be rich to remember.

Hire good brains, but run a one-man show. John MacArthur: "I don't want a lot of stockholders breathing down my neck."

John Mecom: "I don't want a lot of stockholders and directors asking me why did you do this, why did you do that, when I need to make decisions."

Howard Ahmanson: "I don't want *anyone* telling me how to run my business."

Edwin Land, Clement Stone and Henry Crown (since the merger with General Dynamics) do have stockholders theoretically breathing down their necks. But Polaroid, Combined Insurance, and Material Service are all, in fact, one-man shows and no questions asked.

The new big rich rarely behave like the traditional beetle-browed Big Boss. "My father never raised his voice to anyone," says Ahmanson, "and I never have either." Edwin Land is careful never to finish another man's sentence, which he considers a sign of intellectual arrogance. Mecom can be disarmingly vague, and when he gets his millions mixed up, his subordinates have no compunctions about correcting him. But no one ever has any doubt who is running the show.

In making themselves rich, the new big rich have invariably made other people rich too—notably those who early attached themselves, like pilot fish, to the big-rich-to-be. Howard Ahmanson, at the age of 40, decided thenceforth to hire no one less than 15 years younger than himself. In his organization there are now several men in their early 40's who joined Ahmanson in their 20's and are by now rich in their own right.

There seems to be a real difference in temperament between the men who have made themselves great capitalists and their prosperous followers and dependents. The difference is illustrated by a story MacArthur tells.

In his early period MacArthur was heavily dependent on Leo Lehane, a brilliant accountant who worked for MacArthur's older brother Alfred. In those days Lehane, now a well-paid senior executive in MacArthur's insurance business, used to moonlight for John MacArthur, preparing his accounts for the insurance examiners. When MacArthur's business began to prosper, he offered Lehane a partnership. Lehane refused. Then MacArthur had another bright idea—he would sell his dollar-a-month insurance by magazine advertising.

By this time MacArthur had $26,000 to play around with. He was offered a contract for $105,000 worth of advertising on favorable terms. But the contract was noncancelable—if the ads flopped, if they failed to "snatch those dollar bills," MacArthur would be ruined. He consulted Lehane, and Lehane told him to go ahead and take the chance. MacArthur signed the contract—and made back the $105,000 on the first month's premiums alone.

This was MacArthur's take-off point. Those ads gave him the capital on which he built his vast wealth. Later he had a talk with Lehane, which (with the near-total recall shared by Ahmanson and Crown) he remembers as follows:

MACARTHUR: "Leo, you should have come in with me."

LEHANE: "No, I shouldn't, John—we wouldn't have made it as partners. I'd never have gone along with those ads."

MACARTHUR: "But goddamit, you told *me* to go ahead."

LEHANE: "Yes, but that was *your* money. If it had been *my* money, I'd have said no, don't do it, don't take a chance. That's the difference between us."

The difference between MacArthur and Lehane is the difference between the very special sort of man who becomes a great capitalist, and the much less unusual (but not necessarily less admirable or less happy) sort of man who becomes a respected and prosperous executive in a big organization.

Once you are rich, you can make a great deal of money with very little risk. But to become rich in the first place, it is necessary not only to have a good idea but also to go for broke to prove your idea will work.

Don't throw your money around, at least until you've got it made. The new big rich are, by and large, a stingy lot.

If for some reason John MacArthur has to put out a cigarette when he has just lit it, he will carefully put it back in the pack for future use. And although MacArthur's servantless bungalow is the least impressive of the houses occupied by any of the new big rich, most of them live in what would be regarded by the old big rich as misery.

John Mecom's house is no shack, to be sure, and neither is Howard Ahmanson's. But among the residences of the new big rich you will look in vain for a Winterthur (du Pont) or a Pocantico Hills (Rockefeller). Daniel Ludwig, who could easily afford both a Winterthur *and* a Pocantico Hills, lives instead in a totally undistinguished suburban house in Darien, Conn.

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On one of John Mecom's three ranches—this one was a Navy blimp base—the oilman's wife, Mary Elizabeth, and daughters, Lannie and Betsy, join him in admiring a favorite horse.

Splendor attracts attention, which is one reason why none of these men lives in real splendor. But there seems to be another and more basic reason. Whether in their private or their business lives, the new big rich hate to spend the kind of money that does not make money. As a result, they are fanatical penny pinchers.

W. Clement Stone has devised a unique system for avoiding bureaucratic overhead, the curse of the insurance business. Not a cent is spent throughout the vast Mecom empire without Big John Mecom's approval. Until recently Henry Crown personally signed every check on the account of the Material Service Corp. And despite the fact that he is the only serious collector, and the only employer of a first-class chef in the whole lot, Howard Ahmanson, who lived throughout the depression on 10 percent of his income, is the most fanatical penny pincher of them all.

"We're absolutely nuts about low-cost operations," says Ahmanson. His Home Savings & Loan operates at 60 percent of the operating cost of the next most economical savings-and-loan outfit. When I interviewed him, Howard Ahmanson had just written a scathing letter to his branch managers, berating them for using 10-cent stamps on passbooks, when a nickel stamp would do the job. The nickels saved, of course, go ultimately into Howard Ahmanson's capacious pocket.

A certain closefistedness was not unusual among the old big rich. John D. Rockefeller was able to undersell and eventually destroy his competitors, according to Ida Tarbell, by cutting back ruthlessly on the cost of such items as bunghole stoppers for his oil barrels. But the old man also built huge houses and, for a Baptist and prohibitionist, he lived in luxury. Except for a few eccentrics like Hetty Green, all the old big rich lived in the kind of unremunerative splendor that would certainly qualify them as "jackasses" to John D. MacArthur.

Shun taxable income like poison. This is the *sine qua non*. The new big rich would be hardly more than comfortably off if they had had to pay taxes on their real incomes at the cruel rates established in the income-tax tables during the 20 postwar years. Some of the new big rich refuse to take any salary as chief officers of their companies—salaries, after all, are taxable.

John MacArthur's allergy to taxation is perhaps the most marked—or at least he is the most outspoken about it. Representatives of the Infernal Internal Revenue Service, he says, are constantly "nosing around, giving me a lot of lip." One cannot help feeling a certain sympathy for the unfortunate revenue agents assigned to take on the formidable MacArthur.

One of his battles with the IIRS involved a racehorse. MacArthur had gone to a cocktail party, where people kept putting drinks in front of him. He hates to waste liquor as much as he hates to waste anything else. After the cocktail party he found himself at a horse auction with the beautiful wife of one of the old big rich, who kept urging him to lift a finger during the bidding. MacArthur thought she was using him as some sort of front, but instead he discovered that he had bought a racehorse for $25,000.

So," he says, "I write the check, and I race him a couple of times, and then he breaks his leg. So I write him off as a loss, and pretty soon the Infernal Internal Revenue Service comes nosing around. They ask me, for what purpose did you buy this horse? I tell them, it's none of your goddam business what I bought the horse for, but if you want to know, I got stiff as a billy goat is why I bought the horse."

As usual, MacArthur won.

John MacArthur is one of three men considered in this report who made their basic fortunes in the insurance business, the others being Howard Ahmanson and W. Clement Stone. Only one—John Mecom—is an oilman. This ratio is undoubtedly weighted against oil as a source of great new wealth. William Keck, R. E. Smith and James Abercrombie, whose names are listed at the beginning of this article, all made their money in oil (Leo Corrigan is in real estate, and Charles Allen Jr. is a financier). Oil has probably been the greatest fortune builder of the postwar period, but insurance is no less than the second greatest, and real estate the third, with savings-and-loans and new patent-protected processes also in the running.

In each case the Federal Government has played a key role as a fortune builder, in one way or another. In its role as tax collector, for example, the Federal Government smiles with exceptional benignity on oil, insurance and real estate.

The oil business is blessed, of course, with the 27½ percent depletion allowance. The depletion allowance permits

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W. Clement Stone enjoys swimming in Lake Michigan so much that he takes ice-cold baths during winter to prepare for the first frigid dip of each spring.

You'll never get rich—big rich—working for somebody else.

Mecom and his fellow oilmen to pay no income tax at all on the first 27½ percent of their oil income. Oilmen are also favored in other ways—for example, they can take large tax deductions for "intangible drilling expenses" in a fashion less-favored businesses are denied. Thus an oilman with a good tax lawyer can pay little or no income tax on a real income of millions of dollars. According to a U.S. Treasury analysis in 1959, 19 persons reported an adjusted gross income of more than five million dollars. Five, quite legally, paid no income tax at all. It is a reasonable guess that a majority of the five were oilmen.

One or two may have been in real estate. In real estate the magic word is not "depletion" but "depreciation." Real-estate financing is a complex subject, but the heart of the matter is simple enough. As soon as you build or buy real-estate property—an office building, an apartment house, a hotel—you begin to depreciate it over a 40-year period, the assumption being that it will be worthless after 40 years.

If you use a system called "accelerated depreciation," however, you are allowed to write off the cost of the building at more than the normal rate for the first few years. Thus if you depreciate the property at a rate of $500,000 a year, and you have $500,000 in rental income, your $500,000 isn't income at all, in the eyes of the Internal Revenue Service. So you pocket the money. After depreciating your property for five years or so, pocketing your tax-free half million each year, you sell it to another rich man—almost always at a profit on the rising market of recent years. Then you buy another property, and the delightful process of depreciation starts all over again.

Insurance finances are particularly complex, but again the essential point is simple. Life-insurance companies, and companies which for tax purposes are treated like life-insurance companies—as MacArthur's, Ahmanson's and Stone's all are—get a special tax break. The tax break was designed to make it possible for insurance companies to build a healthy reserve against their promise to pay off on policies. But the tax break also makes it possible for the lucky man who owns an insurance company to plow back investment and other income into his company while paying very low taxes or none at all. Insurance thus offers a rich man a way to become steadily richer with minimum interference from the Internal Revenue Service.

Howard Ahmanson's savings-and-loan companies also get a tax break—they are permitted to build up a big tax-free reserve against bad debts. The Federal Government lends a helping hand in other ways too. Deposits up to $10,000 are insured by the Government, which gives depositors a safe, warm feeling—one reason Ahmanson has so many of them. At the same time many real-estate loans are insured by the Veterans Administration or the Federal Housing Administration. In this sense a savings-and-loan company is insured at both ends by the U.S. taxpayer.

The Federal Government has also played a key role in creating the vast fortune Edwin Land hates to talk about. The Polaroid Company is protected by many patents. Some of the original patents will run out soon, but Land and his collaborators have constantly added improvements to the camera, such as the color process, and the patents on these new processes will prolong the Government's protection of Polaroid for many more years.

Other big postwar fortunes are based on patent-protected processes—for example, the huge fortune of John Erik Jonsson, major stockholder in Texas Instruments. But Land appears to be unique in that he is simultaneously the chief inventor, the major stockholder and the boss of the business. In other postwar patent-protected industries, scientist-inventors usually are very-well-paid hired hands.

Perhaps because making money really is "incidental" to him, the great bulk of Land's fortune remains in Polaroid. All the other new big rich, once they made their basic fortune, have spread the risk by diversifying, mostly into real estate. One suspects that in almost every case there is an emotional as well as financial gratification in real estate.

"You see something coming out of the ground," says MacArthur. "You see houses and bicycles and kids, where there was nothing but palmettos and rattlesnakes—that gives you more of a thrill than anything else."

John Mecom is certainly getting a thrill out of his attempt to turn the old Warwick into a great luxury hotel, and the high point of Henry Crown's career was the period when he owned, all by himself, the whole vast Empire State Building. Perhaps owning square miles filled with "houses and bicycles and kids," or a luxury hotel, or the Empire State Building, helps to soothe the twitchiness from which all the big rich suffer.

This raises a question moralists have been debating for centuries: Does money bring happiness?

The new big rich did not strike this reporter as particularly happy men. They suffer their share of the ills of ordinary mortals—MacArthur's ulcers, Mecom's painful skin, Ahmanson's gout—and they have worries, from the fear of kidnaping to the fear of losing vast sums, which ordinary mortals do not know. Of the six, only Howard Ahmanson seems to derive any great pleasure from the beautiful objects or creature comforts money will buy.

And yet, except perhaps for Edwin Land (who might have been happy as, say, a highly respected M.I.T. professor), all the others would certainly have been very unhappy if they had *not* made great fortunes. Then their "inspirational dissatisfaction"—that burr under the saddle—would certainly have become intolerable.

This raises—and largely answers—still another question: Why? Unless a man has a taste for splendor like that of Louis Quatorze—and most of these men have no taste for splendor at all—the kind of money they have made is simply unspendable by any human being. So why fight, and scheme, and work 18 hours a day, to get it?

"When a man has acquired wealth," says W. Clement Stone, "he thinks about helping mankind." He himself has established a charitable foundation, one purpose of which is to subsidize further study of extrasensory perception, a subject which fascinates Stone. Henry Crown and a few of the others go in for more conventional charities. Howard Ahmanson, for example, gave $2 million to help build the new art museum in Los Angeles. Crown, Mecom and Ahmanson also clearly hope and intend to found family dynasties, to carry on their businesses and their names.

But this sort of thing does not really answer the question: Why? Howard Ahmanson probably came close to the answer when he compared money-making to yacht racing. Until recently he was a champion yachtsman, and he used to half kill himself to win a race, although there was no money in winning and not much glory. "Maybe I am by nature a little bit competitive," he says with a grin.

John D. MacArthur puts the matter more simply. "What the hell," he says. "You're in a game—you want to win it."

Perhaps the answer is really as simple as that. □

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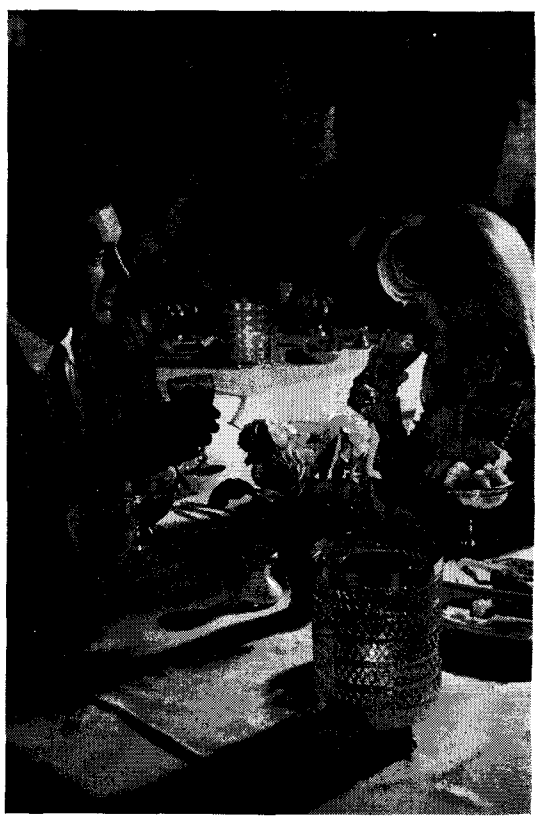

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Illustrated by Guy Deel

THE WILDEST RIDE

By Philip Nicoloff

"It was scary and great," he said. "I ain't sorry."

When a thunderstorm caught up with them just outside Alexandria, Uncle Clyde stopped the pickup truck at the side of the road and put the two suitcases in the front seat, where they wouldn't get wet. So Bart sat with his shoes on his suitcase. This felt better anyway, because he had been straining to make his feet reach the floor, and only his toes touched. He rested his hands on his knees and looked through the streaming window at what he could see of the flat farmland. When the sun came out again, Uncle Clyde stopped once more and put the suitcases back in the bed of the truck with the empty oil drums. He probably did this because, with a suitcase under her feet, Olivia kept fussing at her skirt, trying to pull it down over her raised knees. Olivia was always being silly and making people do special things for her. Like making the driver stop the bus at some dinky place in Kansas so she could go to the bathroom.

When they reached Five Corners and turned off onto the dirt road, Bart began to remember things, not the farm buildings so much, but the way the road went. It went straight along until it reached the low bluff above Bill's Creek, and then it traveled the bluff, dipping and rising, past the flat bottom land already rich in corn and the slightly tilted pastures above the bluff, where sheep and cows lay under trees and didn't seem to notice them go by. One last long dip, and they were on the wooden bridge that crossed the creek, the truck engine going louder and louder as Uncle Clyde picked up speed for the little hill beyond. The bridge girders went *whick, whick, whick*. The creek water was still and almost black, except where the sunlight got through between the trees. And then they were shooting up the hill.

Once up the hill, Bart could see a large barn off in the distance to the right, dusty white and square against the woods. The silver roof of its silo flashed in the sunshine, maybe still wet from the rain. That was Uncle Clyde's barn. Bart remembered almost everything now. In the sky beyond Uncle Clyde's woods there was a great patch of slanting darkness beneath a thunderhead, and off further, to the west, more big clouds. The land was flat again. Telephone poles and fence posts went by fast. The fields went by more slowly, things in the distance hardly moving at all, like Uncle Clyde's barn. Sometimes a shed or farmhouse or cluster of trees got in the way, but the white barn would always appear again just where his eyes were looking for it.

"Henry Ade's place," Uncle Clyde said, and Bart turned his head so he could look through the rear window at a retreating little house, dark brown from lack of paint, automobile bodies scattered about in the yard.

"I remember that," Bart said, feeling pretty certain that he did.

"That used to be the schoolhouse," Uncle Clyde said. "Paul says they got more kids in there now than when it was a school. Henry's got thirteen of 'em." Uncle Clyde laughed a little.

"Every year we're getting more and more indigent people like that near where we live," Olivia said. "They come from all over, and they look just *terrible*."

"Matter of fact, I've heard Henry speak of goin' to California," Uncle Clyde said, "but I reckon he can't make out how to carry all those kids."

The road turned and was heading straight toward Uncle Clyde's farm. Now Bart could see the low tractor shed and the little red gasoline pump that marked the entrance to the lane.

"I remember all this real well," he said.

"I think you just pretend you remember so much," Olivia said, and gave him a punch with her elbow. Her arm was sticky with sweat, so he said, "Glagh!" and wiped his arm off on his shirt. He hung his other arm out the window the way Mom said never to do. He tried to remember what his father thought about such things, but he couldn't remember. Anyway, maybe it wasn't important now. He didn't know. He hadn't really had time yet to think about his father.

"There they are. There're your cousins," Uncle Clyde said, and turned sharply into the lane, the rear tires sliding in the gravel and the big oil drums rolling and clanging across the truck bed.

A little girl was running toward them down from the farmhouse, under the shadow of trees. Uncle Clyde beeped his horn once, and Bart felt himself sliding over into Olivia as the truck spun sharply.

"Whoa, Penny! Get back there!"

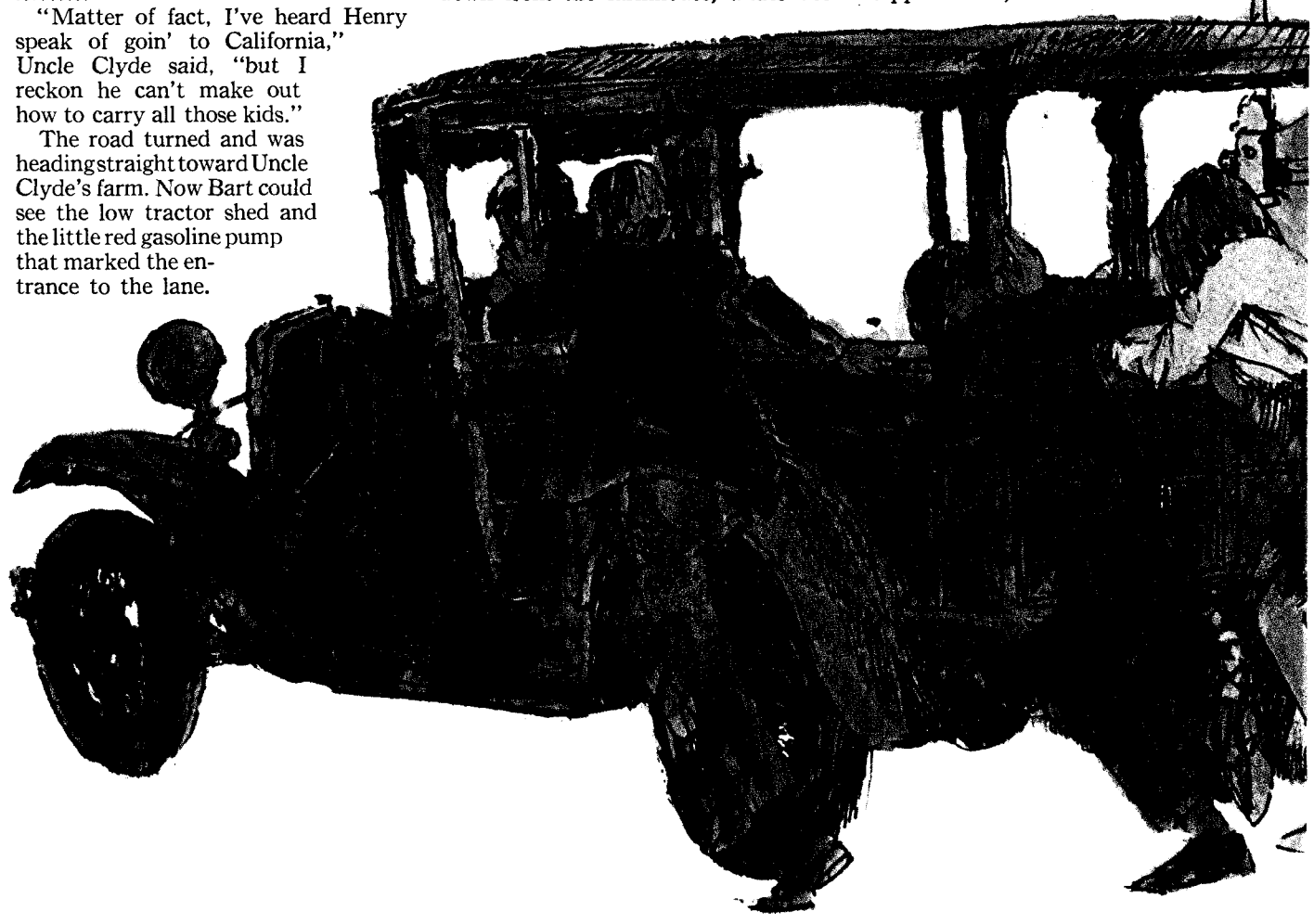
Uncle Clyde stopped the truck, and Bart could hear the wind blowing in the shade trees. The little girl's face peeped in at Uncle Clyde's window. She was bouncing on the running board, and the truck dipped slightly back and forth.

"I don't reckon you know these two, do you, Penny?"

Penny looked past her father, her eyes wide and blinking slowly.

"I'm your cousin Olivia," Olivia said, "and this is your cousin Bartram."

Bart lifted the latch and shoved the door open. As he stepped down, he saw his other



The car began rolling. There was a bang and it shot away down the street.

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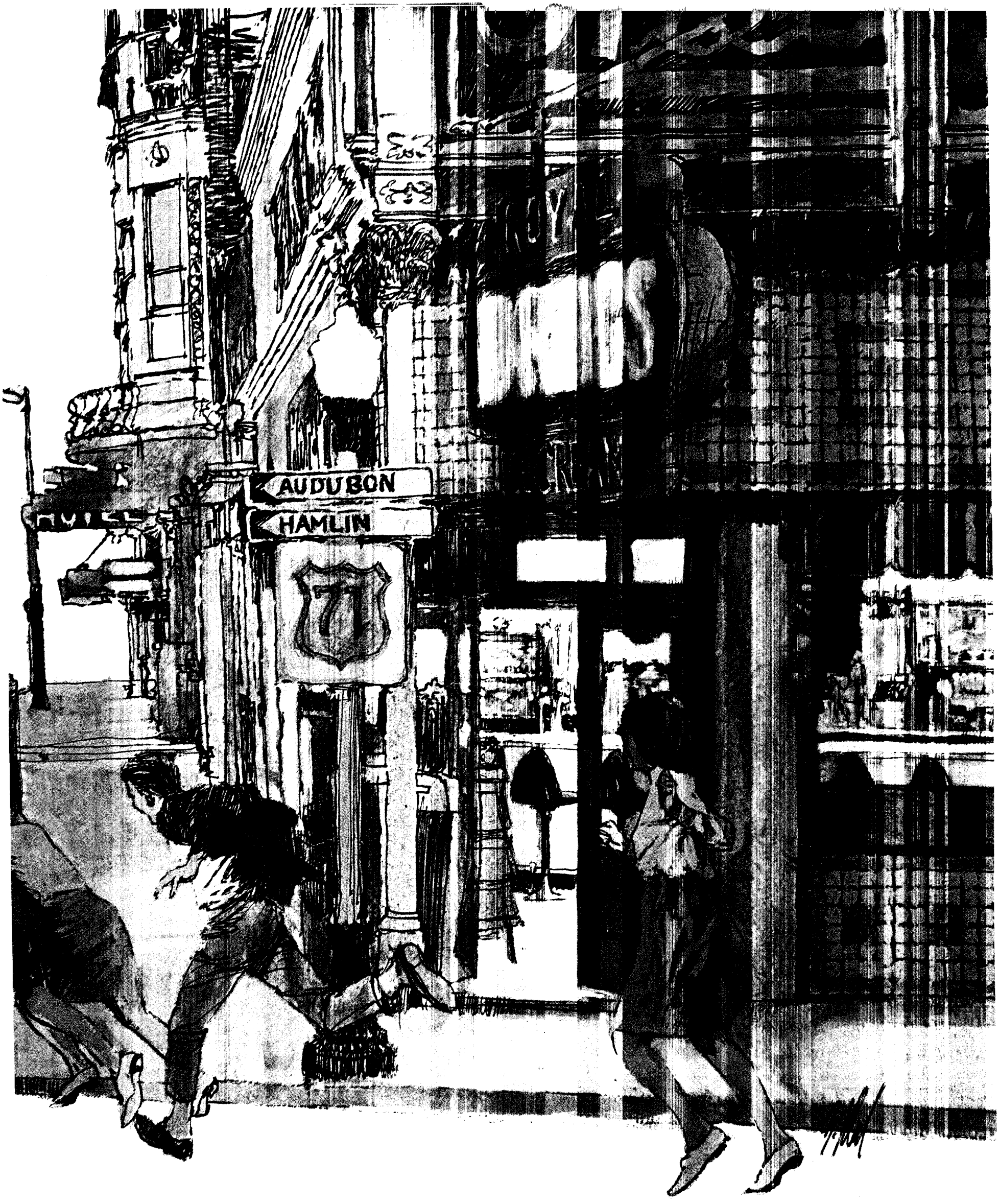

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cousins coming toward the truck, walking slowly, all of them grinning. Behind them, coming still more slowly, was Uncle Clyde's wife, Aunt Esther. She had her hands under her apron and moved along as if there might be another baby growing there. A little black-and-white terrier came fast around the side of the house and began barking at everybody. It was mostly still pup, so it couldn't be the dog he thought he could remember.

"Skip, git on!" shouted one of the boys, and gave the pup a kick with his bare foot. That would be Max, because he had dark hair. Uncle Clyde's other three boys, Paul and Lester and Ticky, didn't have such dark hair. Uncle Clyde's girls, three counting Penny, were mostly blond. Paul was the oldest, but Paul didn't seem to be there now. Paul was the one he remembered best, the one that once gave him a present.

The six cousins were now grouped in a loose half circle in front of him, the boys standing separate from the girls. Only Max, stocky and strong, was looking directly at him, his lower lip stuck out. The others drooped their eyes, the little ones with curled toes scratching at the wet grass. He couldn't see why *they* should be scared.

"Ain't Paul here?" Uncle Clyde asked.

"He's yonder at the barn trying to fix that stall old Queenie broke," Lester said. Lester said this in a slow, half-humorous way, as if there were something foolish in what Paul was doing. Now he was looking at Bart and grinning at him with the same slow, playful expression. Lester was the second oldest of Uncle Clyde's boys. His hair was cut close so that his head showed through, a head that was a little too small for his long, thin body, and a bit pointed at the back. Bart didn't think Lester looked as healthy as farm boys ought to look. He wasn't nearly so tanned as Max and Ticky, or even the girls. And there was a place in his neck where the flesh went in, where the skin was white and shiny.

Olivia had walked over to the girls and was introducing herself. Real snooty. Olivia was the first girl grandchild, and that was why she was Rotten Spoiled.

"We remember you and Bart real good," Rosemary said. "At least me and Clara do."

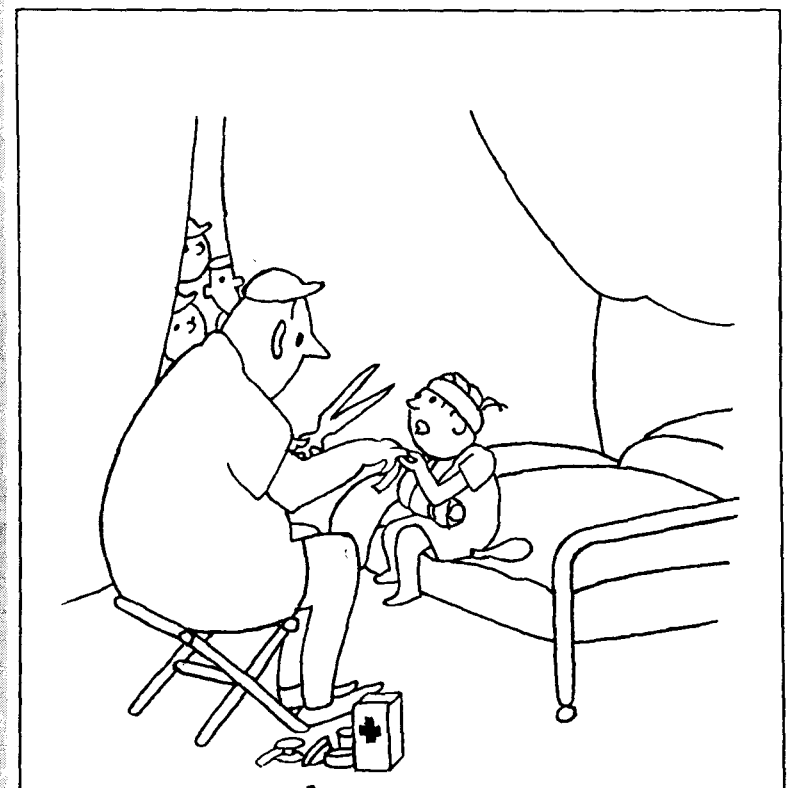
"Of course, I remember all of you very well," Olivia said, and with a sigh she looked around at the boys and then at the house and the fields and the road and the whole world where she was.

"Don't Livvy look growed up!" Aunt Esther said.

Olivia made a half-turn on her sandals, so that her skirt lifted out a little. Wants to be gawked at, Bart thought, because she's lived in Los Angeles and these are just farm girls, and she hates their guts. He liked the idea of a girl's guts. Everyone had guts and only sissies like Olivia didn't want anybody to say so.

"Let's go get Paul!" Max said, and gave Ticky, who was the youngest, a push which started him trotting. Bart started to run, too, for just a step, and then stood still. To the barn. To see Paul and the barn—that *was* just what he wanted most to do. But he didn't want to give Olivia the chance to boss him. He was in his hot, dressy clothes,

America, America



"What happens to me my second day at camp?"

with a tie on. So he'd have to find out who was going to be his boss now. It ought to be Paul. Paul was the oldest, and a boy. He wanted to see Paul so much it made him feel cold in his stomach.

"Hey, let's carry them suitcases in first," Uncle Clyde said to Max.

Max stopped, and then ran in a big curve and jumped, *zing*, right up into the bed of the truck. Max was thirteen, and he could *jump*. "Heck, these ain't nothin' to carry," Max said, and heaved the two suitcases, one in each hand, out over the side of the truck.

"Lemme have one," Ticky said, and pulled the bigger suitcase down out of Max's hand.

"That one's Livvy's," Uncle Clyde said. "You give it to Rosemary to take in. Livvy's going to sleep with Rosemary. You carry Bart's if you think you can manage."

Ticky took hold of Bart's suitcase, banging it on the ground while he adjusted his grip. Uncle Clyde looked at him, smiling. "Bart, you'll be sleeping with Paul."

All right. He looked out toward the barn again. Everything seemed to shimmer, the sun was that bright. All down the lane he could see shining puddles of water wrinkling in the wind.

"Now let's go!" Max shouted, jumping out of the truck bed and already running, it seemed, before his feet quite hit the ground, off toward the barn. Ticky dropped the suitcase and roared after him, his head tilted down to one side, a whirring sound coming from his throat. Bart started toward the barn, walking.

"You interested in the barn?" Lester said, coming up behind him and touching his shoulder. "I reckon Paul'll be back when he's ready, don't you?"

"I guess so," Bart said. He stopped.

Lester made his slow grin again, his cheeks drawing up so that his eyes pinched almost shut. "Lookit here," Lester said. He had something in his pocket. Uncle Clyde, Aunt Esther, and the girls were going into the house. "It's a perpetual calendar." Lester held the little flat metal disk down where he could see it. With his thumb he was turning the wheel, and blocks of numbers were passing across the cutout. "See, no matter what year you're in, you can find out the exact date."

"How'd you get it?"

"I won it," Lester said.

"That's swell to have."

"I'm giving it to you."

"For nothing?"

"It didn't cost me nothing."

"Thanks," Bart said. He put the disk in his pocket, but kept his hand around it, trying for a moment to get the wheel to turn inside there.

"If you still want to go to the barn, I'll give you a ride on my bike," Lester said.

"All right. If *you* want to go."

They walked to the house together and Lester straightened up his bike, which was leaning against the brick steps.

"Can you ride handlebars?"

"Sure," Bart said. "Has Paul really got a car?"

"He's got an old junky with no seats. Did he write you he had a car?"

Bart nodded. Lester spat on the ground. "It's just an old junky," he said.

They went coasting down off the lawn, the front wheel bobbing over tree roots, so that Bart had to hang on hard as he could, and then they were in the lane, going pretty fast, right through the puddles, with the muddy water splashing up against his pants legs. He saw some pigs in a wallow behind a fence, but was afraid to turn his head to watch them. The barn jiggled straight ahead, growing larger and larger. He could feel Lester's breath against the back of his neck.

"Hold tight, 'cause we're goin' right in," Lester said. And the bike headed straight for the ramp that went up into the blackness of the doorway. They hit the darkness like black water, *whoom*, and the bike skidded sideways on the wooden floor, Lester's foot dragging in the dust and loose hay. Bart slid off, smelling the hay and manure, watching the white dust like smoke in the brightness of the door. He could hear a banging against a wall and the stomp of hooves down below. Maybe a bull. They used to have a bull.

Lester was breathing hard, his hands on his hips. Pigeons were cooing.

"Hey, Max!" Lester called. "Ticky!"

They could hear Ticky calling back from down below.

Straight ahead in the darkness was the big combine. And ahead of it some other large farm machines. On either side were wooden walls going up about eight feet, with wooden ladders and old dried harness hanging down. Above was the loft, its bales of hay stacked high toward the roof.

There was the noise of someone climbing up from below. Ticky's head poked out of a hole.

"Paul ain't anywheres," Ticky said. "Max's gone back in the pasture to try to get aholt of old Queenie."

Lester snorted.

"Who's Queenie?" Bart said.

"She's a horse," Lester said. "Max ain't catchin' no Queenie."

Ticky climbed up the ladder and swung off onto the floor. "Golly, she ever a racer, huh, Lester? Paul bought her at the Fair Grounds."

"She's fifteen years old and half blind," Lester said. "But Max ain't gonna catch her."

"Paul's the only one can ride her," Ticky said. "Wait'll you see him go it bareback. *Bzzzzt!*" He made a wide swing with his arms.

"I ain't tried her yet," Lester said, and he spat onto the floor and pushed some dust over the spot with his shoe.

"I'm goin' up the house," Ticky said. "Mom said we could freeze some ice cream before supper."

Ticky ran out through the door. It became quiet. It was nice. There were feed smells now, and some sour smells like kraut.

"Isn't Paul here?"

Lester didn't answer. He leaned back against the wall and took a little bag of tobacco out of his shirt pocket. He licked his thumb and whipped out a sheet of cigarette paper.

"You smoke?" Bart said.

"Just my own kind."

Lester made his cigarette. He made it mostly with one hand, the way their grandfather used to. But Bart couldn't remember what Grandfather had looked like, just that he was big and maybe liked to tease. He had been killed by a train, pulling a load of baled hay with his tractor up over the crossing at Mumford and losing the back half of his load, and, when he saw the train coming, trying to back off the crossing for fear he'd dump some hay on the tracks. But the wagon had buckled against the bales that were already down and stalled the tractor. Mother had read the letter about it. It was the only death he could remember in the family, and all the talk about it was very exciting. Some said Grandfather

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had been brave and some said foolish. And they always kind of smiled when they talked about it, so it was hard to tell what they really thought. Father went to the funeral and didn't come back for more than a month.

"What you like to do best on the farm?" Bart asked.

"I don't favor farm work much," Lester said, and blew out his first puff of smoke. His cigarette had come out flat at the ends and was so bulgy in the middle that the paper didn't quite cover it all. "Soon's I'm eighteen I'm takin' off West."

"Doing what?"

"I think I'd like to sell. Be on the road all the time in a big car and stay at hotels."

Lester closed one eye and began puffing through his cigarette without taking it out of his mouth. His face gradually disappeared behind the smoke. There was just the glow going bright and soft. And then he spat the cigarette on the floor and ground it out.

"You want to ride with me back to the house or not?" Lester said.

"I thought I'd look around the barn awhile. Where do you think Paul went?"

"Maybe he's back in the woods after squirrels. Or gone to town."

"He wouldn't do that, would he?"

"Well, he's gone somewhere. Everyone else come to meet you, didn't they?"

Lester picked up his bike and stood with it in the brightness of the barn door. Thin shafts of light coming down through the roof made little circles on the floor. Gradually the doorway darkened and the little circles of light dimmed out.

"Fixin' to rain again," Lester said. "I'm goin' back to the house. You comin'?"

"I'll look a little," Bart said.

Lester coasted out of the door and down the ramp and away. Lester doesn't like me too much, Bart thought. Farm people probably didn't take much to city kids, even if they were relatives. And probably they didn't like divorces here in Iowa. For that matter, he didn't like divorces, either. Then he told himself what it was that he really knew: Lester didn't like Paul.

He walked over to the ladder and went up fast into the haymow. There were two small windows, high up at either end of the barn, which he could reach if he climbed on bales. At the back end, where the silo was, he would be three stories up, and at the front end only two, so he decided to walk toward the back of the mow. It was quite dark now. A sound like fast running went across the roof from front to back. It had begun to rain again. He stopped at a hay chute and took the pitchfork and pretended he was throwing down a big load. The fork handle was smooth and cool, and he could feel his arms swell up as he gripped it.

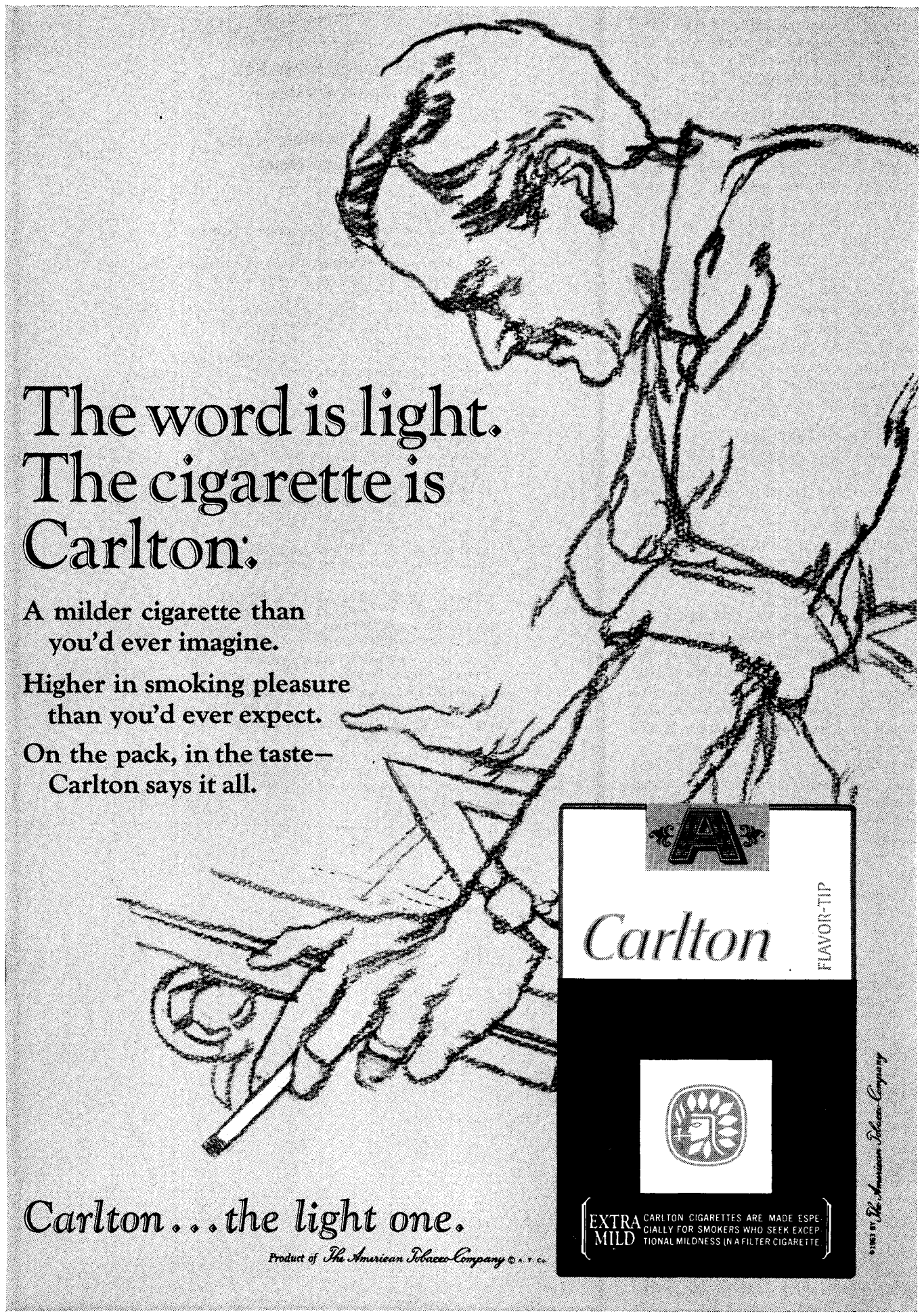
Now some rain went by on the roof again, like thrown pebbles. He reached the end of the mow and began climbing up the bales of hay. He could see part way into the silo, where a steel ladder went up and up. He wouldn't bother to climb that.

By holding to the wires on one of the bales he could lean out and see through the dusty, small-paned window. Flies were humming about, banging against the glass. There were gray streaks of pigeon droppings. Outside, a great dark cloud was over the whole farm. And off under the cloud was the woods, near enough for him to see the top limbs of the trees waving. There were several gaps in the woods to show where the creek went through, and beyond the woods the squares of farmland stretched right off to the horizon. It was mostly sunlight over there, with only a few dark shadows moving across the dark-green and light-green and purple fields. Closer, the Holstein cows were lying under trees in the pasture. With his nose pressed against the glass, he could see the end of the trolley which stopped at the manure pit. He could ever so vaguely remember some jokes, or threats, about the manure trolley.

"Paul," he said, rather weakly, mostly just to hear his voice up close.

He slid down from bale to bale and climbed down the ladder to the barn floor again. His throat was beginning to feel dry and hay dust was itching his neck. He opened a latched door next to the swath turner and went in. This was a feed room, with stacked bags of feed on all sides. Down the chute he got a glimpse of the concrete floor of the milking room. When milking time came, he could help with that. First you washed the udder and then you put the suction cups on the teats, being careful not to fold the teats over or let the suction cups fall and get dirty.

The feed room had a single window and a sliding door that opened to the outside of the barn. He unlatched the door, pushed it open a crack. Outside was just air and the top of a tree. He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stuck his head through. Directly below was a gravel path leading to the cow lot, too far and hard to jump. Beyond the path was the spot where the deep grass was, and where water always stood after a rain. The wind blew hard, the grass waved and parted, and the darkness of the sky reflected on the rippled surface. Raindrops blew in his face.

Down in the grass, down toward the water trough, was a man. He was lying on his back. His straw hat was turned up in the weeds. Water was washing over his face, and underneath the water the eyes looked closed. A large coil of wire lay in the crook of one arm. The hand of the arm was raised, palm up, and on the palm some dark thing, like a large insect, was moving slowly. The hand didn't shake it off. It's terrible, Bart thought.

"Is he foolin' with you?" Lester said, and Bart felt Lester's fingers pressing into his shoulder, keeping him from leaning out the door.

"I just saw him. Gee, Lester."

"I think Paul's dead."

"He sure looks dead."

"I come back to get some cream. My bike's by the milkhouse. You go tell Dad Paul's hurt."

Lester pushed back the door and jumped out. He landed below on all fours and then stood up and looked down at the water.

"What are you going to do?" Bart called.

But Lester didn't seem to hear him. He just kept looking at Paul. The wind started to gust very hard, and the grasses bent against the water, turning it silver and black over Paul's face. Bart turned, and without looking back started off through the barn toward the house, running as hard as he could, forgetting about the bike.

Bart and Clara were sitting at the kitchen table. Rosemary and Olivia were doing the dishes. Outside it was dark. Fireflies were shining at the screen door. He watched them glow and turn off, trying to guess where each would be when it came on again. Sometimes two glowed at once, making eyes in a face. The kitchen was where the back shed had been before, and it still smelled of naphtha and corncobs. The old kitchen was now the sitting room, and the front parlors were bedrooms.

"You oughtn't to whistle," Olivia said to Clara.

"I wasn't whistling," Clara said.

"Why don't you put the plates away?" Rosemary said.

"I can hear Ticky," Clara said. "He's out on the floor playing with his train. I'll give him such a *whack*."

"Don't you dare," Rosemary said.

"Mom would."

"No, she wouldn't. Would she, Olivia?"

"No, I don't believe she would," Olivia said. "Certainly not tonight."

Clara bent over the table toward Bart, one hand cupped beside her mouth. "I think Livvy's just too fruity," she whispered.

He didn't answer. Out in the darkness, beyond her face, he heard a distant clanging of milk pails. Lester and Max were coming back from their late milking. He turned away from Clara, feeling again the humiliation of Uncle Clyde's forbidding him to go to the barn. He'd been left with girls. Lester and Max were walking through the soft night, up the lane, carrying pails of warm, frothy milk on which the moonlight shone. The thought made him tingle.

"I'm goin' to have some Wheaties for dessert," Clara said. "You want some, Bart?"

"No more eatin'," Rosemary said, and she came over and plopped a wet dishcloth on the table and began wiping it off. Then she came back with a broom and began sweeping under the table. "You put them dishes away, *hear?*"

Clara pulled her legs up on her chair and wrapped her arms about her knees. She was the skinniest of Uncle Clyde's three girls, with a flat, freckled nose, and bones sticking out underneath her neck. But he might have to tell her she was good-looking. She had already told him he was handsome, only his hair was too long. Her birthday was in June and his was in September. That made her three months older than he, but she hadn't mentioned it. She was very respectful. In fact, they were all treating him with respect. That was because he was the one who had first seen Paul's body.

Rosemary finished putting away the dishes and came over to the table and sat down. She was slant-shouldered like her mother, and her lower teeth seemed to be in front of her uppers when she smiled. But she had big, strong hands with knuckles like a boy's. He thought he liked her too. He thought he probably liked everyone here—except Miss Snooty-Pants. A sad, hollow feeling began inside him as he thought of liking them.

"Was Mom cryin'?" Clara said.

"She just yelled she had to go too," Rosemary said. "She looked at Paul in the back of the truck, and Dad hugged her, and then she got in. I ain't heard anybody cry." She looked about at them, not as if to accuse anyone, but just puzzled. Now she looked like she was smiling a bit. Bart felt himself starting to smile, and sucked his lips in so he could pinch them with his teeth.

"Sometimes it's better if one cries," Olivia said, and spread her skirt out and sat down.

"Bart knowed he was dead," Clara said.

He didn't say anything because it wasn't a question.

"Did you know?" Olivia said.

He put his feet up on the crosspiece under the table. "I knew he was dead," he said. "But Lester said just say Paul's hurt. So I said to Uncle Clyde, 'Paul's hurt himself at the barn.'"

"Dad has rheumatism in his back," Clara said.

"You were real pale," Olivia said. "That was why Uncle Clyde went so fast."

"You didn't look pale," Clara said.

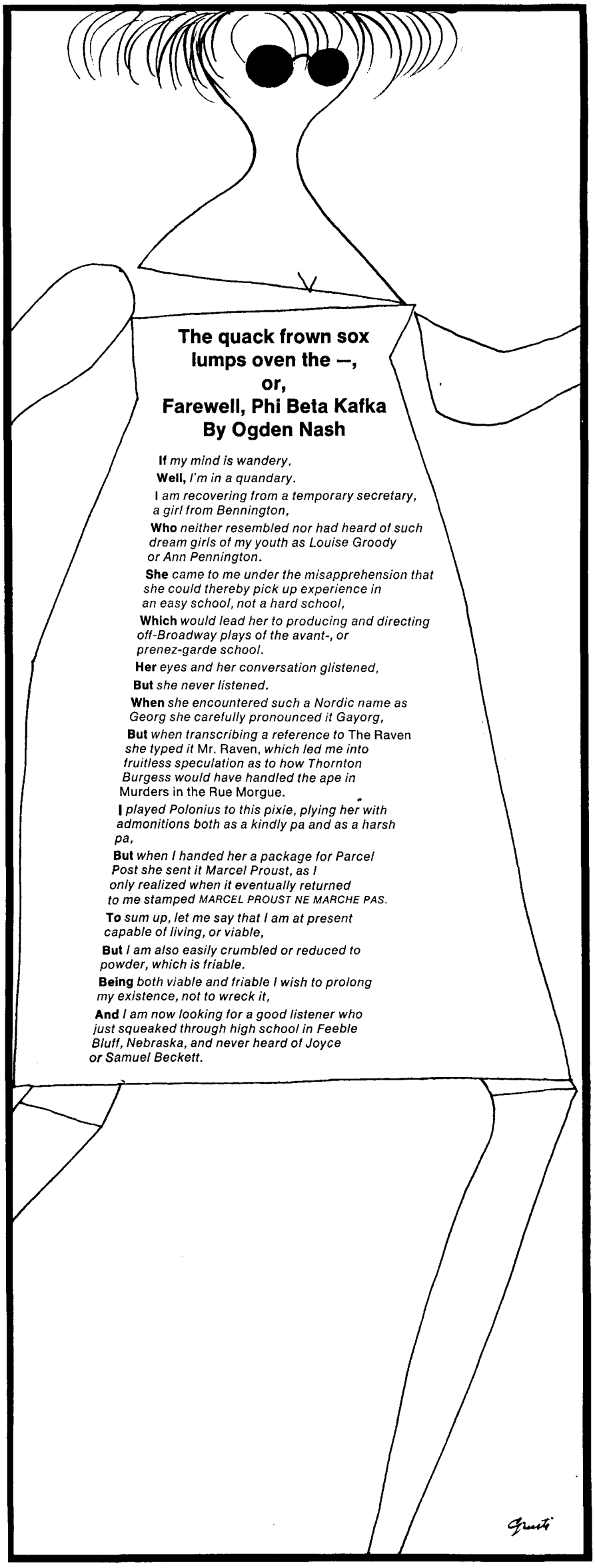
"Ticky said he fell off the roof," Rosemary said. "Didn't Dad say anything?"

"He said to go back in the house."

Olivia giggled and then crossed her hands and looked sleepy-eyed.

"Lester and Max know," Clara said. She looked around at Bart. "And I bet you know."

Olivia began breathing loud and funny and then started sobbing. Her lips went up in an ugly way, showing all her gums. Her eyes were closed, like she was going to sneeze. Then she put her head down on her hands and


The quack frown sox
lumps oven the —,
or,
Farewell, Phi Beta Kafka
By Ogden Nash
If my mind is wandery,
Well, I'm in a quandary.
I am recovering from a temporary secretary,
a girl from Bennington,
Who neither resembled nor had heard of such
dream girls of my youth as Louise Groody
or Ann Pennington.
She came to me under the misapprehension that
she could thereby pick up experience in
an easy school, not a hard school,
Which would lead her to producing and directing
off-Broadway plays of the avant-, or
prenez-garde school.
Her eyes and her conversation glistened,
But she never listened.
When she encountered such a Nordic name as
Georg she carefully pronounced it Gayorg,
But when transcribing a reference to The Raven
she typed it Mr. Raven, which led me into
fruitless speculation as to how Thornton
Burgess would have handled the ape in
Murders in the Rue Morgue.
I played Polonius to this pixie, plying her with
admonitions both as a kindly pa and as a harsh
pa,
But when I handed her a package for Parcel
Post she sent it Marcel Proust, as I
only realized when it eventually returned
to me stamped MARCEL PROUST NE MARCHE PAS.
To sum up, let me say that I am at present
capable of living, or viable,
But I am also easily crumbled or reduced to
powder, which is friable.
Being both viable and friable I wish to prolong
my existence, not to wreck it,
And I am now looking for a good listener who
just squeaked through high school in Feeble
Bluff, Nebraska, and never heard of Joyce
or Samuel Beckett.

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bawled. Rosemary and Clara began crying too. He watched them, the sadness puffing up in him again.

Outside in the night he saw headlights flashing across the sweet corn and beanstalks in the garden.

"Dad and Mom are back," Rosemary said, and jumped up.

"That ain't the truck," Clara said. "I bet it's Mrs. Hull. Dad called her to come take care of the house."

"Don't say 'I bet' all the time," Rosemary said.

The car had stopped in the yard. Rosemary and Clara went through the sitting room toward the front of the house. Bart was sitting beside Olivia, listening. And then he heard a woman's voice, low and matter-of-fact. He got up.

"Where are you going?" Olivia said.

"I'm going to find Lester and Max," he said. He was already pushing the screen door open.

"Better not," Olivia said.

He went on out into the darkness, leaving Olivia alone in the kitchen. Night bugs brushed against his face. He turned the corner, going into the back lot between the windmill and the garden gate. The moon, almost full, shone over the woods. Far away a dog was barking, and up close Aunt Esther's hens were murmuring a little in the chicken yard. The air was heavy and damp, soft on his face. It was full of little flashes of light, and talking sounds.

At the end of the lot fence, standing in the middle of the lane, was Lester. Max was sitting on the top rail of the fence. Their buckets were on the ground, and they were talking.

"That you, Bart?" he heard Lester say.

"I think Mrs. Hull's here," he said, and walked toward them.

"She'll make us go right to bed," Max said. "She's hell for makin' folks go to bed."

Bart joined them.

"You still fixin' to sleep in Paul's room?" Max said.

"I don't know."

Max looked back toward the woods, wobbling a moment and then fixing his feet in behind a bar on the fence. "Look there by the hick'ry."

He could see something move beneath the tree, something big and dark. "You reckon she knows?" Max said.

"How do you suppose she would know?" Lester said. Bart could see Lester's thin face half lit by the moonlight. His eyes were staring off at the thing in the pasture under the tree. "She weren't nobody's horse in particular. Not really."

"Can't nobody ride her now, anyway," Max said.

"If I ever wanted to, I could ride her," Lester said, and he spat through the bars of the fence.

"Can't nobody even catch her," Max said.

"Bugs is gettin' in the milk," Lester said.

"We had to milk by hand," Max said. "Dad turned off the electricity so he could get the wire off Paul, and Lester was scared to turn it on for the milkers."

"Were you scared, Lester?" Bart said.

"Huh?" Lester said. "I ain't scared of electricity."

"The cows was scared of the lantern," Max said.

"Cows is the dumbest animals in the world," Lester said.

"Horses is the smartest," Max said. "Queenie can tell the days of the week, because Saturday afternoons she comes to the pasture gate so Paul can ride her."

The horse under the hickory tree suddenly broke across the pasture, running in the moonlight, its hooves thumping softly in the deep grass. It went back over the rise of ground, and then there was just the top of the head, moving toward the woods.

"Lester wouldn't even go in the water," Max said. "Dad and me come down and pulled him out."

"I drove the truck back to the house," Lester said.

"I was in the back then with Dad and Paul," Max said. "But he was cold as a fish."

"Let's go to the house," Lester said, "before any more bugs get in the milk."

Max came down off the fence and picked up both pails and started toward the house.

"You can sleep with Max and me," Lester said.

"Paul said he wanted you to sleep in his room," Max said.

"He gave me a knife for my birthday," Bart said.

"Paul has a girl in Alexandria," Max said. "Reckon somebody ought to tell her?"

"It'll be in the paper," Lester said. "They always put things like this in the paper."

In the night Bart heard Aunt Esther crying. He had been asleep and at first didn't know what the sound was. It was like a yell calling to someone. Then the house was quiet again. The big bed was cold and damp, and the sheet, pulled over his head, was like a covering of water. The wind blew in at the window, making the sheet ripple against his legs. He pushed his face into the pillow.

In his dream he had been with Paul in a boat. Paul held the oars and looked very serious, rowing the boat, looking for something in the water. It was as if Paul was alone in the boat, because he never looked at him or said anything. Paul went off further and further in the dream, holding the oars still, like wings, and it got darker and darker. Paul went off across the water until Bart couldn't see him anymore.

Bart closed his eyes, pushing down into the pillow. It was Paul's bed. But it wasn't really like a bed, because it was so cold. He turned over on his back and sat up. The moonlight made a patch on the floor just under the window, with leaves moving in it. The wind began blowing in the window again, puffing the shade.

He slid his feet down onto the rug, felt for his shoes with his toes, and pushed his feet into them. At the window his hands made shadows on the sill. Outside, everything shone with the light. The truck was parked, big and square, on the grass beside the lane, its roof shining with dew. One door was still open, and when the wind blew hard the door swung with its shadow, silently, against the cab. The big oil drums lay in the ditch, black and bulky, where Uncle Clyde had rolled them. There was still some water in the ditch and in patches on the low ground in the pasture. Some patches were silver and some were black.

Everything was quiet. The bugs were quiet. The windmill was quiet. In the big house he was the only one who was alone. He took hold of the knobs on the bureau and pulled the top drawer out. In the mirror he could see his dim face and the things on the top of the bureau. *Do you like my badge?* He took the badge he had brought from California out of his handkerchief and slipped it down into the drawer, in among Paul's things—socks and magazines and leather belts. It was an imitation sheriff's badge that his father had given him. *Do you like my leather thongs?* He put those there, too. It was different from what he had expected, had looked forward to. Instead of murmuring voices, a dark head propped up on the pillow telling about fishing the pool, and the possum hunt, there was just this water, silver and black, going on and on to the edge of the world. And the cold white bed with its four iron legs sticking down in the darkness, like a silly boat. He heard the splashing, and outside the window, across the low pasture ground, the horse ran again, thin and black, exploding the puddles, running at the fence, and then veering, lost for a moment under the trees, and out into the moonlight on the high ground back toward the woods. Deep in the woods the river ran slowly beneath the overhanging branches, southward toward Alexandria, where the airplane beacon turned slowly all night long.

"We'll find you a girl, Bart," Max said. "Don't worry."

Lester turned the corner fast, the tires squealing, motor backfiring, and they were chugging up Main Street again, past the lights and shops, too fast to see much because the car bounced so and they were sitting on rocking boxes, old tires, and coils of oily rope.

"We'll find Ticky a girl too," Max said, and Ticky fell back laughing beside the bare coiled springs of the back seat.

Beyond the railroad station the town got dark, so Lester turned again, crossing the tracks, swinging through the loading depot and back onto Main Street.

"Go slow this time," Max said. "There's girls in front of Beech's."

"I don't dare stop her," Lester said.

"Just stop for a minute."

"I can't leave the car," Lester said. "I got to keep her running."

The Model A popped and clanged, stopping outside the ice-cream parlor. There were three girls standing in the brightness of the window.

"Hi, Elizabeth," Max called, leaning halfway out through the car window.

Lester made the motor roar. "Get your head in, 'cause we're starting off."

The girl named Elizabeth stepped out to the curb and grinned, squinting into the car. She was tall and had no sleeves on her blouse.

"It's Max," Max said. "What you up to?"

"It's Paul's car," Elizabeth said, and the two other girls came out. They were wearing blouses and skirts and stood with their legs apart, leaning out over the curb. Lester roared the motor.

"Wanna ride?" Max said.

"I ain't drivin' them," Lester said.

"Who's that drivin'?" one of the girls said.

Lester made the motor roar and pop again.

"Who're your friends?" Max said.

"This is Jane Summer and her sister Mary-Ann." The little one was

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, I agree with you . . . conversation definitely has become a lost art."

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Mary-Ann. The car was filling with fumes.

"How about the sister, Bart?" Max said, pulling his head back in and grinning.

Bart didn't answer.

"Park and we'll go in," Max said.

"I ain't hungry," Lester said.

"What's the matter? We'll just razz them a bit."

"I got to take care of the car," Lester said.

The car jolted forward and stalled. The girls laughed.

"Get out and push," Lester said.

Lester and Max got out, and Bart and Ticky crawled over the boxes and out into the street.

"Help us push," Max said to the girls.

The girls got behind the car with Bart and Ticky and began pushing. Max and Lester pushed with their hands at the window frames. Bart was crowded against the girls, his arms against theirs. The one called Elizabeth had on perfume. The car began rolling and Lester jumped inside. There was a bang and it shot away down the street, growing small and quieter, the taillight glowing bright. Max was standing on the running board, leaning out and waving back at them. At the corner the car turned and came back on the other side of the street, the noise rising between the buildings. The headlights suddenly faded down and the car coasted to the curb, hitting it, bouncing, stopping, the motor dead again. Lester sat in the car, staring across the street at the others. Max had jumped off and was walking toward them.

"Are you Paul's California cousin?" the small girl said.

Bart nodded. He wanted to be back in the car, going fast down the dark road, the way they had done before they got to the town.

"Let's all have a soda," Max said.

"We don't have any money," Elizabeth said.

Max looked back at Lester and hitched up his pants. Lester was standing in the street now.

"I don't have but four bits," Max said. "You got some money, Bart?"

"A dollar," he said.

"Let me have a half and I'll pay you back."

Bart took the wadded bill out of his pocket and handed it to Max.

"I'll get it changed," Max said.

"I ain't hungry," Lester called.

"C'mon, Lester," Elizabeth said. "I never seen you except at church, but I knew you was Paul's brother. I knew your name and all."

Lester fidgeted. "Ticky ought to get back in the car," he said.

"You get back in the car and wait for us," Max said. "I'll bring you something if you stay there and keep quiet."

Ticky went back to the car.

I could stay with Ticky, Bart thought.

"You boys is pretty dressed up," Elizabeth said.

"These is our funeral clothes," Max said.

Jane Summer whispered to her sister, and said to Bart, "We read about you finding Paul and all."

"Let's go in," Max said.

Inside, it was bright and there was music. They sat in a booth, cramped in, three on a side, Bart between Lester and Jane Summer's sister.

"That's all sodas so far," Max said. "What you getting for you and your girl, Bart?"

"Beer," he said, and felt happy.

"Bart's raising some hell with your sister," Max said to Jane Summer.

Elizabeth touched Bart's foot under the table and winked at him. "City boys grow up fast," she said. "We can't get beer this side Fort Wilcox."

"Lot you know about where to get beer," Max said.

"Paul knew where to get it. I bet Lester knows, too. Don't you, Lester?"

"I know more than I tell," Lester said.

Elizabeth spanked at Lester's hand. Lester drank his water.

While they were having their sodas, the sisters asked Bart if he had seen any movie stars, but they had never heard of the ones he had seen. Finally he lied and said he had seen Doris Day in a supermarket. That made them happy. "And I saw Roy Rogers in a barbershop," he said.

"Lester's going to ride Queenie tonight," Max said.

"I just said I might," Lester said. "If she's still at the gate." He spilled ice cream on his tie and wiped it off.

"At night?" Elizabeth said.

"Queenie's stone-blind," Max said. "She don't care if it's night. Lester's going to race her on the road, and I'll follow with Paul's car so he can see."

"You ain't old enough to drive," Elizabeth said.

"I can drive," Max said.

"Does your folks know what you're going to do?" she said.

"They went to Dickinson," Max said. "We're going to raise hell with that horse."

"Maybe I won't race her," Lester said. "I'm still thinking about it. I can't race her if she's sick."

"Lester, drive me around in Paul's car," Elizabeth said.

"What for?"

"Just for fun. The rest can stay here."

"Paul didn't allow no girls in his car," Lester said.

"He drove me around once," Elizabeth said.

"Only he didn't," Max said.

"Honest. Ask Jane if he didn't."

"He did," Jane said. "After the junior picnic. Mary-Ann and me saw them. Didn't we, Mary-Ann?"

"We did," Mary-Ann said.

"You'll get dirty," Lester said.

"I don't care. I'm not dressed as fancy as you are. I don't care nothin' about this skirt."

"Go ahead," Max said. "If Paul did it."

"It's a dangerous car," Lester said. "The steering don't work right."

"I ain't afraid," Elizabeth said. "If I ain't afraid, why should you be?"

"She'll tell," Lester said.

"What would I tell?" Elizabeth said. "It's just a ride."

"Paul took her," Max said. "Go ahead."

Lester didn't say anything for a while. Then he said, "OK, I'll take her. I'll show her one hell of a ride."

Outside, they all helped push, except for Ticky, who stood on the sidewalk eating the cone Lester had brought him. The car fired, lurched backward, then sped away, the taillight going on. Lester turned it around at the depot, then came roaring back through town, the motor banging and popping. The car went around a corner, and the noise became quieter and quieter, until they could hear it only now and then, like it was going up and down hills. Then they couldn't hear it at all.

They went back to their booth, Ticky with them now, and listened to the music. It was all Western music, pounding on guitars. It was mostly sad music. It made Bart sleepy, and he didn't talk.

After about half an hour they moved to the booth next to the big screened window. The place was almost empty. The town was getting very quiet. Across the street, in the park, an old man turned off the light above the croquet court. Then Bart could hear the car coming back from far out in the night.

When Lester came in, his face was red, and when he sat down, there was a stale, sour smell from his breath. He looked angry. Elizabeth's cheeks were red, and there were bright spots on her neck.

"Let's go," Lester said. "I got something to do." His eyes kept darting back and forth, but not really looking at anything.

"You look sick," Max said.

"I ain't sick," Lester said. "I'm thinking how to get a halter on Queenie. She's going to be the sick one. Real sick."

"Good deal," Max said.

"I'll make her wish to hell Paul never died," Lester said.

He was looking at Bart now, and Bart could see that he was probably drunk. His hands gripped so hard at the sides of the table that the water glasses shook.

"Did you ever think," Jane Summer said, "—I mean, him being electrocuted and all? Like it was a punishment?"

"I never thought that," Elizabeth said.

"I think that's stupid," Max said. "That's real stupid."

"I was just talking," Jane Summer said.

"You didn't even know him," Lester said. "*None* of you knew him. Just me and Max. And Ticky." He grabbed Ticky's wrist, and Ticky looked up at him, his mouth making a little smile. "And Bart," Lester said.

Bart held his hand on the vibrating throttle, the motor roaring in his ears and smoke pouring up around the headlights, which gleamed down across the patch of gravel to the pasture gate. Queenie's legs were out stiff, her eyes shining white in the headlights. Her mouth drooled as she chewed on the bit.

"She's terrible old," Ticky said in his ear. "She's got a sore on her shoulder."

Lester was on her now, and Queenie was yanking back from the gate. Lester had his legs clamped around her body and was shouting at Max. Then Max let the reins go, and Queenie was out of the light, backing into the pasture. Max swung the gate open and ran for the car.

"Get over!" Max shouted, and he climbed on the box. The motor sputtered and roared. "Here they come!"

They could see Queenie running out of the darkness, her head thrashing, coming toward the gate. Lester had the reins wound around his hand and wrist.

Max was pushing at the gearshift, trying to back up. Then the light faded and the motor stopped and Queenie went shooting by, her breath going

"Oh, all right. What about our space program?"

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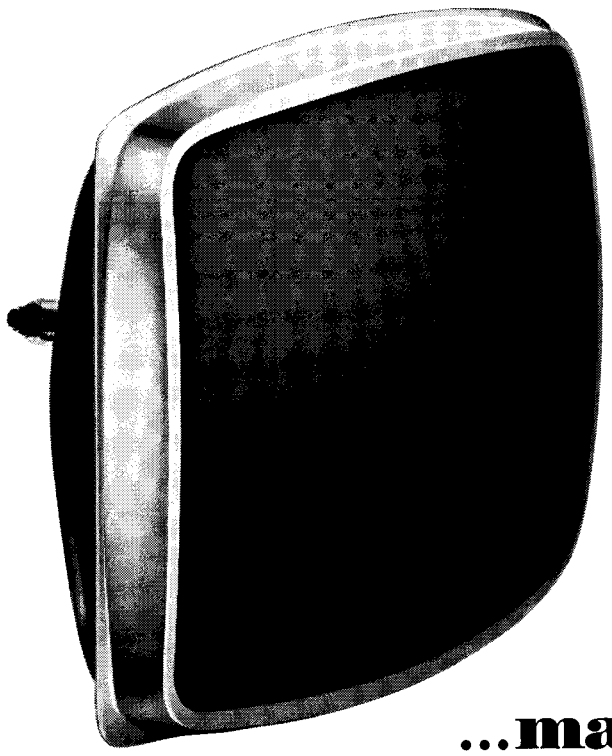

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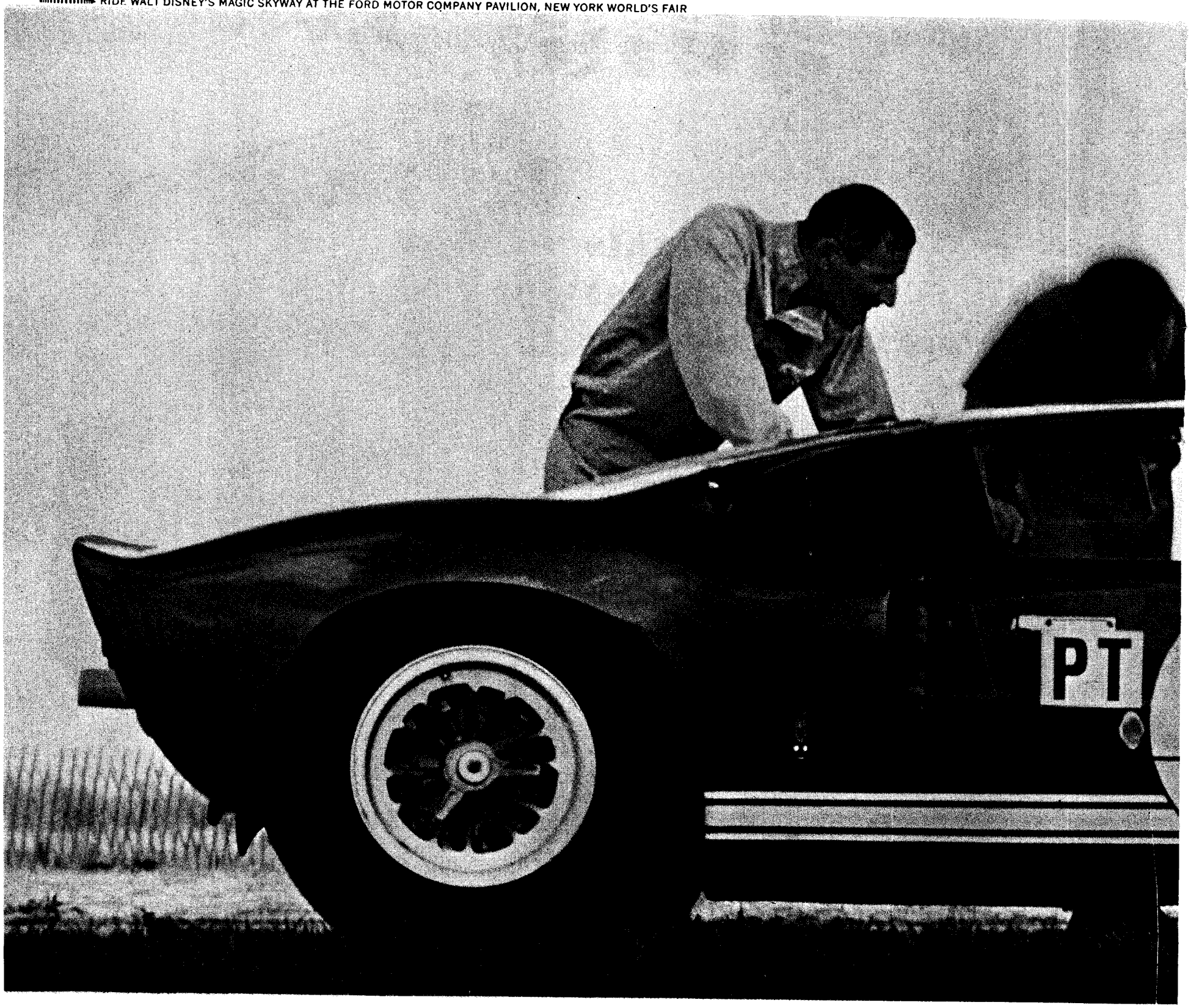

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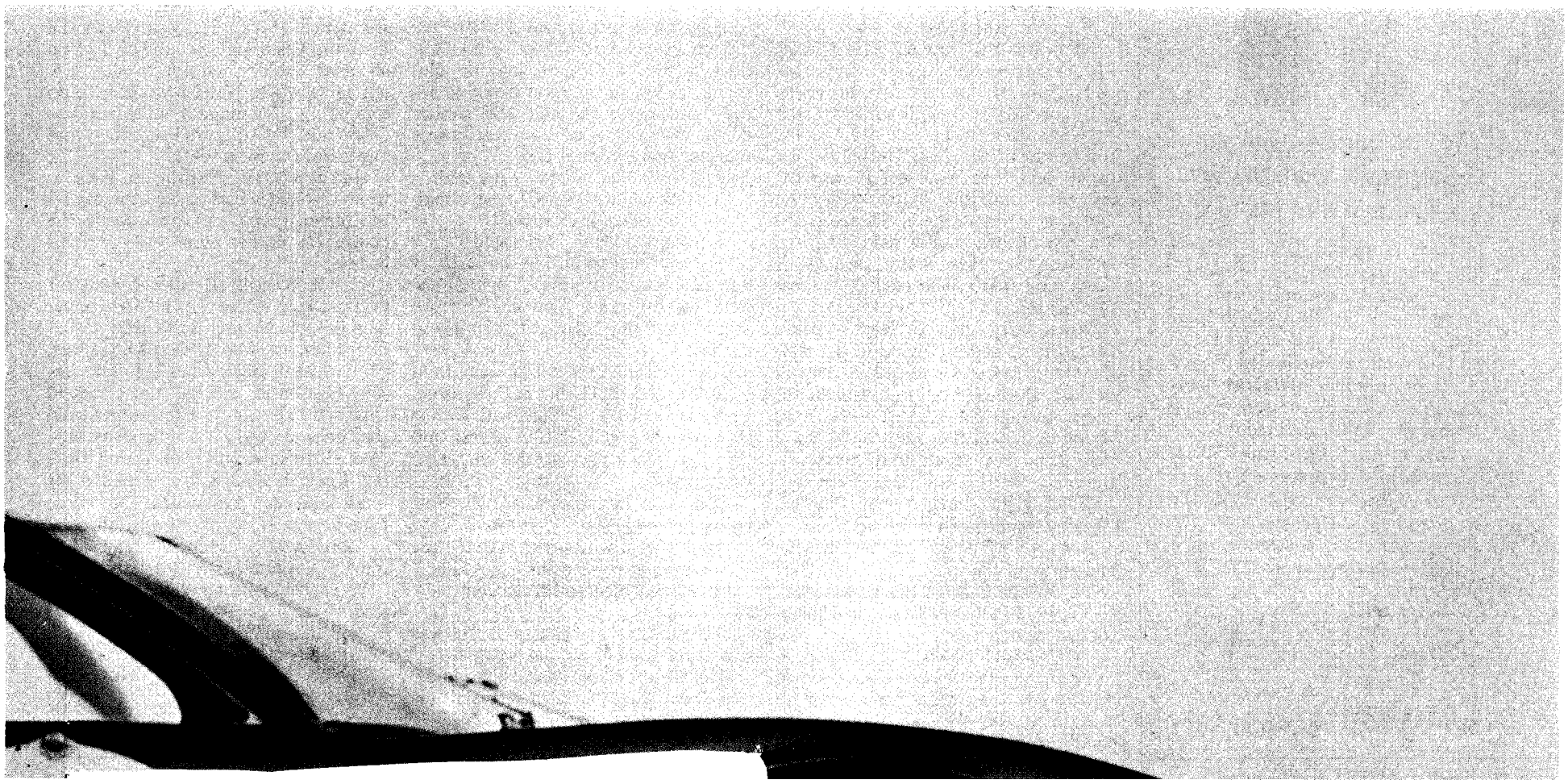

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loud. They could hear her in the lane and see sparks from her hooves.

"Push!" Max said.

Bart and Ticky jumped out and pushed, and the car went down the slope and hit the gate, the lights on now. Max was backing again, the lights dim and then bright when he stopped. Ticky was inside, and Bart was on the running board, the dust of the lane blowing into his face.

"Which way?" Max shouted.

"Toward the bridge," Bart said. "Right across the lawn." And Max started out the lane, grinding the gears, and knocked the mailbox down and then was back on the road again, going toward the bridge, fast. The lights were bright and then Max got it into the last gear and the lights went dim and then bright again. There was a low roll of dust in the road, like fog, and the car was going through it faster and faster, the engine banging like a can.

When they passed Henry Ade's place they could see lights in the windows and Lester far ahead in the roll of dust, Queenie's tail out straight toward them. The fence posts were streaking by on the right, and then a house and two sheds that were near the road.

"She's doing forty," Max shouted. "I don't think I can catch her."

But they were catching her, moving fast through the roll of dust, and Bart could see the flash of the shoes again, and he could see that Lester had just a sock on one foot.

"We're catching up!" he shouted.

Then the road began to slant down a little and they were going faster all the time. And through the dust he could see Queenie's head was pulled to one side, but she was still going good,

cap and picked him up. Ticky kicked, splashing the water, but he didn't make any noise except for little grunts.

"Ticky likes it here," Max said.

"No, he don't," Lester said. He carried Ticky through the water to the bank and put him down, and they began climbing up the bank toward the road. Bart grabbed onto bushes and weeds, pulling himself up, the soft earth sliding under his shoes.

"Hope these ain't poison ivy," Max said.

They came to the gravel where the broken post was, and the wind blew through Bart's clothes, making him shiver. Below in the river he could see the darkness of the car, and farther down, where Queenie had been, there was just smooth water now.

"Queenie's floated off," Max said.

"I think she was dead," Lester said. "I couldn't make her get up."

"She sure did run," Max said.

"She run real good," Lester said. "I lost the reins, so it wasn't her fault she went off the road. You couldn't see nothin' but the headlights shining in the trees."

They started up the road, the mud squishing and squeaking in their shoes. Lester walked like a cripple, with his one shoe gone. He walked in front, tall and thin and black against the whiteness of the road.

"Don't anybody need to know what happened to Queenie," Max said. "And we could say a wheel come off the car or something, so it wasn't our fault."

"It was my idea, so I'll tell about it," Lester said.

"It was scary," Max said. "It was scary and great. I ain't sorry."

Bart felt the coldness all over. The air was like water flowing through his clothes. He put his hands in his pockets, but the pockets were stiff and wet, so he pulled his hands out. He had the little perpetual calendar in his fingers. He pushed at the wheel, but his fingers were shaking. Then the wheel turned and turned for maybe twenty years. So he turned it the other way until he was here on the road again with Lester limping ahead of him in the dark. And then back slowly to Paul's room and to when he saw Paul dead. He shivered, suddenly terribly cold. But he wasn't frightened. He saw Ticky run forward a little and Lester put his hand on Ticky's shoulder. He decided not to catch up, not for a while. But they'd had to do something. To make Paul's hand go down and lie still, to keep the wind away from the window.

He turned the wheel again, back to when his father had parked the car by the screen porch and gone inside the house. His father came out with his business suits over his arm and laid them out on the back seat and wouldn't let Bart help with even the little paper bag full of shaving stuff. His father kissed him and asked where Olivia was. Olivia wasn't back from her flute lesson. His father started the car, and looked at his watch a few times, and then backed slowly out of the driveway. And a little later Olivia came down the hill from the bus stop, swinging her black flute case. Maybe there would be time now to think about all that.

"What you got there?" Max said to him. "That another half dollar?"

"Something Lester gave me," Bart said.

"What is it?"

"It's a secret."

"Heck, I got secrets," Max said. "We've all got secrets." □

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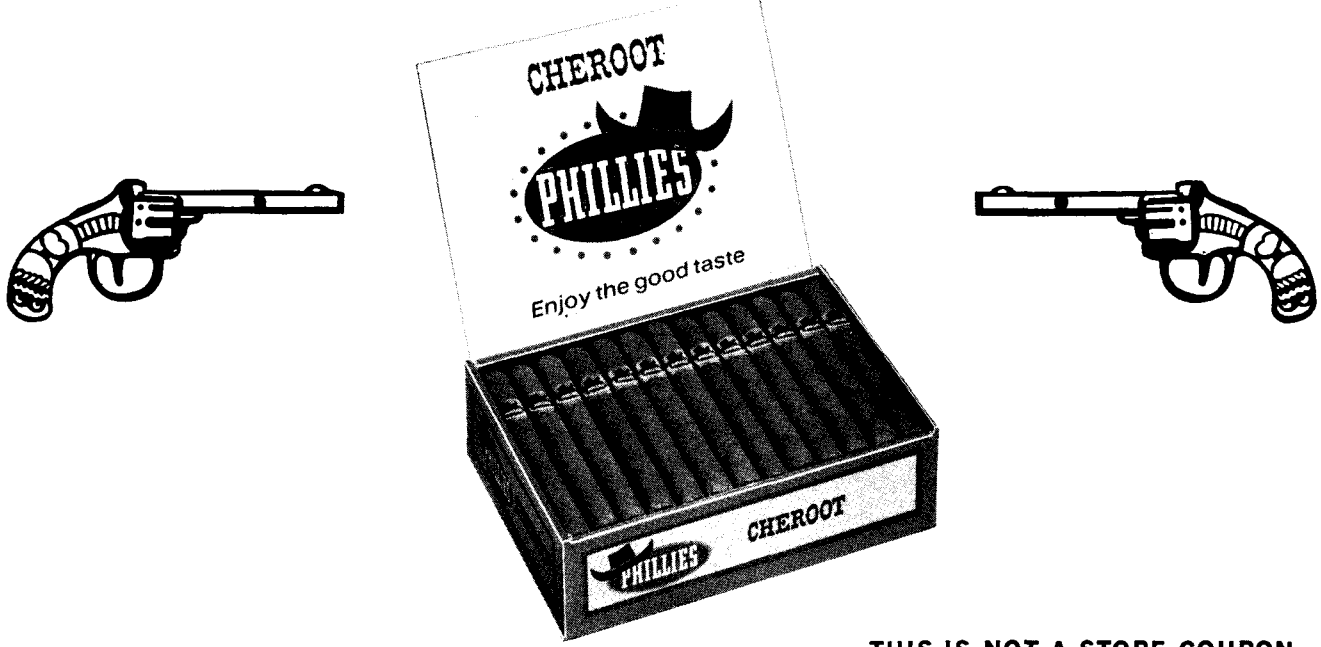

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THE SECRET OF THE BOX

By Heinrich Böll

When Lasnov got back from the station, he brought the news that a crate had arrived for Kop. Every day Lasnov met the train from Odessa and tried to make deals with the German soldiers. During the first year he had paid for socks, saccharin, salt, matches and lighter-flints with butter and oil—and had enjoyed the generous profits that are always involved in bartering; later on, the rates had become more established, and there was tough bargaining over this money that kept on decreasing in value as the fortunes of war declined. There was no more butter to trade, and no oil, and for a long time now none of those juicy hunks of bacon for which, here in the Ukraine, you used to be able to get a double-bed mattress that had come from France. Trade had become sharp, sour and exasperating ever since the soldiers had begun to despise their own money. They laughed when Lasnow ran along beside the train with his bundles of money, calling through the open windows in an agitated, singsong voice, "I pay top prices for everything. Top prices for everything."

Only occasionally did a novice turn up who let himself be talked out of a coat or an undershirt, carried away by the sight of the money. And the days were now few and far between when Lasnov had to negotiate so long over a more valuable article—a pistol, a watch or a telescope—that he was obliged to bribe the stationmaster to keep the train waiting till he had finished his business. In the early days each minute had cost only a mark, but the greedy stationmaster, a heavy drinker, had long since raised the cost of one minute to six marks.

On this particular morning there had been no business at all. A military policeman paced up and down alongside the waiting train, compared his wristwatch with the stationmaster's pocket watch and snapped at a ragged boy who ran alongside the train looking for

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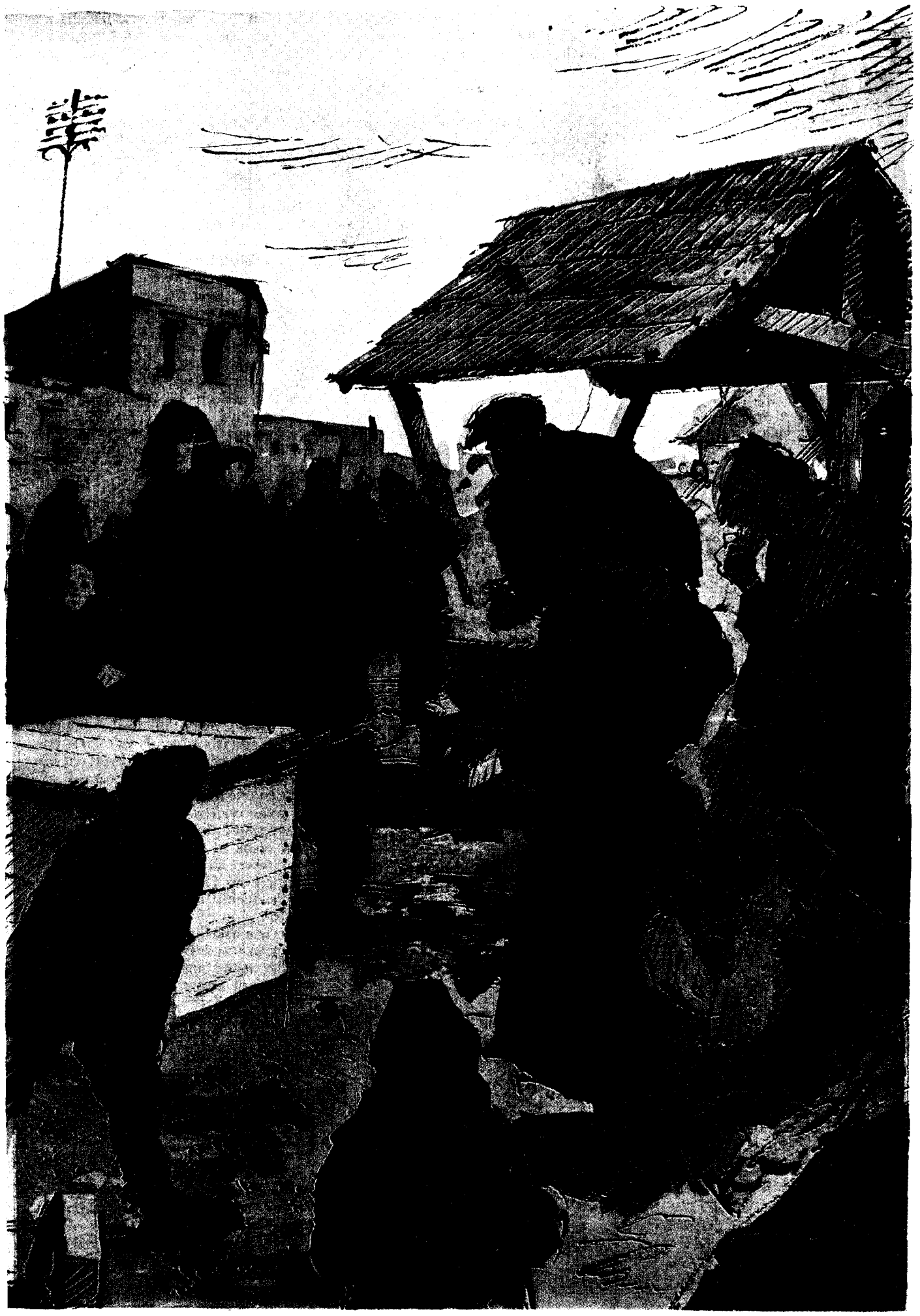
Everyone fell silent as Kop thrust a poker under the lid of the crate and slowly raised it. You could hear the faint creak of the nails.



Of all the new voices being raised in postwar Germany, Heinrich Böll's is one of the most exciting. No apologist for the Nazi era, he writes compassionately, angrily, and sometimes satirically of the terrible years he survived. Now 47, he has won many literary awards, and his most recent novel, THE CLOWN, was received with praise in this country. THE SECRET OF THE BOX is included in a collection of Böll's stories to be published this fall.

Translated by
Leila Vennewitz

Illustrated by Des Asmussen

cigarette butts. But the soldiers had stopped throwing away cigarette butts a long time ago; they would carefully scrape off the black ash and hoard their remnants of tobacco like jewels in their tobacco tins; they were no longer generous with bread, either, and when the boy could not find any bits of tobacco and ran along the train waving his arms and calling most impressively in a kind of wailing chant, "Bread, bread, bread, comrades!", all he got was a kick from the M.P. When the train pulled out he pressed himself against the wall, and a paper bag rolled to his feet. In it were a slice of bread and an apple. The boy grinned as Lasnov passed him on his way to the waiting room. The waiting room was empty and cold. Lasnov left the station and stood outside, hesitating. He felt as if the train had yet to arrive; it had all been over too quickly, correctly, punctually, but he could hear the rusty creak: The signal arm was slipping back into Stop.

Lasnov jumped when someone put a hand on his shoulder. The hand was too light to be the stationmaster's; it was the boy's, and he was holding out the apple he had bitten into and mumbling, "It's so sour, this apple—but what'll you give me for this?" He pulled a red toothbrush from his left pocket and held it out to Lasnov. Lasnov opened his mouth and involuntarily drew his forefinger across his strong teeth, which felt slightly furry. He shut his mouth, took the toothbrush from the boy, and studied it. Its red handle was transparent; the bristles were white and firm.

"A nice Christmas present for your wife," said the boy. "She has such lovely white teeth."

"You monkey," Lasnov said softly, "what are you doing looking at my wife's teeth?"

"Or for your kids," said the boy. "You can look through it—like this." He took the toothbrush from Lasnov, held it up to his eyes, looked at Lasnov, the station, the trees, the dilapidated

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sugar refinery, and gave the brush back to him. "You try," he said. "It looks nice." Lasnov took the brush and held it up to his eyes: On the inside of the handle the images were broken. The station looked like a long, long barn, the trees like broken-off brooms; the boy's face was distorted into a squat grimace; the apple he was holding up to his face looked like a red sponge. Lasnov handed the toothbrush back to the boy. "Yes," he said, "not bad at all."

"Ten," said the boy.

"Two."

"No," whimpered the boy, "no, it's so pretty."

Lasnov turned away.

"Give me five at least."

"All right," said Lasnov, "here's five." He took the toothbrush and gave the boy the money. The boy ran back into the waiting room, and Lasnov saw him carefully and systematically going through the ashes of the stove with a stick, looking for cigarette butts; a gray cloud of dust rose up, and the boy murmured something to himself which Lasnov was unable to make out.

The stationmaster came up just when Lasnov had decided to roll a cigarette and was checking his tobacco supply in the palm of his hand, separating the dust from the shreds of tobacco.

"Well, now," said the stationmaster, "that looks like enough for two." He took some, without asking permission, and the two men stood smoking at the station corner, looking out into the street, where booths, stalls and dirty tents were being set up. Everything was gray, brown or dirt-colored; there wasn't a spot of color even on the children's carrousel.

"Someone," said the stationmaster, "once gave my kids some coloring books; on one page you could see the finished pictures, in color, and on the opposite page the outlines where you had to put in the colors. But I didn't have any paints, or any crayons either, and the kids filled it all in with pencil—I always have to think of that when I look at this market place. I guess they ran out of colors; all they had was pencil—gray, dirty, dark. . . ."

"Yes," said Lasnov, "there's no business at all. The only thing to eat is Rukhev's corncakes, but you know how he makes those."

"Raw corncobs, pressed together, I know," said the stationmaster, "then smeared with dark-colored oil to make you think they've been cooked in oil."

"Well," said Lasnov, "I'll see if I can't do something anyway."

"If you see Kop, tell him a crate has arrived for him."

"A crate? What's in it?"

"I don't know. It's from Odessa. I'll send the boy over to Kop with my handcart. Will you let him know?"

"Sure," said Lasnov.

As he strolled through the square, he kept looking over to the station to see if the boy was coming with the crate. And he told everyone that a crate had come for Kop from Odessa. The news spread quickly through the market, got ahead of Lasnov and, as he slowly approached Kop's stall, came back to him on the other side of the street.

When he reached the children's carrousel, the owner was just harnessing the horse. The horse's face was thin and dark, ennobled by hunger; it reminded Lasnov of the nun from Novgorod whom he had once seen as a child. Her face had also been thin and dark, ennobled by abstinence. You could look at her in a dark-green tent at fairs, and it had cost nothing to go in; people were merely asked, when they left the tent, to make a donation.

The carrousel owner came up to Lasnov, leaned over and whispered, "Have you heard about the crate that's supposed to have come for Kop?"

"No," said Lasnov.

"They say it's got toys in it, cars you can wind up."

"No," said Lasnov, "I heard it was toothbrushes."

"No, no," said the carrousel owner, "toys."

Lasnov stroked the horse's nose affectionately, went wearily on, and thought bitterly of the deals he used to be able to make. He had bought and sold so much clothing that he could have outfitted a whole army, and now he had sunk so low that this kid had talked him into buying a toothbrush. He had sold butter and bacon and barrels of oil, and at Christmastime he had always had a stall with candy canes for the children. The colors of the candy canes had been as piercing as the joys and sufferings of the poor: red like the love that is celebrated in doorways or beside the factory wall; yellow like the flames in a drunk man's brain; or pale green like the pain you felt when you woke up in the morning and looked at the childlike face of your sleeping wife, whose sole protection from life was those frail pink lids, fragile little covers that she had to open as soon as the children began to cry. But in this year of 1944 there weren't even any candy canes, and the children would spend Christmas sitting at home, sipping thin soup and taking turns looking through the handle of the toothbrush.

Next to the carrousel a woman had put two old chairs side by side and opened a shop on them. She had two mattresses to sell, with the words *Magasin du Louvre* still visible on them, a well-thumbed book entitled *Left and Right of the Railway Line—From Gelsenkirchen to Essen*, an English magazine dating from 1938, and a little tin which had once contained a typewriter ribbon.

"Some lovely things," said the old woman when Lasnov stopped beside her.

"Very nice," he said, and was about to move on when the woman pounced on him, drew him by the sleeve and whispered, "A crate has come for Kop from Odessa. With things for Christmas."

"Has it?" he said. "What things?"

"Candy, all colored, and rubber animals that squeak. It's going to be such fun."

"Sure," said Lasnov, "it's going to be fun."

When he finally reached Kop's stall, Kop had just begun to unload his regular merchandise and spread it out: pokers, saucepans, stoves, rusty nails that he had hammered straight. Nearly everyone had gathered around Kop's stall; they stood there speechless with excitement, looking along the street. As Lasnov went up to him, Kop was just unpacking a fire screen with a design of gold flowers.

"I've got a message for you," said Lasnov. "A crate has arrived for you. The boy who's always hanging around the station is going to bring it over."

Kop looked at him with a sigh and said quietly, "Now I'm getting it from you too."

"What d'you mean, me too?" said Lasnov. "I've come straight here from the station to give you the message."

Kop ducked nervously. He was well dressed and wore an immaculate gray fur cap; he always carried a stick with which he made dents in the ground as he walked along; and as a sole reminder of his better days he kept a cigarette dangling nonchalantly from his lips, a cigarette that was rarely alight because he rarely had money for tobacco. Twenty-seven years ago, when Lasnov had come back to the village as a deserter with the news of the Revolution, Kop had been a young officer in command of the railway station, and when Lasnov had entered the station at the head of the Soldiers' Council to arrest him, Kop had been prepared to allow a movement of his lips, the angle of his cigarette, to cost him his life; in any case, they had all looked at the corner of his mouth, and he had realized they might shoot him, but he had not removed the cigarette from his lips when Lasnov approached him. However, Lasnov had merely slapped his face; the cigarette had fallen out of his mouth, and without it he looked like a boy who has forgotten his homework. They had left him in peace. First he had been a teacher, then a merchant; but still, whenever he saw Lasnov, he was afraid Lasnov would knock the cigarette out of his mouth.

He raised his head apprehensively, straightened the fire screen, and said, "If you only knew how many people have told me that already."

"A fire screen," said a woman. "If only one had enough heat to shield oneself from it with a fire screen."

Kop looked at her contemptuously. "You have no sense of beauty."

"No," said the woman, with a laugh, "I'm beautiful myself, and look at all the nice children I've got." She ran her hand lightly over the heads of the four children grouped around her. "You don't ——" She looked up, alarmed, as her children suddenly ran off toward the station, following the other children, toward the boy who was bringing Kop's crate on the stationmaster's handcart.

Everyone hurried away from the stalls; the children jumped down off the carrousel.

"My God," whispered Kop to Lasnov, the only one who had stayed behind, "I could almost wish the crate hadn't come. They'll tear me to pieces."

"Don't you know what's in it?"

"No idea," said Kop. "I only know it must be made of tin."

"There's a lot of things can be made of tin—cans, toys, spoons."

"Music boxes—the kind you turn with a handle."

"Yes—just imagine."

Kop and Lasnov helped the boy lift the crate down off the cart. The crate was white, made of fresh, smooth boards, and it was nearly as high as the table on which Kop had spread out his rusty nails, pokers and scissors.

Everyone fell silent as Kop thrust an old poker under the lid of the crate and slowly raised it up; you could hear the faint creak of the nails. Lasnov wondered where all the people had suddenly sprung from. He was startled when the boy suddenly said, "I know what's inside."

No one asked what. They all looked at him in suspense, and the boy looked silently at the tense faces; he broke out in a sweat and said in a low voice, "Nothing—there's nothing inside."

If he had said that one second earlier, they would have fallen on him and beaten him up in their disappointment, but now Kop had just taken the lid off and was groping around in the shavings. He removed a whole layer of shavings, then another, then crumpled paper—then he held up both hands filled with the things he had found in the center of the crate. "Tweezers," a woman cried out, but they weren't.

"No," said the woman who had called herself beautiful, "no, they're ——"

"What are they?" said a little boy.

"Sugar tongs, that's what they are," said the carrousel owner, in a dry voice; then he suddenly let out a wild laugh, threw up his arms, and ran back to his carrousel, still roaring with laughter.

"So they are," said Kop. "They're sugar tongs—dozens of them." He

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What have you done with Colonel Hetherington?"

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Aren't you glad you use Dial soap!
(*don't you wish everybody did?*)

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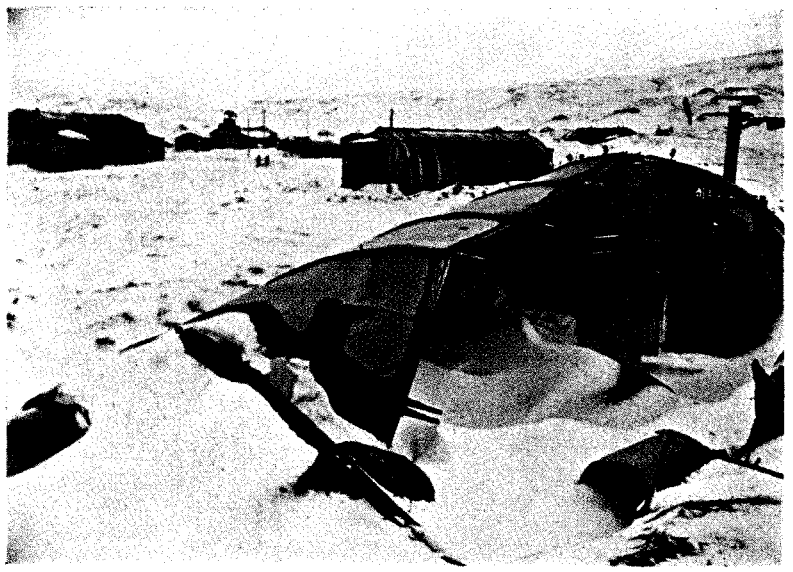

Once the wartime home for 80,000 troops, deserted, weather-ravaged Quonset huts stand as silent reminders of time when Adak Island was "barren, bleak, ugly."

ADAK: 'A WOMAN BEHIND EVERY TREE'

By Eliot Asinof

But there were no trees—or anything else—on that bleak, forsaken land blob. Now, more than twenty years later, it has all been changed, and maybe not for the better.

On a lonely, cold outpost, soldiers watch for the enemy; but once the Japanese evacuated the Aleutians, the enemy became boredom and the cruel weather.

On Adak Island there are thousands of weather-ravaged Quonsets scattered over the tundra hills like fossils of an ancient era. These had been the wartime homes of 80,000 American servicemen, and one of these huts had been mine. Now, two decades later, when you walk among them again, searching in the debris for some reminder of the past, you find almost nothing; they have been stripped by scavengers and souvenir hunters of another generation. The cold wet wind whistles through the dilapidated frames, and the flooring creaks threateningly underfoot. Finally, however, in one of the huts, I caught sight of an unremovable bit of memorabilia, a drawing which seemed to say it all: A pair of naked buttocks had been painted on a wall in a symbolic extension of the globe, and across these shapes was a rough but recognizable map of the Aleutian Islands. An "X" marked the spot where Adak is located. Below were recorded the vital statistics and the artist's signature:

ADAK
28 AUGUST 1942 TO 29 DECEMBER 1944
PFC LEON R ——
U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

A young naval officer, assigned to accompany me on this visit, was amused at my reaction. "You look like you just saw a ghost," he said.

In a way I had. There was a history lesson in that mural which, to me, was worth a dozen texts. There was also a piece of my life here, and so accurately depicted that it revived a number of emotions bottled up since the end of World War II.

"This island was the last word in human misery," I said to the lieutenant, and then pointed to the picture. "Adak, the backside of the world."

My companion, however, was a long generation away from me. "Why in the world did you come back?" he asked.

There was no simple answer to the question because there was a variety of reasons, not the least of which was a gnawing curiosity to return to the past, in the way a millionaire might go back to the slum where he was born and grew up. And the years on Adak had been exciting years. Looking back, even the boredom of life on the island seemed intriguing. Finally, more than 20 years had passed, and almost nothing had been written to record what it had been like on Adak.

Then, too, I was eager to see what the island was like now. What had the Navy done with it? What changes were there? And did today's servicemen, trapped on Adak, hate it as we did?

The two dates left on the wall by Pfc. Leon R. were significant. The first marked the original American landings of the Aleutian campaign, two months after the Japanese occupied the western islands of Attu and Kiska. The engineers had then rushed construction of the steel-matted runway that became the takeoff point for all Air Force bombardment of the Japanese-held islands. The second date marked Pfc.

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Combat war never scarred Finger Bay. Only the bitter Alaskan weather assaulted the piers, Quonsets and warehouses along the shores of the bay which today belongs to crab fishermen.

Leon R.'s rotation back to the States following 28 months in this dark and desolate hut.

Twenty-eight months on Adak during those years was something worse than hell—barren, bleak, relentlessly ugly. There was a popular myth that when God molded Alaska, He shook His hand across the North Pacific to rid Himself of the remaining scraps of mud, and that was how the Aleutian Islands were created. Adak is a naked blob, without any of nature's blessings. "A woman behind every tree!" the old saying went—but unfortunately there were no trees. No wildlife roamed the gray-green tundra. Occasionally sea lions would gather on the jagged rocks that lined the harbor and bask in the hour or two of sunshine that occurred every few weeks. Then we would pour out of our grimy huts as though it were a holiday and listen to the happy beasts who we felt certain were laughing at us.

There was rain every day, a stinging, soaking, icy rain that blew in all directions, turning the roads into mud. In the winter, snow swept horizontally across the sloping tundra, creating impassable drifts, and the wind seemed to blow all the time. Often it was dangerous and destructive. A williwaw was a sudden hurricane, roaring unpredictably over the island at speeds of more than 100 mph. As Bob Hope once said, Adak was the only place on earth where a man could walk in mud up to his knees, bucking a snowstorm that blew sand in his face, while rain pelted his rear on a sunny day. The primary enemy was the weather and that first Aleutian summer of the war only nine of the 72 aircraft we lost were actually downed by Japanese guns.

If the Aleutian Islands were a travesty on nature, they were also the setting for some shameful history. Adak, approximately midway out on the chain, was the archipelago's military hub. By the spring of 1943 our buildup was tremendous, and in May a force of 11,000 invaded Attu. It took 19 days and nights to wipe out 2,400 Japanese who had dug themselves into hidden caves. It was a victory all right, but there was no thought of celebrating it, because there were 5,000 American casualties, nearly half of them trenchfoot and frostbite cases caused by inadequate clothing. The Army, we heard, had failed to test its leather boots for waterproofing.

There was action again later that summer, a massive preparation for the attack on Kiska, the last stronghold in the chain. A total of 34,000 men massed in a giant task force, an armada of battleships and transports, with extensive air and naval bombardment and nerve-shattering delays for suitable weather. But when they stormed ashore, the Japanese were gone. Except for a few old trucks and a scattering of junk, the island was empty. We suffered only 142 casualties this time. In the fog, some of our troops had fired on each other. The Japanese had left a prominent sign, in English, on their headquarters: IT'S ALL YOURS, YANK!

The Aleutians were now completely in American hands, and the letdown we suffered was enormous. There was something terribly humiliating about that Kiska victory, and there were many who grew to hate the Japanese for leaving the islands to us. It was as though we could hear them laughing at us. (In effect, they were. Years later, documents of the Japanese high command revealed that the Aleutian campaign was considered a strategic victory: Fewer than 10,000 Japanese had tied up more than 200,000 Americans.) After "victory" there was nothing to do but sit, and immediately morale began to crumble. When no real function exists, all grievances are magnified. We became our own enemies.

Adak became a place without pride and with very little heroism. Eighty thousand troops merely sat out the war, thinking only of returning to the States—to be stationed anywhere else, no matter where. Once, for example, there was a call for volunteers for the paratroops, when such duty was considered pure suicide. Thousands applied, for it meant reassignment to Fort Bragg, N.C. Those of us who remained checked off the days on the calendar—one by one in a bitter bedtime ritual. Callously we looked on the combat war

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In 1943, trucks and troops crowded this Navy town, but the men knew Adak was "a stepping-stone to nowhere" and hated the Japs for leaving.

as a distant saga that mattered only because it might advance our rotation.

There was no relief from our sense of uselessness. No pleasures relieved the drudgery, no recreations or diversions made life enjoyable or stimulating. The Army claimed that we were part of the "Northern Highway to Victory," but no one believed these islands were anything more than 1,100 miles of forsaken stepping-stones to nowhere. The action was everywhere else, and an awareness of this was heightened by the shortages we lived with. Even we knew that when the Army plans a campaign it pours in tons of matériel. For many months after Kiska nothing poured into Adak.

As a result there were extensive pilfering, ingenious flimflams and open exploitation. In those early years of the war, money was all but worthless. There was nothing to buy. Bills were mutilated for laughs, even used, in some cases, as toilet paper. There were plenty of cigarettes, but no matches, and a workable cigarette lighter was worth $25. A fifth of whiskey sold for $75 or more, and one shrewd tech sergeant worked a deal with a transport pilot to deliver 10 cases of liquor on every trip—unlisted on the manifest. Six months after this deal began, a sergeant took me into his padlocked hut and lifted a trapdoor in the wooden floor. There, dug into the earth like a buried pirate treasure, was a footlocker which he had crammed with thousands of $20 bills.

From these same general shortages, there occurred what we called the Great Shower Room Tragedy. At the air base, a single shower room, serviced by an overworked boiler in poor condition, was set up for 350 enlisted men. The GI plumbers who kept it working finally condemned it as too dangerous to use and a new one was requisitioned. But when it arrived, there was some confusion, and the new boiler never got to the enlisted men's quarters. Less than a week later, with a long line of men waiting around outside the shower room, the old boiler exploded with a violent roar, and two men were killed.

The worst shortage on Adak was the shortage of women. There were 80,000 men on Adak, and no women at all. You could get five dollars for a seamy 8-by-10 reproduction of a pornographic montage. Army photo labs often remained in action all night long, furtively reprinting thousands of copies of every new set of salacious negatives that arrived. One enterprising new arrival brought a 16-mm print of a stag movie from the States. Admission to private screenings in his hut was $10 a head. At the end of the film's first run it was rented to another outfit for $500 a month—and on and on until the print wore out. It may have been the biggest money-maker since *Gone With the Wind*.

One wintry week a U.S.O. troupe arrived with a small group of performers, including a lusty-looking girl who believed she was entertaining us. When she pulled a bedraggled soldier to the makeshift stage, put her arms around him and pressed him to her (gyrating seductively and singing *Embraceable You*), she soon realized he was not going to let her go. She became panicky, struggling vainly to break away. To the screaming company which cheered him on, the enemy were the MP's who finally pulled him away.

Then there was Adak's famed private who demonstrated the kind of resourcefulness usually attributed to men of much higher rank: He turned up on sick call one morning with venereal disease. Where could he have contracted it? He pleaded complete ignorance. After his cure, however, the base commander had him followed—and trapped. The luckless private led his trackers to a distant cove and a hut where a native Aleut fisherman and his compliant wife had somehow missed evacuation. They were promptly evacuated.

For months on end the only sight of a woman was a pinup or a Hollywood movie. The frustrations involved in this kind of fantasy life were often overwhelming. A young corporal, only recently married, went into a rage at the sight of all such pictures and would tear them off the walls. At the showing of a movie starring Betty Grable, another soldier was so affected that he left his seat as the famous Grable legs began dancing across the screen. He charged the screen and reached out to embrace the image. The audience roared with laughter, but every man in that theater knew this poor guy wasn't kidding.

Any way of getting off Adak was considered fair, so one crafty GI plotted to outwit the Red Cross and gain himself an emergency leave. He wrote his father, a man with a history of heart trouble, and pleaded with him to fake a coronary attack. Instead, the father wrote back and demanded, "What has become of your sense of honor?"

Some of the soldiers on Adak tried for Section Eights, the Army's discharge for mental crackups. There were, of course, more than a few genuine Section Eight cases. In time even the "experts" among us were unable to distinguish the real psychos from the fakes. How would you judge the chaplain's assistant who burned all the

Modern apartments, a school, bowling alleys, theaters, a nursery and even a TV station give the "new" Adak a solid community feeling.

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prayer books only a few hours before Easter dawn services? Or the mess sergeant who served an entire company a Sunday dinner of raw meat and raw potatoes? Or the private who barricaded himself in the officers' club, armed himself with a Browning Automatic Rifle, and kept everyone at bay for three days while he drank himself into a stupor? And who could forget the proud father, who passed out cigars upon learning that his wife had given birth to a boy? We opened a $75 bottle of tequila (tequila was the only booze delivered that week), and everyone slapped him on the back. But we all knew that he had not been off the island for 22 months. (When he was finally rotated, he refused to go home.)

The young naval lieutenant and I turned, finally, from this battered Quonset with Pfc. Leon R.'s unforgettable testament, and walked along a broken boardwalk to what once was a mess hall. I could still picture the old chow lines huddled against the wall—bodies drawn low inside the parkas. It was in a mess hall like this that we heard Yehudi Menuhin give an extraordinary concert. We were eating lunch, voices jabbering and utensils clattering on metal mess trays, when Menuhin suddenly stood before us. He had on a baggy turtleneck sweater and oversized shoepacs. He shyly told us to go on eating; he didn't want to disturb our meal, but if we cared to listen, he would be happy to play for us. He began then and soon there was no talking and no eating—no sound at all except for that magnificent violin. Even the cooks stopped and came out of the kitchen to listen. A few still carried soup ladles. Menuhin played for more than an hour, and no one moved. Finally he leaned into the soft silken melody of Schubert's *Ave Maria*. It was the week before Christmas, and suddenly there was a wash of tears from that bearded, bedraggled, beaten-down crowd of men. After he finished, we all sat there stunned and lost in our own emotion, staring at this tired, unshaven genius as he put his violin back in its case. When he looked out at us, there were tears in his own eyes. He nodded hesitantly and then left. I would swear to this day that, in all the cities of the world where he has performed, Menuhin met his finest audience in that hour.

Almost everything I saw this day inspired memories. Even the wind that suddenly roared through the mountain pass seemed like a warning, and I eyed my young companion with a look that suggested an immediate return to the base. He smiled at my anxiety and strolled slowly, in his newly shined shoes and light officer's jacket, toward our heated car. It was as if time and the U.S. Navy had stripped the Aleutian weather of its bite.

We drove along in silence, and I jotted down notes about the events my visit recalled. My thoughts were completely in the past as we pulled into the base, and I looked up to a sight that could not but jar me.

For the Adak of today has become so completely different that one gets the eerie feeling that perhaps the Navy *has* worked a miracle. There are, in effect, two Adaks now: the old, historical Adak of these weather-ruined huts—and the new, which is actually quite magnificent. The old puny 3,000-foot airstrip of steel mats has been replaced by a concrete runway, infinitely longer and wider, surrounded by giant hangars and a modern complex of buildings. Behind it there is a sprawling village of permanent housing, with streets and street lights, playgrounds and sidewalks, TV antennas above every rooftop. But what jolted me most was the sight of children. There were dozens of kids in bright-colored jackets, running, playing ball, riding bikes. Teen-agers zoomed past on motor bikes. Young mothers pushed shopping carts loaded with groceries out of the post commissary.

There was a community feeling about the base, with its theaters, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, swimming pool, TV station. There was a school, a nursery, a well-stocked library. There were clubs for enlisted men and for officers. There was a ski tow at the rolling base of Mt. Moffett, and up in the distant hills the Navy had settled a herd of caribou imported from Alaska for those who wanted to hunt. Adak had, in a sense, been changed from a frozen torture chamber into a picturesque resort.

Adak today is the home of competent, adjusted young men, most of them married and with children. They remain for 18 months, and their talk is not about rotation but about their children. The fliers patrol the Bering Sea, and they describe their daily flights as just routine.

Those who are unmarried gather in the Navy clubs during the period known as "happy hour," when predinner cocktails cost only a quarter. These men are rotated after a year. If they complain at all, it is about the poor television reception caused by high winds and frequent storms. Otherwise, they seem indifferent to the weather, even when it is at its worst. I had the feeling that they regard their tour of duty as a somewhat amusing experience. Their comments about Adak were bland, gentle, even affectionate.

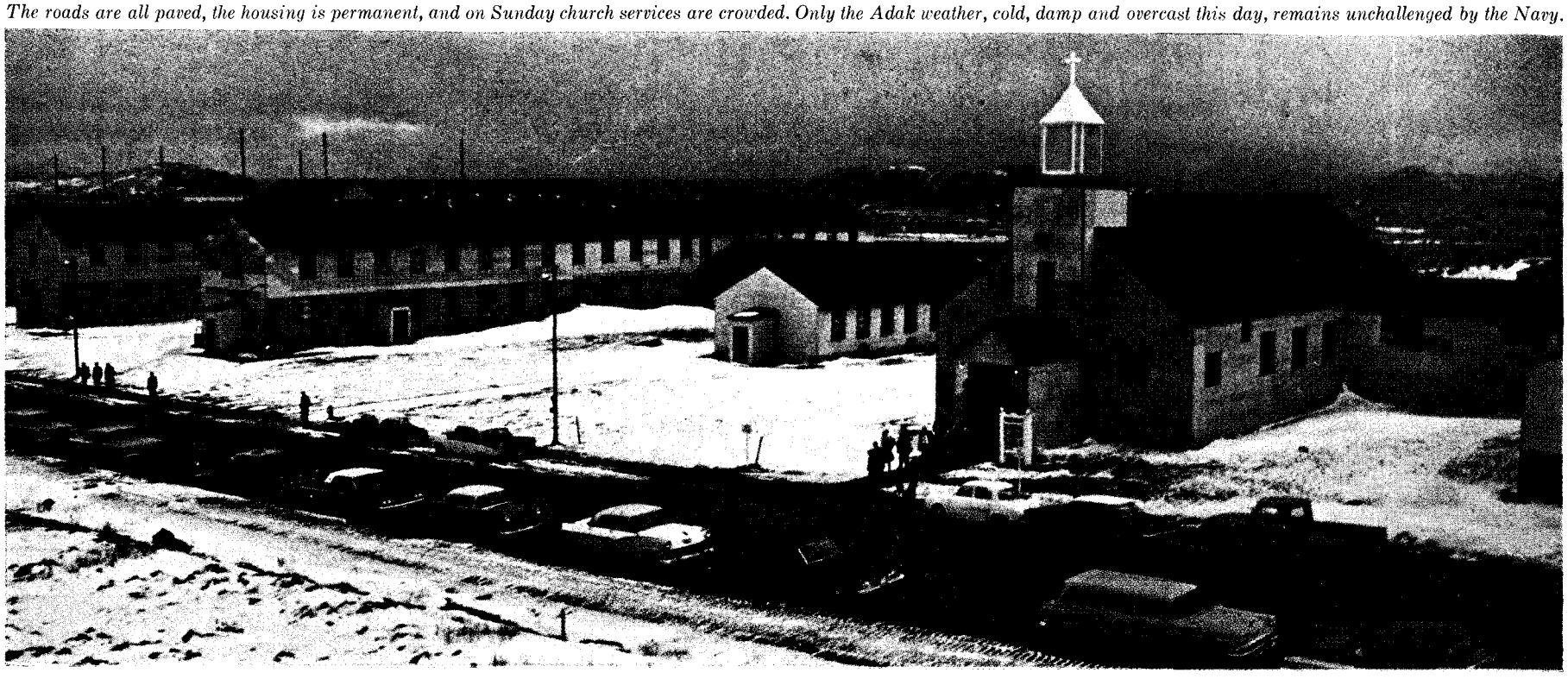
That, I suppose, is the way it goes with old wars. There was no point in challenging these good-natured young men about their ignorance or indifference to times gone by. What for? What was to be gained by it? They were like all men doing a job. It was the times that had changed, and in this case these men were the beneficiaries. I envied them their comfort and levity, but I could also sense that we early Adakians had experienced something more valuable than anything that would happen here now. To have suffered and survived is its own reward.

On my last day my naval friend invited me on one final excursion, this time to a place of his choosing. We drove over battered roads for almost an hour, until we reached a distant lagoon behind Mt. Moffett where the Army once manned an antiaircraft emplacement. I looked up to see three small Quonsets dug into the side of the hill to form a lonely outpost where 12 or 15 men must have spent the war years oiling a gun that fired only at sea gulls. It was a grim reminder of desolate isolation, and I remembered then how one artilleryman had fought his way out of such loneliness by slicing his wrists with the jagged edge of a rusty C-ration can.

We parked below the mountain and walked up the three dozen newly reinforced steps to a level terrace overlooking the sea. Except for one, the huts were the usual shambles, but that one was a spectacular contrast. It was freshly painted, with a curtained picture window built into the exposed wall that hung over a broad vista of the lagoon. Inside, the walls were pine-paneled, and scattered bearskins and colorful Indian rugs decorated the floor. There was an electric kitchen and complete bathroom, TV and stereo phonograph.

"Pretty nice, eh?" he smiled. "We come here weekends. Hunt, fish, hike. In the winter we ski. The kids love it." He was standing by the window, admiring the view. And from where we were standing, suddenly it did seem beautiful. "We need a place like this," he said, "to get away from it all." □

The roads are all paved, the housing is permanent, and on Sunday church services are crowded. Only the Adak weather, cold, damp and overcast this day, remains unchallenged by the Navy.



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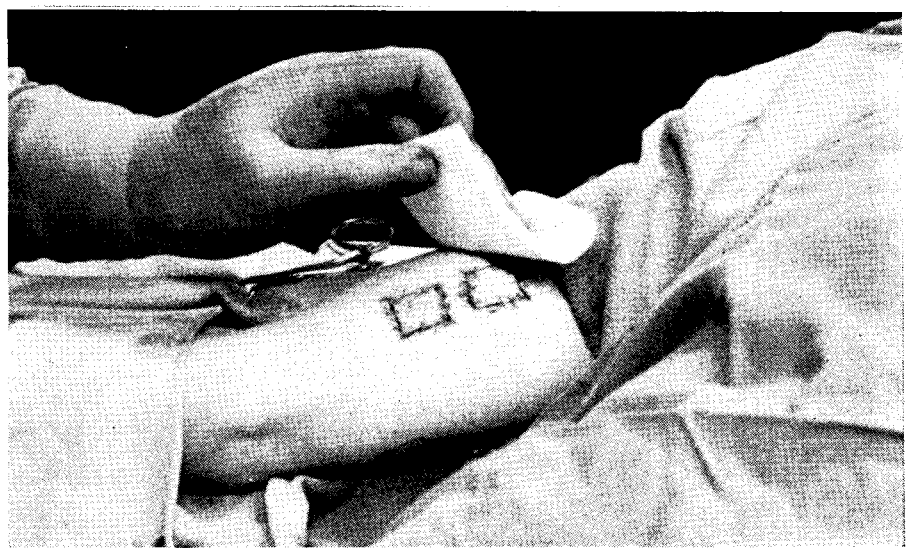

Skin grafts from husband and an unrelated male are bandaged on the arm of a pregnant woman. The patient, a chronic miscarrier taking part in Boston test, had a baby girl six months later.

MISCARRIAGE

'Skin patch' gives hope to victims of a medical enigma

By Robert P. Goldman

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Between 1958 and 1962, Mrs. Irene Botteri, an attractive brunette housewife from Stoughton, Mass., became pregnant four times, but each pregnancy ended disastrously. She suffered three miscarriages and a stillbirth. Deeply depressed over their failure to have children, she and her husband, Anthony, decided to consider adoption.

Then, early in 1963, at the age of 28, she became pregnant a fifth time. Her doctor, aware of Mrs. Botteri's history, asked if she would take part in "a little experiment" being conducted at St. Margaret's Hospital in Boston, the obstetrical unit of the Tufts-New England Medical Center.

In the experiment, the doctor explained, a tiny piece of skin would be taken from the arm of her husband and transplanted onto her arm. The operation carried no real danger. The purpose was to see how the skin graft "behaved" once it was placed on Mrs. Botteri's arm.

"You're an ideal subject for this research because you have had repeated miscarriages," her doctor told her. "The doctors in Boston are simply trying to learn about the body chemistry of women who miscarry."

"I thought that the whole thing sounded a little unusual," Mrs. Botteri recalls, "but I said to myself, 'If this will help the doctors, I guess we should go through with it.'"

When she was eight weeks pregnant, the husband-to-wife skin graft was performed. Mrs. Botteri went home and began the familiar, anxious waiting, dreading the time when the symptoms of miscarriage would once again appear. They never did. On October 10, 1963, she gave birth to her first child, a beautiful baby girl.

The same experiment has been carried out at Tufts on 66 other couples over the past four years. All of the wives were in early pregnancy, and all had lived through the ordeal that doctors call "habitual abortion," having miscarried at least three and (in one case) as many as 13 consecutive times prior to the test. Each had undergone standard treatments in the past to prevent miscarriages, but all treatment had failed.

After skin patches from their husbands were applied to their arms, 46 of these women, or 70 percent, later had their babies. So far, the "best" patient is a woman who gave birth after a record of eight straight miscarriages. No one, including the doctors involved, can explain why. No one knows how the grafts produced such an effect or if, indeed, they had anything to do with it.

The whole experiment, in fact, is still something of a mystery. The doctors in charge, Dr. George W. Mitchell Jr., chief of obstetrics at Tufts, and Dr. Wadi A. Bardawil, chief of pathology at St. Margaret's, have been somewhat hesitant to publish their findings, which they feel are too imprecise and inconclusive from a strictly scientific standpoint. Most doctors have not even heard about the test, and most of the ones who do know about it either take a standoff attitude or maintain that the birth of all those babies was a coincidence.

A principal reason for the confusion is the fact that miscarriage itself is still a major medical enigma. Some 400,000 to 600,000 American women suffer miscarriages each year, more than one for every 10 births. Some of these women never have babies. Others may have one or two babies in routine pregnancies and then have a series of miscarriages, or have children spaced several years apart because of repeated miscarriages that intervene.

There is no universally accepted cause or treatment; instead, there is a mélange of conflicting medical theories, old wives' tales and statistical oddments. Some doctors suspect infection or disease as the main cause, since the fertilized egg is especially vulnerable in the first three months of pregnancy. Some prescribe vitamins or hormones, and sometimes psychotherapy or even hypnosis is recommended. There are studies which indicate that women who are given preventive treatment are *more* likely to have miscarriages than women who are not treated in any way, and some obstetricians pointedly refrain from taking any preventive measures. Another study shows that unmarried mothers-to-be have a lower rate of miscarriage than married women, a statistic which no one quite knows what to make of.

"I had six miscarriages in a row over a seven-year period," says Mrs. Susan Sullivan, 38, of Hingham, Mass., who had her first child after a Tufts skin graft. "The doctors gave me all sorts of pills, but they didn't help. Every time I got pregnant, the doctors said, 'Go to bed. Rest. Don't strain yourself. Maybe you've been bringing on these miscarriages yourself.' That certainly made me feel like I was about an inch tall.

"But the rest cure didn't work either. It was terrible. I was moving past my middle thirties, and I felt that time was running out on me."

Another woman recalls that after her third miscarriage she "began to believe that I was being repaid for something evil. Then I began to think that something was wrong with my husband. At one point we became very cool toward each other, and I'm sure that we each thought the other was to blame.

"After the fourth, I simply broke down. I was depressed all the time. I would have these crying jags that weren't connected to any single thing, really. I'd just be sitting there watching TV or sewing, and suddenly I would start to cry."

The fact that this woman and others like her did give birth after a skin graft may be inconclusive, but it is undeniably encouraging—and it seems to be reinforced by other facts observed in the experiment. Many of the mothers who had suffered nausea, vomiting, insomnia or fatigue in previous pregnancies reported that these symptoms virtually disappeared after the graft. Several women were hemorrhaging (a common precursor of miscarriage) at the time the skin patch was applied; their hemorrhages soon stopped. Some patients have now carried through two successful pregnancies, using skin patches both times. Four of these had a third intervening pregnancy in which no skin graft was performed. In each case—and this is probably the most striking result—the woman lost her baby in the second or third month.

Doctors Mitchell and Bardawil had no such results in mind when they began the experiment and did not remotely think of it as a "treatment." They were doing some new research on an old medical theory which seeks to explain miscarriage, conception and birth itself on the basis of immunology—the study of antibodies in the bloodstream. Transplants of organs or

"Every time I got pregnant, the doctors said, 'Go to bed, rest,'" recalls Mrs. Robert Sullivan. After six miscarriages the Sullivans had a graft—and their first child, Susan, now 2½.

Drs. Mitchell (top) and Bardawil had no thought of a "treatment" when they began their research. They may apply for a grant to make a closer study of the strange findings.

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tissue from one person to another almost invariably fail because the antibodies erect chemical barriers against invasion by foreign tissues or germs, and there is a growing belief among immunologists that normal pregnancy is a situation analogous to such grafts. These scientists think that the fetus and the placenta may act as a graft, "taking" for nine months and then being rejected in the form of a baby. If the rejection occurs earlier in the form of a premature birth or a miscarriage, the immunologists interpret it as a possible distortion of the husband and wife's antibody relationship. More than ordinarily "hostile" material, they suggest, may be transmitted to the chronically miscarrying wife through her husband's sperm.

Theorizing that skin transplants might reveal the antibody reaction, Mitchell and Bardawil selected couples with a known problem—that is, habitual miscarriage—and set out to learn whether the wives were, in effect, "allergic" to their husbands the way a hay-fever sufferer is sensitive to ragweed or goldenrod.

"We told them when we started this and we tell them now that we are doing a laboratory experiment," says Bardawil, a soft-spoken, conservative-minded pathologist who was born in Mexico of Lebanese parents. "The skin grafts will help *us* in our work, but we make no promises about helping *them*. There are doctors who feel that if you give the habitually aborting woman a psychological boost, she will have her baby. Well, we don't give psychotherapy here."

The usual procedure at Tufts is to take skin grafts from two couples at the same time. The husbands are placed in one operating room and the wives in another across the hall. Two paper-thin patches of skin about one-inch square are removed from the upper arms of each husband, placed in a sterile solution, and then carried across the hall to the wives. The husband's skin is sewn meticulously into a "bed" prepared for it on the inner surface of the wife's upper forearm (a site selected because it is unlikely to be bumped in day-to-day living). At the same time, a second comparable skin graft from an "unrelated male"—normally the other man in the experiment—is also sewn onto her arm. This provides a basis for comparing the behavior of the husband's graft against that of the unrelated donor.

The graft surgery itself is a simple affair that takes less than an hour and is performed under local anesthesia. Ideally it should be done before the 12th week of pregnancy, since there is evidence that the physical chain of events which leads to a miscarriage may be irreversible after the 12th week.

With skin patches sutured in place under small bandages, the couples are free to go. A few weeks later the wives return to the hospital so that the grafts can be photographed and various tests can be performed.

Invariably the skin grafts are "rejected" by the woman and they flake or slough away. But the doctors have the opportunity to observe the pattern of rejection, and this is where the key finding has been made. Mitchell and Bardawil found that in nine out of ten cases, a woman rejected her husband's graft much sooner than the graft of the "unrelated male"—usually in seven to nine days compared to 11 to 14 days. "There is absolutely no question about it," says Mitchell. "These women show a peculiar hypersensitive reaction to their husbands' skin."

Yet many puzzling questions remain. Why, for example, did some women who showed extreme sensitivity to their husbands' skin graft succeed in having babies while others who showed no greater sensitivity failed? Why have patients with 9, 10 or 11 consecutive miscarriages continued to abort despite the skin patch?

"Then, of course, there's the biggest riddle of all, the question our colleagues keep asking," says Mitchell. "How can a tiny piece of skin control the destiny of the fetus?"

To this question the Tufts doctors offer some interesting, if highly speculative, answers. The grafts, they suggest, may strengthen the fetus by what is known as "immunologic enhancement." This is a process, proved many times in tests on laboratory animals, whereby one graft bolsters another.

"If the fetus really behaves like a graft in the first place, the skin graft may do something to tide it over the first few delicate weeks of pregnancy," Bardawil says. "Or, let's say that antibodies within the mother actually do cause the fetus and placenta to fail. Perhaps the graft we provide somehow competes with harmful antibodies to cancel out their destructive action. In a sense this would correspond to what takes place with a hay-fever injection. The injected material weakens the allergic person's reaction to the pollen.

"Or—and this really is the purest speculation—the skin graft may act as a sort of magnet to absorb harmful antibodies from the wife at the time miscarriage is most likely."

Whatever the cause, the grafts seem to do something good—and, since they can hardly do any harm, a few doctors elsewhere have begun to use them.

One of the most dramatic skin-patch cases involves Mrs. Maureen Shaw, 28-year-old wife of a surgeon in Amarillo, Tex., who had lost six babies in five and a half years through miscarriages. In the summer of 1963, when she was 10 weeks pregnant, Mrs. Shaw heard about the Boston experiment and had her husband telephone Doctor Mitchell from West Virginia (where the Shaws were then living) to get the details.

"With Doctor Mitchell's information, we went to a local obstetrician and asked him to do a skin graft, but he turned us down cold," she recalls. "He must have thought we were kidding. After that, we went to a general practitioner and asked him to do it. He was a little surprised, too, but he agreed to do it if my husband supervised.

"Once I had received the graft I had very little trouble. I carried the baby the full nine months. My labor and delivery were easy. Our daughter Katherine was born January 27, 1964, and my doctor in Amarillo is convinced that the graft was responsible."

Dr. Arthur Prangley Jr., a Greenwich, Conn., obstetrician, has tried the skin-patch operation on three chronically miscarrying patients and is "batting 1.000 so far," delivering three babies. "There are doctors who think that the graft is simply a placebo, that it provides the patient with an emotional shot in the arm," says Prangley. "Let's assume they're correct. If it is a placebo, it works for some patients, and that's what counts."

Yet, unexplained results are not enough in the long run, of course. While they are continuing to give skin grafts to women who ask for them, Mitchell and Bardawil hope to get a grant from the National Institutes of Health to make a more precise study of skin-patch reactions in a rigidly controlled sample of couples and to learn more about the "whys" of the matter.

Meanwhile, other researchers are at work on other aspects of the same fascinating theory of immunological birth. Scientists at Baylor University's College of Medicine are gathering evidence which suggests that the mysterious antibodies may have something to do with infertility. They have found that women who are unable to conceive may have "anti-sperm antibodies," and report that several apparently infertile couples did conceive after steps were taken to reduce the antibody reaction.

Dr. Dan Mishell, an obstetrician on the medical faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles, has discovered that a hormone detected by a procedure called the U.C.G. test (now used as a standard indicator of pregnancy) may also indicate impending miscarriage by measuring the immunologic reaction. After a test of 85 women with miscarriage symptoms, Mishell reported last month that the level of hormone in the patients' blood was 93 percent accurate as a basis for predicting which women would give birth successfully (the higher the level of hormone the better the chances).

"It will take years to elaborate the role of the immunological factor in miscarriage and normal pregnancy," says Tufts' Doctor Bardawil. "There's no question now that the role is critical. And it may very well turn out that it is *the* key factor." □

"Charcoal's on."

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On a Bahamas beach for Thunderball *Sean Connery absents himself from felicity, Claudine Auger, to foil the attack of an approaching agent from the* SPECTRE *group.*

Is James Bond really a product of our times? This 'anti-hero' who lives by no civilized code? This lover and killer of beauty?

The big Bond bonanza

By William K. Zinsser

Whatever produced the spectacular success of Agent 007, it was there on the *Thunderball* set: girls, good guys, baddies, the gadgets, the dream merchants and the live sharks.

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There was a photographer from Italy with assignments to shoot a cover for 14 different European magazines. There was a French writer-photographer team from *Paris Match* and another from *Elle* and *France-Soir*. There were Germans from *Bildzeitung* and *Stern* and *Neue Illustrierte*, and Englishmen from the *Daily Mail* and *The News of the World*, Swedes from *Expressen* and *Se*, an Austrian from *Revue*, and a varied assortment of Australians and Canadians.

There were reporters and photographers from *Life*, *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Playboy*, *Look*, *True*, *Vogue*, *Glamour*, *Cosmopolitan*, *This Week*, *The New York Times Magazine*, a dozen Southern newspapers, the UPI and several smaller syndicates. There were TV units making films for NBC and ABC and the BBC. There was Ed Sullivan. There was—calling on the phone from Tokyo—the editor of Japan's biggest magazine.

Oh, it was a big story, all right. The biggest story I've ever been on, and it wasn't any mere Dominican uprising or Cuba blockade. It was even bigger than that—the new James Bond movie was being filmed in the Bahamas! The men who made *Dr. No* and *From Russia With Love* and *Goldfinger* were back in action, stirring up a new epic, this one more colossal than ever. *Thunderball!* Guns and girls! Danger and sex! All this and Sean Connery too—and in Technicolor and Panavision! How could the press stay away?

For the world wants to know all that there is to know about Bond (Secret Agent 007) and about the actor who plays Bond (Sean Connery) and about the special environment in which he moves, where Martinis must be stirred and not shaken and where attaché cases will explode if opened the wrong way. And between now and next Christmastime, when *Thunderball* opens, the world will be sure to have its wish.

To enter Bondsville is to escape into the life of a man who always wins. In the elaborate mythology of a suave British spy, with his miraculous gadgets that rub out bad guys, and miraculous girls who sleep with good guys, modern man has found a perfect security blanket for the nervous 1960's.

Crazes come and crazes go, but the "Bond phenomenon," as it is now reverently called, is hard to match. It all started, of course, with Ian Fleming, the English author who created the character of James Bond. Between 1953 and his death last summer, Fleming wrote 12 Bond thrillers which have now sold almost 60 million copies in 11 languages, and a final book, *The Man With the Golden Gun*, will be on the stands next month.

Next came the movies, bringing to life all the ingredients that had titillated readers of the books. The infallible Bond was incarnated in the infallible Connery, his face sensual, faintly amused, and with just the proper hint of cruelty. Compliant blondes sprang off the flat pages of Fleming's prose into such rounded forms as Ursula Andress in *Dr. No*, and Honor Blackman in *Goldfinger*. Now it was actually possible to hear the gentle plop of a silent Walther PPK 7.65 mm., and see its victim slump to the floor, or to hear a man fry as Bond punched him into a full bathtub and threw an electric heater in after him.

All in all, it was good, dirty, entertainment and just what the public had been waiting for. *Goldfinger*, the most recent of the movies, is expected to become the all-time box-office champion, grossing $20 million here and $25 million abroad. *Dr. No* and *From Russia With Love* are now being revived as a double bill and doing even better than they did the first time around.

Such financial feats are never lost on the movie industry, and it is no coincidence that Hollywood has announced more than 20 "spy comedies" of a similar type. On television a spy series, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, has been a big hit of the past season, and another one, *Secret Agent*, has recently been launched. Even the commercials are feeling the magic presence. Bond Bread had a commercial involving an agent, James Bread ("I'm James Bread from Bond"), who foils an evil plot to put loaves of spurious Bond bread on supermarket shelves. Prince Macaroni has a radio commercial in which a villain named Goldnoodle is caught infiltrating the stores with inferior noodles.

There is no joke, however, about the business being done all over the globe by products that bear the 007 label. Seventy countries are now in on the act. Last spring 6,000 stores in France sold three million dollars' worth of Bond-identified items, including gold-bordered handkerchiefs, trench coats with 007 printed in the silk lining, attaché cases, and gold underwear which the ladies were entreated to buy to "become fit for James Bond." In England merchants expect to sell $14 million worth of 007 products this year, mostly of a masculine nature, as befits the British sporting and spying tradition: golf equipment, shoes, suits and vodka.

But it is in America, land of the great tie-in, that sales are biggest of all. Jay Emmett, chairman of the Licensing Corporation of America, which dispenses the Western Hemisphere rights, estimates that $40 million worth of 007 items will be sold by Christmas. He says he has been approached by 250 manufacturers eager to climb on "the Bondwagon." But he maintains that he exercises "quality control," and has limited the number of companies along on the ride.

Some of their products, like sweatshirts and quilts, have 007 blazoned across them or worked into the pattern. Some, like Colgate-Palmolive's line of 007 toiletries that "make any man dangerous," use the triple numeral on the bottle. Some have secret pockets, like Weldon's his-and-hers pajamas. Some are "executive gifts": cuff links with 007, or a gold ticktacktoe game played with zeroes and sevens. A lady's nightgown ("Go to bed dressed to kill") has 007 sewed onto its hem.

There are also toys and board games, for Bond appeals—as Jay Emmett avidly points out—to "two distinct markets: grown-ups and youngsters." Toy manufacturer Marvin Glass is producing an exclusive line of 007 toys and spy gadgets. Other toy makers, though not permitted on the Bondwagon, are puffing along behind it. Mattel, for instance, says that it will stress cloak-and-dagger toys in its Christmas line, notably a transistor "radio" which, at the push of a switch, turns into a rifle.

The intensity of the fad's grip, in fact, has sent countless intellectuals scurrying to their typewriters—and to their manuals of psychiatry—to explain what it means. French critic Claude Mauriac points out that of all the myths found by Jung in "the collective unconscious," the oldest is that of the hero—the all-powerful strong man "who triumphs over evil incarnate in the shape of dragons and monsters." Bond does this job for us, Mauriac says, the only difference being that today's dragons carry nuclear bombs.

Kingsley Amis, the British author, has written an entire book, *The James Bond Dossier*, analyzing 007 and his habits. He points out that Bond is a dull man, with no interest in the arts or literature. "His mind is a completely utilitarian organ," Amis writes. "We don't want to have Bond to dinner or talk to Bond. We want to *be* Bond." American historian Jacques Barzun writes that we identify with Bond because "there is always a larger reason" that justifies his worst actions. "The spy story permits us not to

Much of Thunderball *involves shooting in and under the water. Visiting students swam out to watch, and had to be constantly kept out of camera range, while a big cast of tough professional divers worked with crew.*

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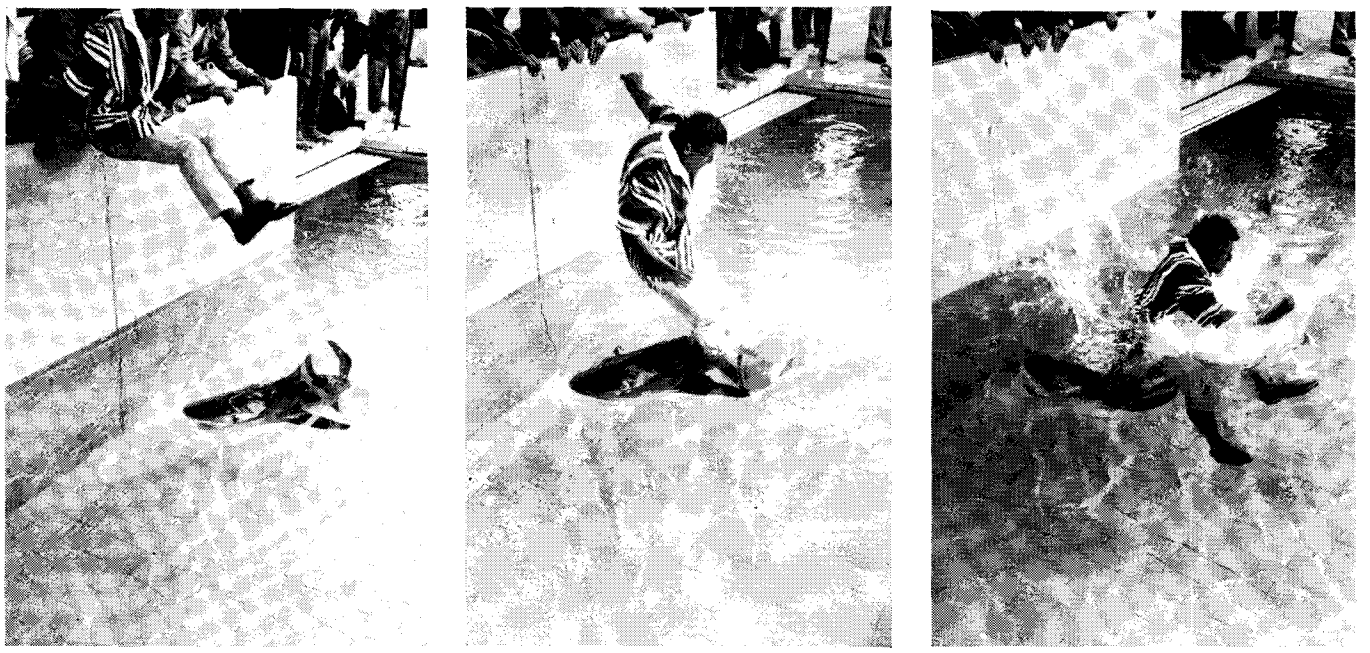
'We don't want to have Bond to dinner, or talk to him. We really want to be Bond.'



Frequent changes of water in the villain's pool had numbing effect on sharks, which were prodded into action by professional "shark wranglers."

choose: We know that in exchange for a few dirty tricks there is power and luxury, cash and free sex."

In a new rock-'n'-roll record, a boy complains that his "baby went and fell in love with Double-O-Seven." The writer of the song may well think that that's really what his baby went and did, but she'd better not expect any love in return. James Bond is no bloody romantic. In film after film he ushers his girls to bed and that's where it ends. Except that the villains are in a hidden panel behind the bed taking movies. Or they come around later and paint the girl gold from head to toe. Whatever it is, it's a little dirty in one way or another. Life is cheap, girls are expendable, death is cruel. Bond fans argue that it's all tongue in cheek. Nobody, they say, could take it seriously.

Maybe. In their broad shape the movies are as guileless as a comic book. But in their detail—in the gratuitous brutality, the reveling in guns, the callous sex—they lose their innocence, and the spoofing loses its savor.

"But don't you see, Bond is the anti-hero," the argument goes. "He doesn't have a code like the Western hero. He wouldn't hesitate to shoot somebody in the back. He expresses the times."

The proprietors of this international craze are two London-based Americans, Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, who have produced all four of the Bond movies, and will make at least three more. Broccoli and Saltzman have put their stamp on the movies in several basic ways. Mainly they found Connery. They also never hesitated to spend money, filling the films with complicated gadgets too fantastic to be true. The most famous of these adult playthings is the Aston-Martin car, driven by Bond in *Goldfinger*, which had a variety of secret weapons that crippled any car pursuing it.

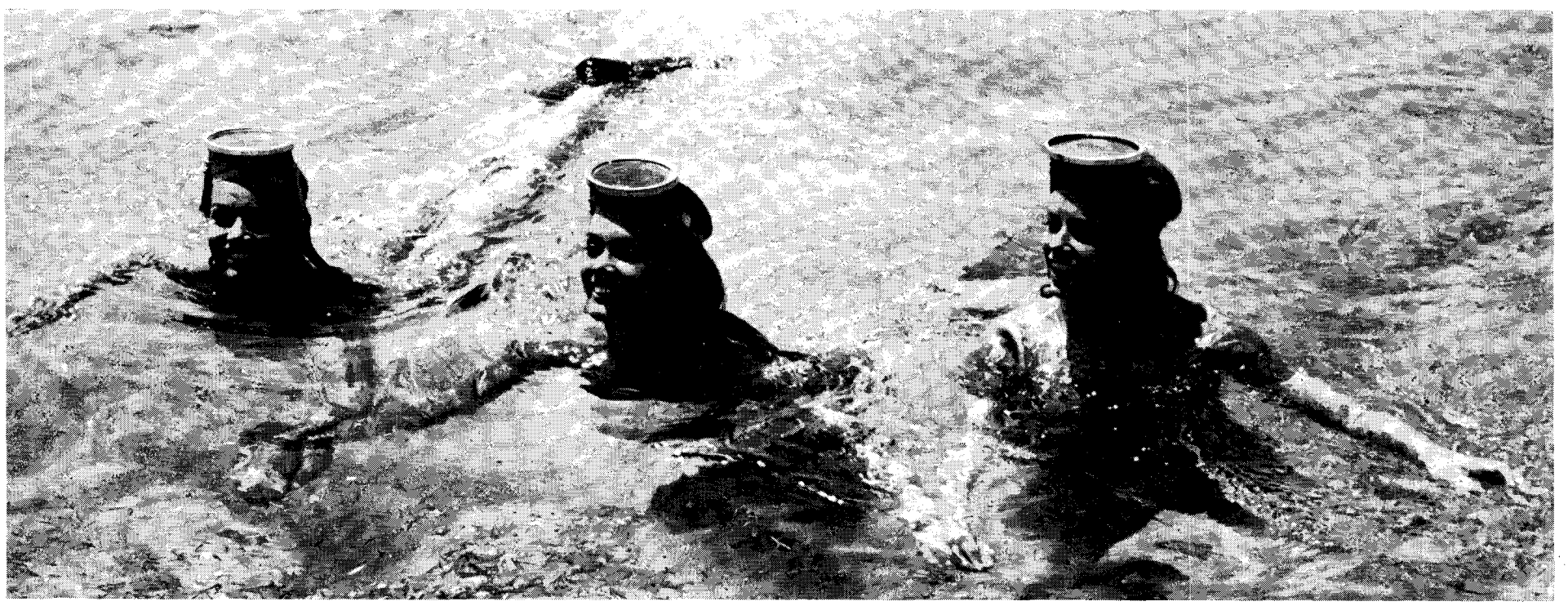
Probably no other element in the Bond films has caused such pure delight, and with each new movie the producers feel compelled to outdo their earlier tricks. *Thunderball* is costing $5.5 million, almost twice as much as *Goldfinger*, and of this amount $2.5 million has gone into the sets and props, including a yacht that sheds its outer shell and becomes a 95-mph hydrofoil.

The props are even more complex than usual because one quarter of the movie takes place underwater. *Thunderball* is the story of a crime syndicate called SPECTRE that hijacks a NATO plane containing two atomic bombs. The plane is taken to the Bahamas, where the bombs are put aboard the hydrofoil yacht of Largo, the villain. SPECTRE's plan is to blackmail the Western World for £100 million in diamonds, and, as the deadline approaches, Largo and his henchmen take the bombs on two-man submarines toward Miami and Cape Kennedy. They are intercepted by James Bond and a troop of "aquaparas" who float down from the sky for a gigantic underwater battle waged with underwater scooters, carbon-dioxide guns and Aqua-Lungs fitted with spearguns.

This is what the world press came to see: The rich kids playing with their toys. There they all were—Broccoli, Saltzman, Connery, director Terence Young and production designer Ken Adam—reunited for another game and surrounded by the latest baubles, including a French bonbon named Claudine Auger, whose measurements of 36-23-37 put her in the mainstream of Bond's leading ladies.

Unfortunately the members of the press outnumbered the people they had come to cover. Despite Miss Auger's ample gifts, there wasn't enough of her to go around. One day, for instance, clad in a bathing suit that was by no means too big, she went off down the beach with a photographer from *Playboy*. Then she changed into something less comfortable and went off with a photographer from a sedate ladies' magazine. Both had been waiting a week for the opportunity.

And of course everyone wanted to talk to Connery and take pictures of him, which was the last thing that he wanted, unless they were eager to hear about his latest movie, *The Hill*, in



The three dazzling female stars of Thunderball *look amazingly alike and will be new to American audiences. From the left: Claudine Auger (France), Martine Beswick (Jamaica) and Lucianna Paluzzi (Italy).*

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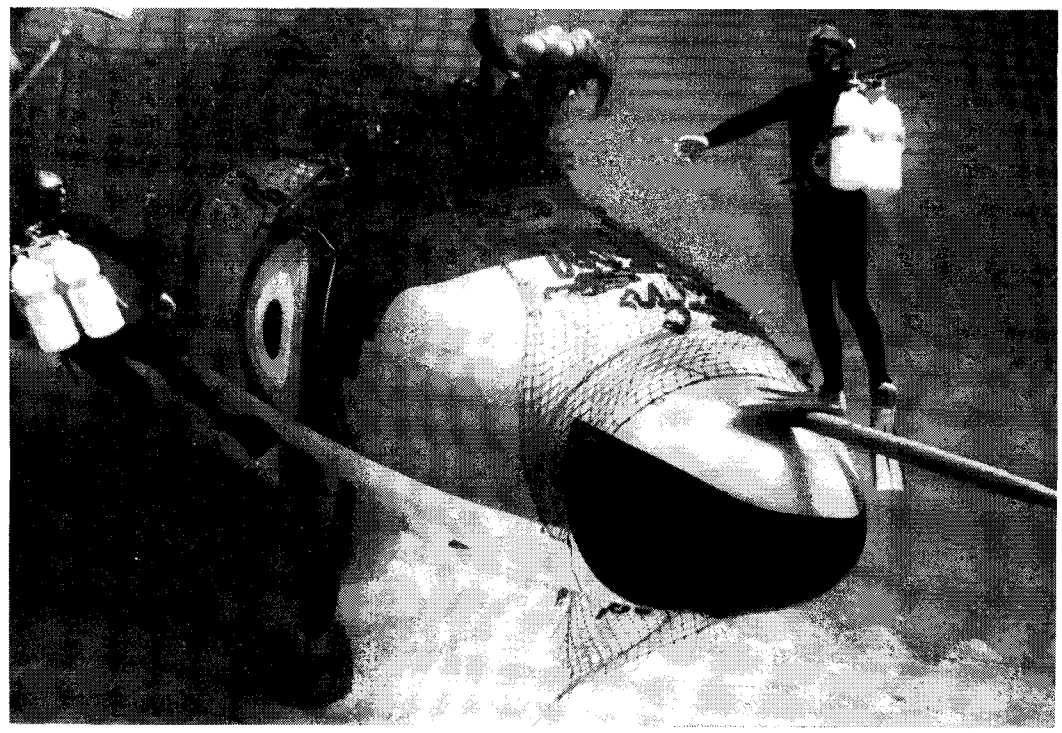
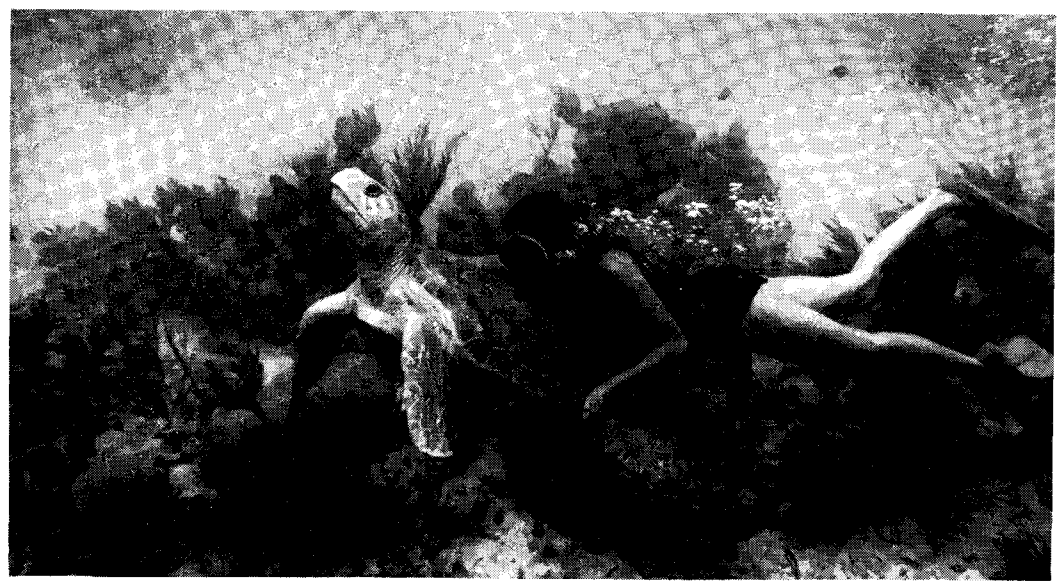


Hijacked by SPECTRE, aircraft carrying two nuclear bombs is brought to rest below surface for clandestine unloading.

Soaring over the rooftops in his latest gadget, a jump-jet pack, James Bond once again eludes the villains and makes the world safer for the dry Martini.



Huge sea turtle is foil for actress Claudine Auger, who uses a double for her more perilous underwater escapades.

Before the good guys get there, the baddies tune up a two-man submarine to deliver H-bombs to the Cape Kennedy coast.

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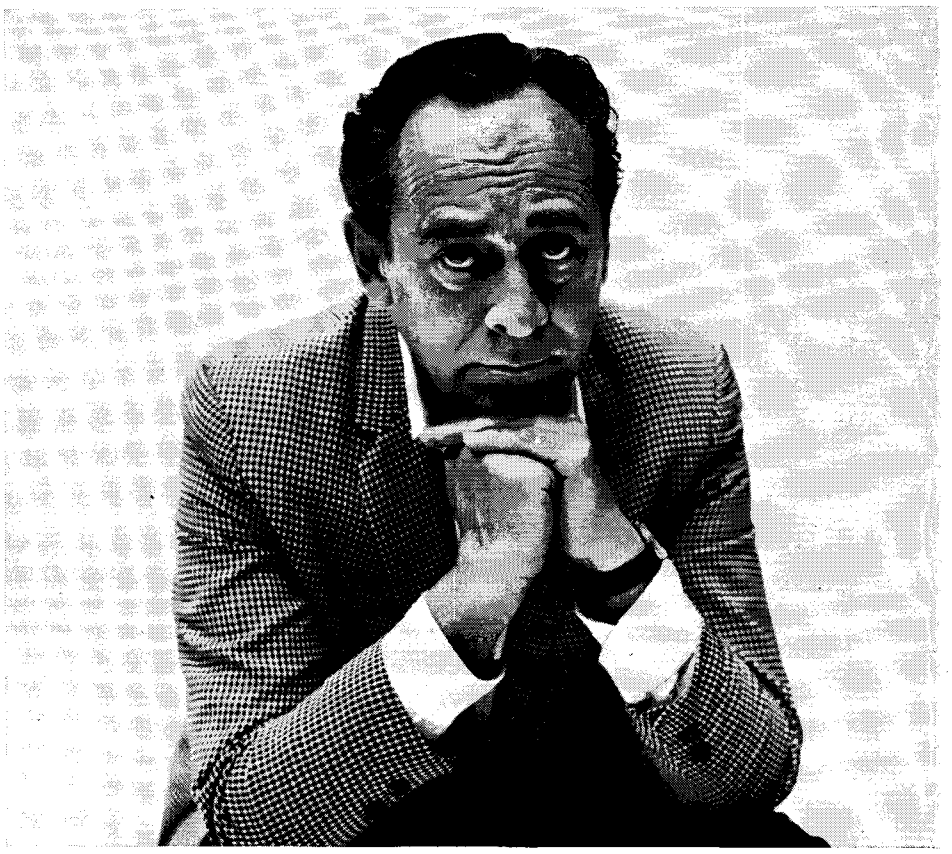
Almost as much as his women,
his gadgets have made James Bond famous, and
they get more miraculous with each picture.



With wrinkled brow, actor Louis Nye plays the nonswinger whose humdrum existence has never known exotic ports, fast cars, or the mingled aromas of perfume and champagne.

which he *doesn't* play James Bond. Connery has a horror of being typed in the role of 007. The whole world wants to be James Bond except Connery. That's *his* identity crisis. So the world journalists sat in press headquarters, knee deep in acrimony and press releases. A typical release described the "hysteria" accorded Connery by a visiting group of American college students:

> While doing a scene . . . in a motorboat . . . Connery was amazed to see more than 200 young fans treading water, just out of camera range, around his boat. "Speak to us," one of the bold ones shouted. "You're our leader and we're your people."

"These pictures are tremendous fun," said Terence Young, director of all the movies except *Goldfinger*. "Connery has a very good sense of humor," Young said. "We laugh a good deal while making the pictures. Even the brutality is a little far-fetched—Bond gets a beating that would kill four men, and the next minute he shinnies up a pole. He's indestructible."

Young, a Cambridge honors graduate, is a consciously unruffled man. I got the feeling that if he were not Terence Young, he would like most of all to be James Bond. "I coined a word, 'Bondmanship,'" he said, "which should be our axiom. While we were making *Dr. No*, we wondered if we'd get away with it, because if the audience didn't understand that it was all a joke, we'd be lost. Fleming's books, after all, are almost devoid of humor.

"Luckily the audience loved it, and now when we start a film, I go through the final script adding 'Bondisms.'" A typical Bondism is the scene in *Dr. No* where three thugs, chasing Bond in a hearse, plunge over a cliff to a fiery death. A bystander asks how it happened, and Bond says, "I think they were on their way to a funeral."

"Children especially loved the push-buttonry of *Goldfinger*," Young said. "They're quite cynical, I suppose, because they've seen so much ordinary violence on TV. I think the brutality of these pictures is increasingly a response to what children want."

The man behind the machines in *Thunderball* and two earlier Bond films is production designer Ken Adam. A gentle man who does *not* want to be Bond, he is the unsung star of the troupe. His job is to create the unique environment in which James Bond moves: A world of fact that verges on fantasy. "For me," said Adam, whom I found checking an orange two-man submarine, "a Bond movie is an opportunity to go bigger than life, but not so big that it's unacceptable to the public. In *Goldfinger* the interior of Fort Knox was completely stylized—I made it up. But everyone said they thought that's exactly how it looks.

"The idea for these gimmicks is often a collective process, quite spontaneous. In *Thunderball* the script called for a hydrofoil yacht, but nobody had ever built one big enough. So we bought a 60-foot hydrofoil and built a cocoon around it with a painted superstructure that looked like a yacht. But then it was so heavy that it wouldn't take off. So I thought of having the boat shed its cocoon.

"Everyone said it wouldn't work, so you commit yourself anyway, and then when it *does*, everyone says, 'We knew it would.' Then somebody said, 'Why couldn't we arm the cocoon so that it becomes a floating bastion?' So that's what we're doing."

As for the Aston-Martin car, Adam said it was created out of his own frustration. "I have a sports car that gets bumped every time I park it in London," he recalled, "and I began to think, 'What if I had a car that would hit the other fellow back or shoot him in the behind?'

"But there's very little trickery in these pictures. We're shooting all our underwater stuff in the open sea, and we've got a whole armory of underwater projectiles from all over the world. In the old days Hollywood would build a shark out of rubber and piano wire and put an engine in it. We're using *real* sharks."

The most excited of all about the toys is co-producer Kevin McClory. A skin-diving enthusiast who came to the Bahamas in 1957, after serving as associate producer of *Around the World in 80 Days*, McClory wanted to make an "underwater epic" and went through the five Fleming books that had then been published.

"I didn't think the books were very cinematic," he recalled. "I met Fleming and told him I thought the character of Bond would be tremendous box office, but that I'd like to surround him with special ingredients, mainly the underwater world. Ian agreed, and we worked together on a story to be set in the Bahamas.

"Then I came back and wrote a screenplay with Jack Whittingham, whose form was very much like the one we're using now, gradually adding certain elements from the headlines and from my own experience. A bomber disappeared over the Atlantic, for instance, with some atomic devices, and I remembered seeing two-man submarines during the war, and I knew of an underwater cave here in the Bahamas—things like that. Ian agreed that these should be in the screenplay. Then he came out with his own book, *Thunderball*, which incorporated all these ideas. That's when I sued him."

The suit took three years to come to trial, and when after 10 days it was settled, at the end of 1963, Fleming agreed to assign the screen rights of *Thunderball* to McClory and acknowledged its origin in future copies of the book. Meanwhile Fleming had sold to Broccoli and Saltzman the rights to all his other books, except *Casino Royale*.

Albert R. Broccoli, who says his uncle introduced the family vegetable to America, is a worried-looking man of 54 who has been in the movie industry since 1936, beginning as a mail boy for 20th Century-Fox. During most of those years he was known professionally as Cubby Broccoli—"he dropped Cubby when he made his first million," the press agent explained tartly—and he is now rather wistful about the loss.

"I miss it," he said. "My old friends see 'Albert Broccoli' on these pictures, and they say, 'I wonder if that's any relation to Cubby?'"

The career of Cubby Broccoli took its first turn for the Albert in 1952, when he left Hollywood and began making movies in England. "I've always wanted to do what we've done with these Bond pictures—take good actors who were unknown and use them to tell a good story. I felt that the Fleming books had all the elements. They had action, they had sex, and they had wonderful characters.

"I discarded the idea of doing them with a box-office star, but the studios were wary of the risk. To me, though, it seemed less risk to spend a million dollars on an unknown star and a good story than to spend twenty-three million dollars on a name star, not mentioning any names. But I kept hearing that 'the banks want a star.' I said, 'OK, you can give the banks a star: Mr. Ian Fleming.'

"I guess we've been lucky, but we've also been rather clever in putting the pictures together. Harry Saltzman and I are not just producers of the kind that provides the financing. We're artistic producers. We keep thinking of different things to do, like that ridiculous car in *Goldfinger*. We're not afraid to be a little ridiculous."

"There's no baddie as bad as the baddie in a James Bond movie," said Michael Brennan, who was playing one of the villains in the SPECTRE mob.

"We baddies all wear black suits," Brennan said. "Even our Aqua-Lung tanks are black. The goodies wear orange suits and have white air tanks. Belief is suspended because of the sincerity with which it's all done. The only people who can achieve tongue in cheek are Connery and Terence Young. We baddies are dead serious."

Brennan, a square and muscular man whose face suggests a life of pugilism, was relishing his role of Janni, one of Largo's bodyguards. At leisure he was all amiability. In action, however, he snapped to do his master's evil bidding with terrible solemnity, and so did the other baddies. One reason for savoring the moment was that there wouldn't be any return engagement.

"No baddie in a Bond movie can ever play again in another one," he explained. "We go to one magnificent death, and that's it."

Brennan went to that magnificent death a few days later. It was the week of shooting the scene in which Bond is thrown into Largo's shark-filled swimming pool, and a metal cover slides over the top, a sticky situation.

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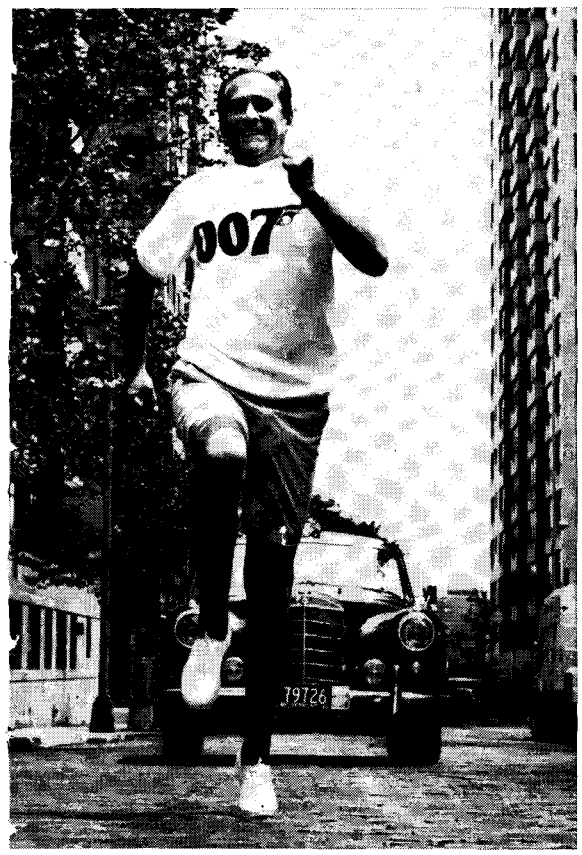

Is there a cure? For a start, Nye (left) dons an 007 sweatshirt for a road workout, appropriately tailed by a gleaming Mercedes. Then (right) he outfits himself with Bond attaché case, opens it a secret way so it won't explode, and assembles super gun. On the way to Bondmanship at last, Nye enjoys a shaving orgy with assorted 007 toiletries, flanked by photographs of Bond conquests.

Everyone was nervous because of the sharks. They made an eerie sight, circling endlessly around the pool. The house belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, who rented the place to *Thunderball* but chose not to move out, much to the surprise of the producers, and even invited houseguests to watch the fun. Everyone had his little toy, and this was theirs.

Most of the shooting was done at night, and the area around the pool, with its impeccable shrubbery and chic patio chairs, was blanketed in the glamorous clutter of movie making. Heavy cables ran in all directions. Tall lights and scaffolds rose everywhere; cameras and booms were shoved back and forth; technicians with earphones sat twirling mysterious dials. Stuntman Bill Cummings made practice jumps into the swimming pool and scurried back out. Occasionally one of the "shark wranglers" climbed into the pool and jabbed the sharks—the change of water was making them drowsy—to make sure that they would be wide awake when Bond arrived among them. Producers bustled about, conferring. Assistant directors shouted through megaphones. Baddies tried judo holds and karate blows on one another. Connery waited. And at one edge of the crowd the Sullivans sat in evening clothes, sipping drinks.

The drinks were real, the sharks were real, Connery was real, Young's voice was real as it told the black-garbed baddies in the calm tone of a Cambridge honors graduate how to send Bond to his gruesome death. But none of it looked real. It looked . . . *you* know, sort of tongue in cheek.

"It's Superman and the lot," said Michael Brennan, his narrow baddie eyes widening in mirth. "It's all the comic strips rolled into one." □

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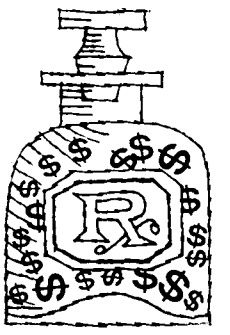
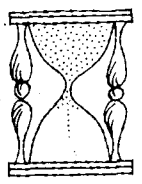
Editorials





What makes a millionaire

One of the most striking facts about the new millionaires portrayed in this issue (page 23) is that only one of them got a college degree. Is it possible, then, that dropping out of school is the first step toward great wealth? Or that everyone who goes to college in the hope of getting rich is headed for disillusionment?

Possibly—but only because there is very little connection between getting a good education and making a lot of money. In fact, the lives of these new millionaires, like those of the old millionaires, indicate that making a lot of money has very little connection with any ordinary human occupation. A would-be millionaire not only drops out of school to get on with his vocation of becoming a millionaire but he continues pursuing this vocation in the way that other men pursue fame, power, romance, art, salvation, or a better way to build a mousetrap. The would-be millionaire may enjoy all those pursuits too, but they are secondary. He would rather be rich than famous, rather rich than powerful, and if there were no money in a better mousetrap, he would see no point in building one.

There is certainly nothing wrong with such dedication to a single goal. On the contrary, we rely on dedicated and single-minded men not only to build factories and drill for oil (making themselves rich in the process) but to conduct symphony orchestras, pitch in major-league baseball, perform heart surgery and write great novels—occupations which also provide considerable incomes. As for schooling, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner never finished college, nor did Cassius Clay and Mickey Mantle—nor did, for that matter, Harry Truman. In politics, as in pole vaulting or pigeon racing, success usually goes to the man who is obsessed with the desire to succeed in that particular occupation. And with that obsession goes happiness too. To ask whether making money brings happiness is meaningless unless one understands that a money-maker is happy in making money, just as a dancer is happy in dancing, a general in winning wars, a politician in winning elections and a beekeeper in keeping bees. To the man with a vocation, the vocation is simultaneously a job, a hobby and a way of life; the only thing of any real interest. If Napoleon had met Mozart, each would probably have thought the other interesting but insane.

The point we sometimes forget, however, is that making money is an occupation like any other—not the standard by which we should judge one another. In a society that still judges a man by his income, that still puzzles over the proper answer to the inane question, "If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?" it is too often argued that some action is worthwhile because it is profitable.

Yet although we like to regard money as a reward for dedication, talent, intelligence and hard work, we secretly know that this is simply a lazy way of judging people. We know that Elvis Presley isn't really worth a thousand times as much as the teachers who tried to educate him, and we know that Robert McNamara's importance didn't decrease 90 percent, as his salary did, when he left Ford to become Secretary of Defense.

If money is not the reward of virtue or the criterion of success, what is it? It is, for most of us, a means of achieving not happiness but enjoyment, whether we consider enjoyment to be a new hat, a seaside vacation, or a bicycle for one's son. It is, in other words, something better spent than hoarded. It is perhaps because our self-made millionaires feel otherwise that they are millionaires.

Adultery, divorce and the law

Is adultery a crime for which a man deserves to go to prison? The New York state legislature recently reaffirmed that it is, although not so serious a crime as before. The legislature reduced the penalty from six months in jail to three months. At the same time, it left adultery as the only legal ground for divorce. So, except for the unhappy but prosperous people who flee to such sanctuaries as those Robert Wernick describes on page 30, every New York couple that wants a divorce must confess to a crime. There are, of course, virtually no prosecutions for adultery in New York, even though there are 6,000-odd divorces in the state every year. Such absurdities ought to be corrected. Laws are supposed to deter and control crime, not to proclaim private immorality a crime and then ignore it.

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